The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

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Mabel Normand's Last Message To Her Fans

Why Six Star Marriages Went On the Rocks

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CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS ✲ LILLIAN ROTH ✲ STANLEY SMITH ✲ FAY WRAY

Supervised by Elsie Janis

Dances and ensembles directed by David Bennett

✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲

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Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVII No. 6 May, 1930

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Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMORESQUE"	"THE COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
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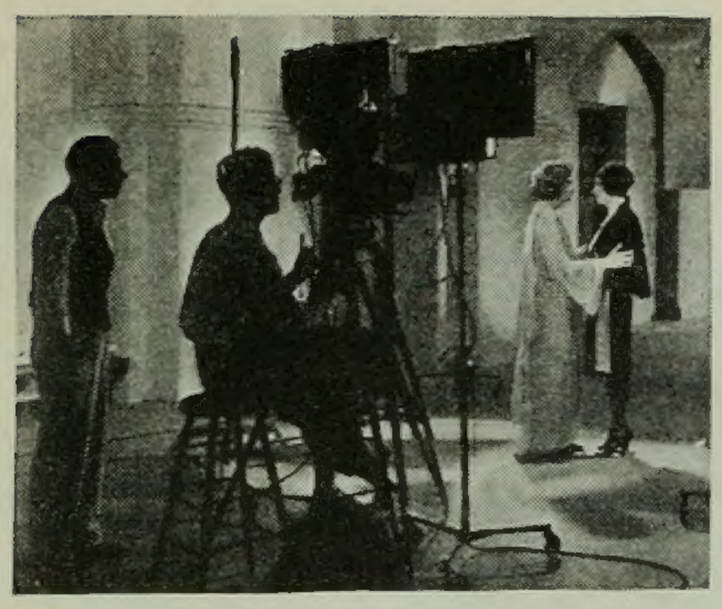

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (*Feb.*)

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. (*Jan.*)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (*March*)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. (*Jan.*)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (*April*)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (*Feb.*)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (*March*)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (*April*)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (*April*)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (*April*)

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real tr is time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (*Dec.*)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (*April*)

BIG REVUE, THE—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. (*Nov.*)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. (*Nov.*)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder *a la Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vancing* this time. Plenty of thrills. (*Feb.*)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (*Dec.*)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (*March*)

BROADWAY HOOFER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (*March*)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of Love Behind the Scenes—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. (*Jan.*)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (*March*)

CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. (*Dec.*)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (*Feb.*)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (*March*)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. (*Jan.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"
"Rio Rita"
"Sunny Side Up"
"The Taming of the Shrew"
"Condemned"
"The Virginian"
"Paris"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (*March*)

CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (*April*)

COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. (*Nov.*)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. (*Jan.*)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (*March*)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (*April*)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (*Feb.*)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (*Feb.*)

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (*Feb.*)

DARK SKIES—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. (*Nov.*)

DARK STREETS—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (*Dec.*)

DARKENED ROOMS — Paramount. — Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (*Dec.*)

DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (*Dec.*)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (*Feb.*)

★ **DISRAELI** — Warners. — Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (*Dec.*)

DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (*Dec.*)

DRAKE CASE, THE—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. (*Nov.*)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (*Feb.*)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. (*Jan.*)

EVIDENCE—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (*Dec.*)

FAST COMPANY—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. (*Nov.*)

FAST LIFE—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

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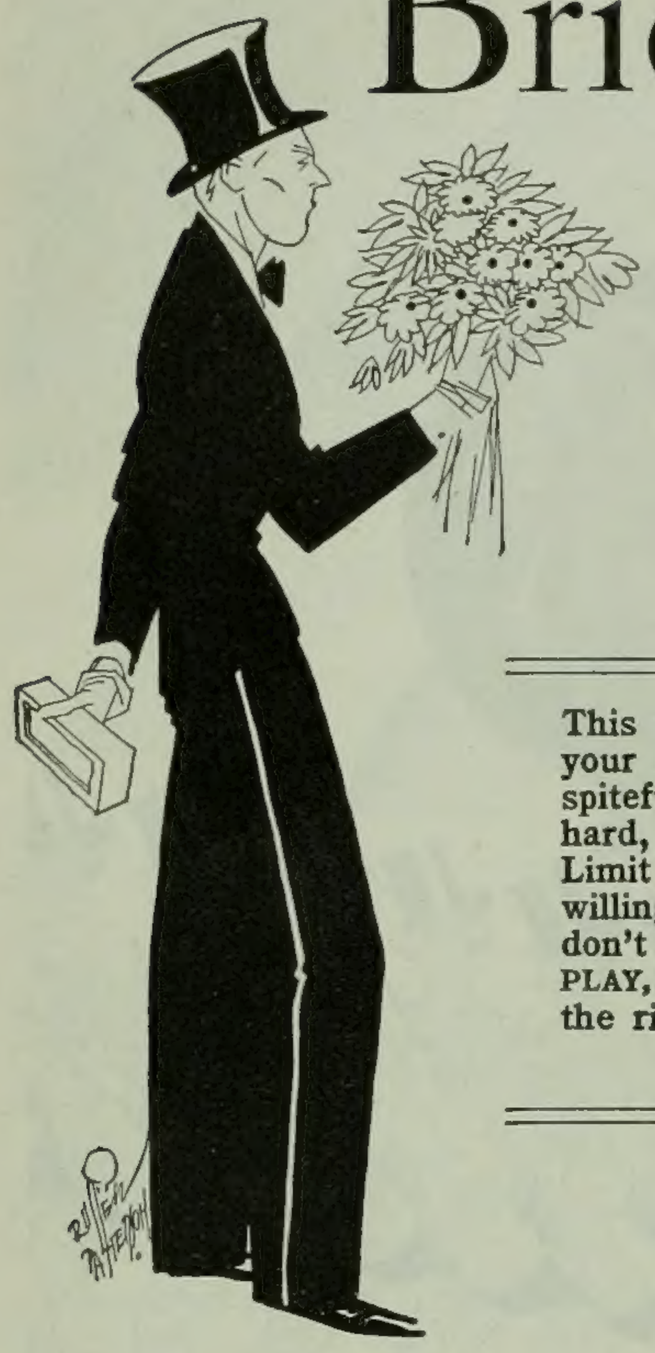
Brickbats & Bouquets



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This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations.
Come in—you're always welcome!

The Playback

BEAUTIFUL tributes to Mabel Normand. Sympathy for Lew Cody. Hundreds of these letters, but there is space for only a few.

Yes, Gloria Swanson and PHOTOPLAY "started something" when they set out to choose the most beautiful woman on the screen.

Some agree with us, but as for some others—well, our fingers are badly scorched by their letters.

In a recent issue, Katherine Albert asked if John Gilbert is through in pictures. When we last caught sight of Katie's coat-tails she was disappearing swiftly into the Great American Desert.

And a million Gilbert fans have answered with a thundering "NO!"

Garbo's new-found voice has rung around the world! She runs off with our mail bag this month, with Gilbert close at her heels. Swanson and Gaynor tie for third place; Chatterton is only one lap behind; then Farrell, Bow and Colman, in the order named. A new star flashes up to share honors with Gary Cooper—Robert Montgomery.

"The Trespasser" is the ace picture with fans this month, with "Rio Rita" and "Sunny Side Up" next.

Oui, Oui, Fraulein
The $25 Letter

New York, N. Y.

Are the talkies really helping us to keep correct pronunciations and correct wording?

I say no.

Why? Because half of the pictures released are spoken with foreign accents.

Instead of acquiring better English, I have acquired something very different—a French accent, mixed with Spanish polka dots, and an English-Hungarian border.

And who dares say the talkies abolish slang! After seeing "The Cock Eyed World," and "Mister Antonio," I ought to make a first class East Side newsboy.

ANN JAMACK

Let's All Join in the Chorus
The $10 Letter

Mexico, D. F., Mex.

Just come down to Mexico and see what the talkies are doing! Some say, "They are terrible and menace our Aztec personality." "Don't be silly," others argue. "Talkies are as harmless as Rudy Vallée in 'The Vagabond Lover.' You can't stop it. It's progress."

We like them in part, because it's in part we understand them! I like to hear and see Harold Lloyd and Ruth Chatterton, even if I only catch the "come ins," "hellos" and "goodbyes." Silents are gone . . . "not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but always."

ALEJANDRO ARAGON

Oh, Yeah?
The $5 Letter

Tulsa, Okla.

Will some kind soul please do something regarding the "Oh, Yeah?" epidemic, which is sweeping our screens. Likewise this one,—"Sez you, sez who."

Both expressions have become so common. Every flapper and soda fountain cowboy in this wild and woolly Western town have placed these in their none-too-large vocabulary, and all we get is "Oh, Yeah!" from morn till night, on the streets and on the screens.

MRS. WM. F. GLOSS

Farewell, Mabel!

Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to pay my humble tribute to my idea of a real trouper—Mabel Normand. I feel sure she met her final "fade-out" with that brave, gay smile of hers that made millions of people love her. May she find a better world than the one she has left, with more mercy in its judgment.

I take this means of conveying to Lew Cody my sincere sympathy.

CHRISTIE LUND

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mabel Normand's passing has brought sorrow to the millions who loved her. We all know that there are accidental occurrences, not to be foreseen or avoided by human prudence, by which a reputation may be ruined and a life broken and sacrificed.

All homage and reverence to the memory of one who could preserve the love and esteem of millions amid the fury of a venomous few.

MRS. F. R. LEBRECHT

San Francisco, Calif.

Mabel Normand has gone where the finger of scorn and the tongue of slander can no longer harm her. Let those who have censured her be kinder to her in death than they were in life. A brave little warrior has earned her eternal rest for the happiness she spread among her fellow-beings.

BERNICE C. BOWNE

We Started It—You Finish It

New York City

I'll say Gloria, and PHOTOPLAY, started something! I've seen Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove in person. Billie Dove is more naturally beautiful, with vivid, gorgeous coloring, though she hasn't Corinne's style.

I've been introduced to Ann Harding. Her beauty is genuine, her hair unbleached, her eyes real violet, her features delicate and spiritual. And equally beautiful, far surpassing Corinne, is Mary Nolan. Absolute perfection of feature, form, expression.

DOROTHY FARGO

St. Paul, Minn.

The choice of Corinne Griffith as Hollywood's prize beauty, and Billie Dove as the classic beauty, is all "hooey." In my opinion, Corinne is not "The Orchid of the Screen." Hollywood's prize beauty is Dorothy Mackaill, who has a beautiful form, a lovely face, grace and vivacity.

Ann Harding's pure classic beauty surpasses Billie Dove's, but the vote really belongs to Vilma Banky whose beauty is perfect. Janet Gaynor is as youthfully beautiful as Loretta Young, but the exotic Greta holds a place no other woman in filmland can ever hope to have.

L. EDWARDS

Houston, Texas

I resent the fact that you printed Garbo's picture last in your series of photographs of Hollywood's most beautiful women, instead of first, where of course it belongs.

R. C. MADDOX

Waterloo, N. Y.

Mary Brian is far above Corinne Griffith in being Hollywood's prize beauty. And for youthful beauty, who could find more charming examples than Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll or Alice White?

DORIS M. SAGE

Stick, Jack, Stick

Battle Creek, Mich.

The article in February PHOTOPLAY "Is Jack Gilbert Through?" calls for an answer from his fans.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

The Dentifrice of the Rich

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IT is true that the rich *used* to buy dentifrices in the high-price class. Now, however, they have turned by thousands to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25 cents

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

FLIGHT—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (*Dec.*)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (*Dec.*)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (*Feb.*)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (*April*)

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. (*Nov.*)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. (*Nov.*)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (*March*)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (*Feb.*)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (*March*)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifflicated, as usual. (*April*)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. (*Jan.*)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. (*Nov.*)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (*Feb.*)

GREAT GABBO, THE—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (*Dec.*)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. (*Jan.*)

HANDCUFFED—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (*Dec.*)

HARD TO GET—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. (*Nov.*)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen début. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (*March*)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (*Feb.*)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (*April*)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (*March*)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it *your* private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! (*Nov.*)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (*April*)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. (*Jan.*)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. (*Jan.*)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. (*Jan.*)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bull's-eye. (*Jan.*)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (*April*)

HONOR—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (*Dec.*)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (*March*)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (*Feb.*)

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (*Nov.*)

HURRICANE — Columbia.— This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. (*Jan.*)

ILLUSION—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. (*Nov.*)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. (*Nov.*)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. (*Jan.*)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. (*Jan.*)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. (*Jan.*)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. (*Jan.*)

JEALOUSY—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (*Dec.*)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. (*Nov.*)

KISS, THE—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (*Dec.*)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (*Dec.*)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (*April*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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BESSIE LOVE, in "Chasing Rainbows," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

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SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions) Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SON OF THE GODS,** starring Richard Barthelmess (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

*Technicolor
is natural color

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynold's grand voice and acting. (*March*)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (*March*)

LIGHT FINGERS—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. (*Nov.*)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (*Feb.*)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (*April*)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (*Feb.*)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. (*Jan.*)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. (*Jan.*)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (*April*)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (*Feb.*)

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (*Feb.*)

LOVE DOCTOR, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. (*Nov.*)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. (*Jan.*)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (*Dec.*)

LUCKY IN LOVE—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. (*Nov.*)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (*April*)

MADONNA OF AVENUE A—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. (*Nov.*)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (*March*)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M. — Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. (*Nov.*)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. (*Jan.*)

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (*Dec.*)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (*April*)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (*Dec.*)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (*March*)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (*April*)

MIGHTY, THE—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (*Dec.*)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (*Dec.*)

Cash For Picture Fans!

DURING the past six years, $30,000.00 in cash has been given 300 readers of PHOTOPLAY.

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PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers a new opportunity to share in a big cash distribution. See page 92.

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (*Dec.*)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (*April*)

MOST IMMORAL LADY, A—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, *the Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (*April*)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (*April*)

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (*Jan.*)

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (*March*)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. (*Jan.*)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (*March*)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie début. (*Jan.*)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (*Feb.*)

OH, YEAH!—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. (*Nov.*)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (*April*)

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (*Dec.*)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (*April*)

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (*March*)

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (*Feb.*)

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (*Feb.*)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (*March*)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. (*Jan.*)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (*March*)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (*April*)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (*March*)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

The Girl *on the* Cover

FOR years, no one has taken Mary Brian seriously. A good leading lady, no more, no less.

Whenever any of the male stars at Paramount needed a leading lady in a hurry, Mary was given the rôle. She offered no complaint, and played to the best of her ability.

Critics never got downright nasty about her performances, but neither did they tear pages from Mr. Webster's best seller looking for new words of praise. But because she was pretty and sweet, Mary's fans became legion.

Now these years of varied experiences are beginning to show in Mary's work. The studio is preparing her for stardom and she is developing into a really splendid actress. She came near stealing the picture in "River of Romance." Her performances in "The Virginian" and "Only the Brave" were excellent.

After years of being just another leading lady, she is changing into a clever comedienne. A leading lady of several years' standing always develops a sense of humor or a grouch. Mary was smart enough to select the first.

During all her time in Hollywood, Mary has lived her own life in her own way—just as if she hadn't migrated from Corsicana, Texas. She hasn't been married or divorced. She hasn't even been gossiped about unpleasantly.

SHE lives with her mother and brother in a small apartment in a not too impressive apartment house. They do not keep a maid. Mrs. Brian does the cooking, and they do say there is no better cook anywhere. Her brother works at a bank under his own name, Taurrence Dantzler.

Taurrence is a likeable, rather bashful chap, who does not bask in the reflected glory of his sister. Unfortunately, not all Hollywood brothers feel just that way about it.

Mary's mother seldom goes to the studio. When she does, everyone is glad to see her. She never goes into the "front office" and battles for more money and bigger and better rôles for her daughter.

IT all harks back to the fact that Mary Brian is a small town girl at heart. Not that she is prejudiced or hidebound with old-fashioned theories. But she is quiet and mannerly, and her tastes are extremely simple.

She dresses inconspicuously in private life. She has never smoked a cigarette in her life, not even for a screen rôle. She doesn't object in the least if other girls smoke like Pittsburgh factories.

Last summer, after many misgivings, she had her hair bobbed. That is the nearest Mary ever came to "going Hollywood." She even cried a bit over the lost tresses.

Everyone knows that she was one of the three great "discoveries" in "Peter Pan." Mary was *Wendy*, Betty Bronson was *Peter*, and Esther Ralston was *Wendy's* young mother.

Before her great chance in "Peter Pan" Mary found the studios of Hollywood as unassailable as any medieval fortress. Her change in fortune came when she won a "Miss Personality" contest at the beach. Two of her last five dollars went for a bathing suit. Two more dollars went for chiffon to alter an evening gown. With one lone dollar between success and starvation she won the one hundred dollar prize. That led to work in a theater prologue, and to an interview with Herbert Brenon, director of "Peter Pan."

MARY, never a star, has been at Paramount longer than any other contract player. She has outlasted on her own lot the more scintillant Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou and Richard Dix.

"I was the ingénue so long," she said, "it's like getting out of a rut to have fine rôles. It's a tonic. Some day I hope to be a star."

Not long ago she had a vacation of several weeks—a deserved rest, for she appears in more pictures than almost anyone on the lot. She didn't go to New York (it has been three years since she was there) and she didn't go to Europe (she has never crossed the Atlantic). She went instead to Yosemite Valley, California's vacation land, and the mecca of thousands of other home-towners.

MARY is always being reported engaged to college boys or young actors. For awhile it looked as if Mary and Buddy Rogers were becoming serious. Buddy is a home-town boy, too.

But Buddy is escorting June Collyer now and Mary is having luncheon dates with Phillips Holmes.

Hollywood got all excited when Rudy Vallée was in town. Mary lunched with him twice. All the writers wrote engagement stories. Now Rudy is crooning his love songs in New York and Mary is perfectly content to lunch with the boys in Hollywood.

In "The Virginian," she was Gary Cooper's leading lady. Richard Arlen was also in the cast. Mary and Dick have been screen lovers in numerous Paramount romances.

"When Gary made love to me in the picture I was a little embarrassed," she laughed, "to see Dick watching me. I almost felt as if I were 'chiseling.'"

If a girl takes her screen romances that seriously, what would she do with a real one?

What Would She Do With a Real Romance?

Last Minute News

Doug Fairbanks' first solo talkie will be a story of the gold rush days of '49, written by himself, Lotta Woods and Porter Emerson Browne.

Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, are in America again, after seven months in France. He will do some film work in this country before returning to Paris next September.

Constance Bennett will play the lead in "Common Clay" for Fox, doing a rôle first intended for Janet Gaynor.

Ann Harding and not Ina Claire will have the leading rôle in "Holiday," a New York stage hit last season.

Greta Garbo's new leading man for "Romance" will be Gavin Gordon, a young Englishman who has been playing on the stage in Los Angeles.

Lenore Ulric will not make her two more contracted pictures for Fox. She and the studio settled for cash.

The famous melodrama, "The Unholy Three," is going to be made a talkie, with Lon Chaney, of course, in his original rôle.

Al Jolson's first for United Artists will be "Sons O' Guns," current Broadway musical hit starring Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.

Edwina Booth must fatten up to finish "Trader Horn." African ills pulled her below filming weight.

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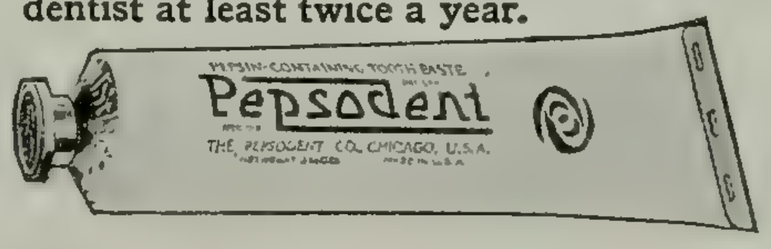

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (*Feb.*)

PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (*Nov.*)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (*April*)

RACKETEER, THE—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (*Dec.*)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (*March*)

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (*Dec.*)

RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. (*Jan.*)

RICH PEOPLE—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (*Dec.*)

RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (*Nov.*)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. (*Nov.*)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (*March*)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (*March*)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (*Jan.*)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (*March*)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (*Feb.*)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (*March*)

SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (*Dec.*)

SEA FURY—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (*Dec.*)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (*March*)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley. Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (*April*)

SENOR AMERICANO—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (*Dec.*)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (*April*)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (*Feb.*)

SEVEN FACES—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. (*Jan.*)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (*Feb.*)

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. (*Jan.*)

SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. (*Jan.*)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological drammer but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (*April*)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (*Feb.*)

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (*Dec.*)

SILVER KING, THE—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (*Nov.*)

SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (*Jan.*)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. (*Jan.*)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (*Feb.*)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (*April*)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (*April*)

SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (*Dec.*)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (*Feb.*)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Sensational Talking Picture TRIUMPH of the Celebrated Beauty VILMA BANKY

By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn

Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.

A LADY TO LOVE

Like a flame in the dark, her youth and beauty light up the lonesome years of a middle-aged, tender and romantic Italian. He represents to her a haven of refuge from a drab, poverty-stricken existence. Then Youth calls to Youth—and a tense, enthralling, heart-rending drama develops, laying bare the human soul as only the master hand of a famous playwright like Sidney Howard can do. A drama replete with tender love interest—a story you'll always remember! With Edward G. Robinson and Robert Ames, directed by Victor Seastrom.

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION IS THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Friendly Advice on

Girls' Problems

Frieda Hempel

GONE are the concealing lines of yester-year, when we could slouch to our hearts' content and the complete demoralization of our figures.

Is there a "spare tire" of fat where your waistline should be? Are there hollows where curves should grow?

Have you resorted to an old-fashioned, heavily boned corset that feels like a ramrod down your back, instead of the modern type that molds but does not pinch? Are you endangering your health with a starvation diet?

Don't do it. There's a better way.

A FAMOUS opera singer was giving a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York. Her voice, lilting and lovely, was not the thing that impressed me most, however. I had expected that. The beauty of her voice has been praised by more competent judges than I.

What I noted with appreciation was her graceful, flowing walk. After each group of songs, with what ease she turned from her audience and left the stage, with what light steps she came back to the platform.

Hers was not the studied queenliness of the prima donna. Her figure had the proportions of the mature singer, yet her step was that of a lithe young girl.

This singer, Frieda Hempel, sponsors a line of beauty preparations, and I thought what a boon to women it would be if she could work out a formula for that exquisite walk and put it in bottles! I would certainly order the first case that was ready!

A whimsical idea—but not a useful one. Yet I did want to make it useful—to myself, and to all of you who write to me for help and advice.

So I asked Miss Hempel if she would tell me some of the things the stage had taught her about graceful movement and poise. Not only did she give me advice on these points, but she described some of the simple exercises she practices daily to keep fit and supple.

These hints will be appreciated by busy girls to whom, like myself, figure-revealing clothes have proved that they need corrective exercise, rather than old-fashioned, heavily boned corsets or starvation diets. The modern corset molds the figure, instead of pinching it.

More than any other thing, Miss Hempel stresses correct breathing as the basis of correct posture, and proper posture as the first essential of a figure that is beautiful and flowing in line. She says:

"IF you train yourself to breathe deeply, you are bound to hold your head correctly, your chin well up but not thrust forward, your chest leading. But do not make the mistake of lifting your shoulders.

"In the morning, practice near an open window. Raise your arms slowly sideward and upward, breathing in deeply. Touch your hands together above your head, and relaxing, slowly breathe out, bringing the hands down to the sides.

"Holding the head up and the chest out pulls the whole body into line. The age lines which settle in the throat would not develop so rapidly if the muscles of the neck were not allowed to sag and deteriorate. Even short women can give the impression of height if they carry their heads well.

"This is an exercise I have found good for the neck muscles:

"Stand in front of a mirror, and lift your head up as high as you can get it. Then turn your head left and right slowly, about ten times in each direction, without relaxing.

"A right mental outlook and a happy spirit do much to keep the head high and the step light and firm. Before I walk out on the stage, I take a deep breath and forget everything but the song I am going to give to the audience, and I feel so buoyant and unconscious of my body that walking is more like floating."

Is it any wonder that this quality is reflected to her audience?

She recommends these exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles:

"Stand with shoulders erect and heels together. Balance by looking at some mark directly ahead of you and level with the eyes. Raise one leg, bent at the knee until it is pressed against the abdomen; straighten it out in front of you and back to place. Follow with the other leg.

"Spring with legs astride. Keep legs rigid, and bend your body completely forward, relaxing like a rag doll, swinging it slowly at first and then gaining in momentum, round and round, like a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

WRITE *to* ME

I WANT to help you. Has your skin kept some of its winter dryness? Is your hair hard to manage? Are you undecided about the shades of rouge and powder which will best become you? Are your fingernails brittle? Your hands rough and red?

My reducing booklet, containing simple corrective exercises and suggestions for menus, is free. So is my leaflet on the general care of the skin and the specific treatments for blackheads and acne.

Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a reply by mail. Otherwise your letters will be answered in turn in the magazine.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Do You Know Your Type in Make-Up as Screen Stars Do?

PHYLLIS HAVER
Pathe Star

Blonde ...Brunette ....*or* Redhead

MARGARET LIVINGSTON
Independent Star

ALICE WHITE
First National Star

RENEE ADOREE
M-G-M Star

Discover How to Actually Double Your Beauty with Hollywood's New Sensation in Society Make-Up...Cosmetics in Color Harmony, Created by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up Genius! See Coupon for Priceless Beauty Gift.

BEAUTY!...*the alluring beauty you've longed for*...is hidden in the magic of a new kind of make-up known to the screen stars of Hollywood. Charm!...*subtle in its fascination*... Personality!...*magnetic in its power of attraction*...are complements of this new beauty which is emphasized to the fullest in the beguiling feminine loveliness created by this entirely new art in make-up.

Just as you have marveled at the beauty of the screen stars, so now you will marvel at the amazing beauty this new make-up will bring to you.

The secret lies in a make-up ensemble in perfect color harmony to blend with your own individual colorings and type. Color harmony make-ups tested to type and approved by famous stars such as Marion Davies, Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Bebe Daniels and scores of others. Colors in cosmetics...powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials...proved perfect under the blazing motion picture lights; so wonderfully true to lifelike colorings that the beauty effect they create is one of entrancing loveliness.

You've seen, in hundreds of feature pictures, in millions of feet of film, the magic of make-up by Max Factor, because Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios.

MAE MURRAY
And MAX FACTOR
Mae Murray marvels at the perfect color effect of Max Factor's lipstick. She knows it is kiss proof and water proof.

Now in Society Make-Up, Max Factor offers to you, and every woman, the make-up beauty of cosmetic color harmony which until now has been held in Filmland. A sensation in Hollywood...it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may play the part of a screen star and have your complexion analyzed and your own individual color harmony charted for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King. You'll discover the one way to actually double your beauty; you'll discover the one color harmony for you to use, whatever your type, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. Accept this priceless beauty gift which Max Factor offers you with a copy of his own book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*" Fill in coupon and mail today.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"*Cosmetics of the Stars*" HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-5-18

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

Today's Skin is just a VEIL★..

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for care of the skin

★ *DESQUAMATION*

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

DESQUAMATION. It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it.

But it's enough to darken and thicken your skin.

To cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Are you discouraged about your skin?

Does it seem muddy? sallow? dull?

As if the rosy tint of pulsing blood never *could* glow through it again?

Then *you are not giving it the help it needs!*

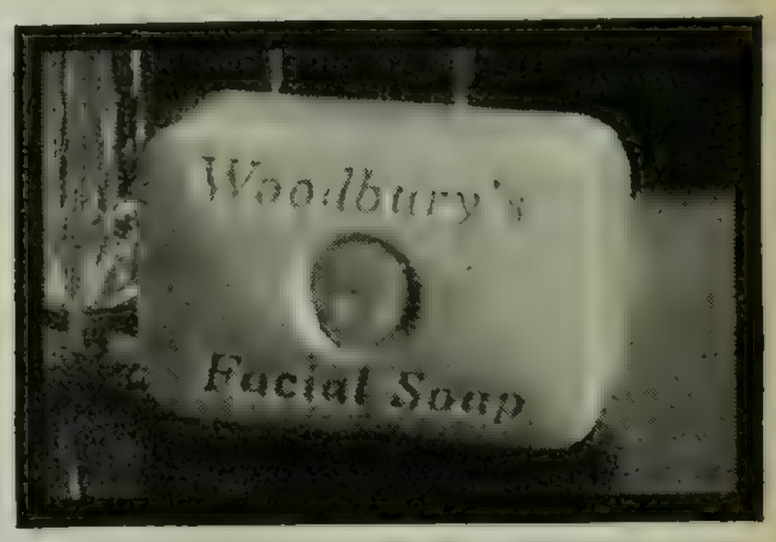
Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin —from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface, for Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Ah! how good it feels! Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth! And look! There's the glow of returning color!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than ordinary soaps for general toilet use.



SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2209 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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NOT the gay young matron, not the loving wife—but a mature and beautiful young woman caught by the camera in an intense and thoughtful mood. A startling new photograph of Joan Crawford, the vivid girl who has danced and toiled to stardom since she came to the screen five brief years ago

Joan Crawford, whose real name is Lucille Le Sueur, was born in San Antonio, Tex., in 1906. She is five feet, four inches tall; has red hair and blue eyes; weighs 110 pounds. Husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Hurrell

Autrey

Janet Gaynor was born Oct. 6, 1906, in Philadelphia. She is five feet tall; has auburn hair and brown eyes; weighs 96 pounds. Married Lydell Peck last fall

TIME, change and talkies cannot dim the sweet and appealing charm of little Janet Gaynor. The tiny sprite of the Fox lot got a hatful of hallelujahs for her quaint singing in "Sunny Side Up," and since then her bosses have given her many good jobs, including the latest big one, "Playmates"

Hurrell

IN March, 1922, Samuel Goldwyn felt lucky. He picked up a pair of dice and threw a seven. Then he picked up a lanky Virginia boy, with no motion picture training at all, and made a William Haines out of him. The rest is history. "Wild Willie" is still the superlative smart kid of the movies

William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He is six feet tall; weighs 172 pounds; has black hair and brown eyes. He has never been married or engaged

John Boles was born at Greenville, Tex., Oct. 27, 1899. He is six feet, one inch tall; has brown hair and grey blue eyes; weighs 180 pounds. Married, has two children

A TEXAS boy who made good in the far West. John Boles goes from smash to smash, winning the girls with his handsome countenance and all hands with his fine singing. "The Desert Song" made him famous in the tune films, and since then he has had a run of good ones Listen for him in "La Marseillaise"

SHE came to pictures at seventeen, a little red-headed kid with big eyes that spoke right out loud. She symbolized the younger generation in one small ball of fire. She's climbed from nothing to stardom, and been engaged and disengaged. Hot or cold, rain or shine, give her a hand—Clara Bow!

Clara Gordon Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905. She's five feet, three and a half; has red hair and brown eyes; weighs 110 pounds. In films since 1922

Helen Johnson was born in New York City not very many years ago. She is five feet, five; has blonde hair and green eyes, and weighs 120 pounds. More news later

LOOK what Mr. Metro, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer found! Scouting around for faces and talents, the Culver City boys came across this pert, blonde young person and invited her into the front parlor. After tea and crumpets, she signed a contract.

She's Helen Johnson, and will be in "The Divorcee"

TO ENHANCE AND MAINTAIN A YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION

COTY
CULTURISTE CREATIONS

All that modern science knows of beauty culture — all the rarest most effective ingredients — are embodied, under the Coty standard of absolute purity, in Culturiste Creations. No need for costly, elaborate treatments — just four Essential Preparations—four simple things to do—and natural loveliness blossoms in your skin to stay. Only Coty could give you this—the complete and perfect beauty method at a price so distinctively moderate.

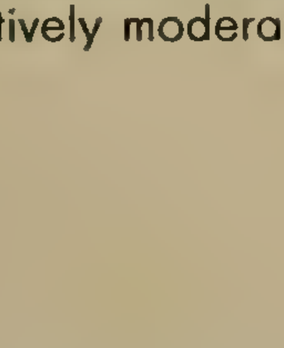
CULTURISTE ESSENTIAL TREATMENT—$4.50

Begin with - Cleansing Cream .	(Colcreme)	$1.00
Then use - Skin Tonic . . .	(Potonique)	$1.00
Follow with - Tissue Cream . . .	(Night)	$1.50
Finish with - Foundation Cream . .	(Day)	$1.00

FOR SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS

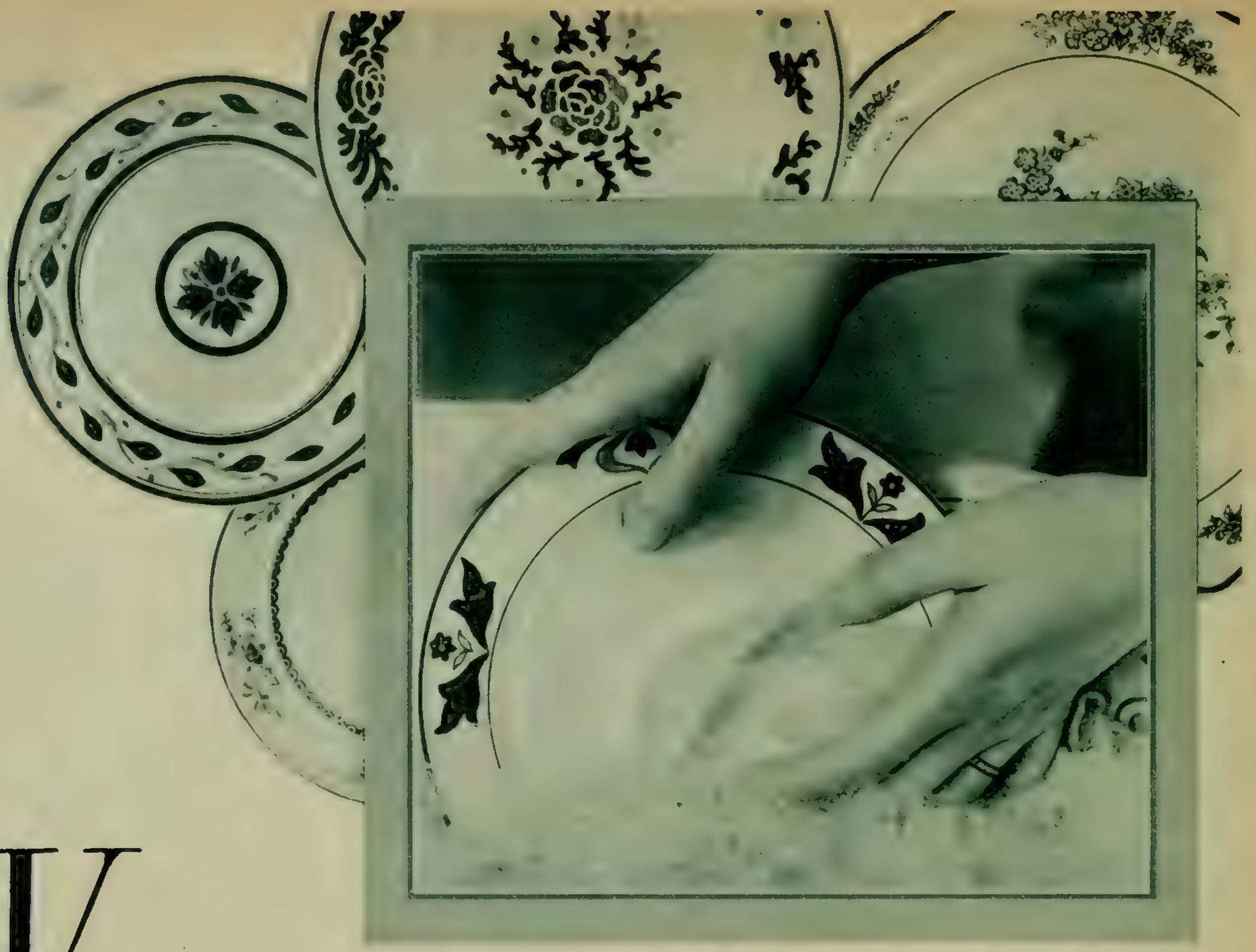
Special Astringent (Eau de Coty) — To correct relaxed tissues and undue oiliness . $1.00

Skin Lotion (Lotion Pour La Peau) — The protective powder base for dry skin (also brings new youth to the hands and arms) $1.50



SEND TO PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU
FOR BOOKLET "CULTURISTE CREATIONS"
ON COMPLETE CARE OF THE SKIN.

COTY 714 Fifth Avenue, New York
PLACE VENDOME — PARIS



"Vogue for Color in Dishes demands modern dishwashing"

By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

IT'S color everywhere — from fragile imported china to the gay cups and saucers at the "five and ten!"

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for. As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous New York china house of Wm. H. Plummer Co., said:

"We have always warned against harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!"

The gentle Lux suds that save the beauty of fine things also save the delicate colors of these new dishes.

And washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux saves your hands, too — keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

Lux guards the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary soaps dry up these oils, leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Yet using gentle Lux suds for all your dishes costs so little — less than 1¢ a day!

For all china — museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike — use Lux to guard the lovely colors — and to keep your hands lovely, too!

LUX in the dishpan keeps your hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day

May, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By JAMES R. QUIRK

ONCE, oh, a long time ago, a man and a woman met on an ocean liner. They stood at the rail, looked out over the expanse of water, and confessed their ambitions.

"My ambition is to see my name in electric lights over a theater," said the man, "and I hope that some day you will see your name there, too."

Now all of that doesn't mean much until you know the people. Just recently has the man related the story.

It was Douglas Fairbanks, and the acquaintance of the voyage was Geraldine Farrar.

THERE had been a lot of discussion about what the talking version of "Jane Eyre" should be called. It seems that it couldn't possibly be "Jane Eyre." That title was used before.

"Well, I have a swell idea," said a scenarist to the chief, "why not call it 'Tomorrow'?"

"No," mused the chief, stroking his long gray beard thoughtfully, "that has too much vague futurity for a title."

THE scenarist came back the next day with another idea.

"I have a marvelous title this time. Let's call it 'Yesterday'."

"That won't do either," was the reply. "It wouldn't be popular, for it's too much in the past."

Not to be discouraged, the scenarist came back on the third day.

"Here's a peach of a title. Just call it 'Today'."

"Just 'Today' is too brief, too fleeting. That title is out."

They struck a beautiful compromise. "Jane Eyre" will become "The House of Fury," but Ann Harding will still be called *Jane Eyre*, unless there is something wrong with the name.

A FEW notes on the kaleidoscopic and bewildering changes in motion pictures:

Two years ago the talking picture was a novelty. In another year a silent picture will be the novelty.

Six months ago Technicolor pictures were just starting. In twelve months more the untinted shadows will be obsolete.

More than half the theaters of the United States are wired for sound today. In 1931, the unwired theater will be a garage or the background of a "To Rent" sign.

IN two years, the developments of sound, color, and wide screen will make scores of millions now invested in studio and theater equipment as out of date as a two-cylinder automobile.

Out of seven hundred theaters in New York City, less than twenty are silent—and they have no trouble handling crowds.

A FEW months ago in these columns it was reported—*accurately*—that the sound experts agreed they could do nothing with Jack Gilbert's voice.

But there's now a man in Hollywood who can. He is Dr. P. M. Marafioti, former physician to the Metropolitan Opera House, and voice trainer of Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Galli-Curci and others.

Dr. Marafioti says that mental training is the secret of singing and talking, and that the natural voice, unhampered by artificial training and breathing, is the perfect voice.

In unscientific language—be yourself.

YEARS ago, when Jack Gilbert was a youngster, he played in stock, and was trained by old-fashioned stage directors. All that Jack has to do, according to the theories of Dr. Marafioti, is to overcome the voice habits acquired under those directors.

Wouldn't it be great to hear Jack come back in the talkies with all the power and glamor of his splendid personality?

IT seems only yesterday that a theater owner would murder in cold blood any film salesman who tried to sell him a costume picture.

See what the talkies have done. The theater owners are fighting for them. For instance:

The Vagabond King
The Rogue Song
General Crack
Taming of the Shrew
Devil May Care
Disraeli
Rio Rita
Show Boat
The Green Goddess
Happy Days

TWO years ago when she arrived in Los Angeles, Ruth Chatterton was publicized as the one stage actress who would never succumb to the movies.

Just another indication of how fast things change in this business.

Miss Chatterton—you would never think of calling her Ruth—came to Los Angeles for the sole purpose of being with her husband, Ralph Forbes, and in spite of splendid financial offers to go movie, spent her time producing her old New York successes on the local stage.

PARAMOUNT producers continued to coax her with big money, but she wouldn't budge.

"Say, what's the matter with that dame, anyhow?" asked one of the heads of the studio one day.

"Oh, she's arty and thinks there isn't an actor on the screen except Emil Jannings," said a lesser executive who had tried to sew her up with a contract time after time.

"Bonehead," yelled the boss. "What's her address? Call a car."

He came back with her signature for one picture—to play opposite Jannings.

Then came the talkies—and in one year she is queen of the studio.

And the queen of the lot three years ago, Pola Negri, is a mere memory.

NOW we have our first bootlegged picture, and about the only thing it is good for is to prove that Will Hays' ban is more effective than prohibition enforcement.

The picture, "White Cargo," is barred from production in the United States by the Hays organization. A British concern made it into a talkie, and it was smuggled into a Broadway theater where it died on its feet.

It was a hot potato in the theater, but as a movie it's just a cold spud.

ETHEL BARRYMORE says:

"The theater-going public won't put up with the talkies. It won't stand having its ears hurt and its intelligence insulted."

Does she mean Brother John and Brother Lionel?

A VISITING English celebrity was being shown the sights of Hollywood. He had had a particularly bad lunch at a popular café, and was then taken through Grauman's Chinese Theater. After being dragged through the interior of the place, he was taken across the street to get a perspective of the exterior.

"The finest example of modern Hollywood architecture," bragged the guide. "Isn't it beautiful?"

The visitor looked long and solemnly at the theater. It was a sunny day, and all the dragons were agleam, the reds and yellows even more brilliant than usual.

"When does it go off?" he asked at last.

IF there was ever an opportunity for you to give a real family party at the motion picture theater, it will be when they run John McCormack's "Song O' My Heart" at your theater.

Take them all. Mother and grandmother will love it. They will have a good cry and talk about it for weeks. Sister Sue will get a mental antidote for that line of hot mamma pictures she favors, and even little brother Willie will be the better for it.

Make it a party. Watch the effect on the whole family. If they do not get along better for days, with more patience and affection, then take them all to some wild gangster picture. It's where they belong.

LATEST report on the effort of the European nation to strangle the American pictures by the quota system—that is, forcing American companies to subsidize one foreign picture for each group of American pictures imported into their countries—is, that the ambitious hangmen have hanged themselves.

Three or four British companies sold millions of pounds of stock to their patriotic countrymen, and went broke. The German government has lost millions trying to subsidize their own studios. France seems to have given it up as a bad job.

And only the other day I saw a highbrow critic (an unsuccessful movie writer) refer to the men who built up this great industry and licked the world, as pants-pressers and buttonhole-makers.

If that old gag still holds good, then Ford is still a bicycle tinker and Edison a train butcher.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S little six-year-old godson, Robert, is now in pictures. He is the son of George Ullman, Rudy's manager and best friend. He's in Herbert Brenon's fine production, "Lummox."

It was Ullman who steered Valentino's business career for the last few years of his life and, from chaos and debt, brought him to the highest pinnacle of personal popularity ever achieved by an actor. It was Ullman who stood, utterly exhausted by three days and nights of sleepless vigil, at his side when he died. It is Ullman who has worked for the past four years to salvage an estate out of his tangled personal affairs for Valentino's relatives. It is Ullman who founded and still heads the Valentino Memorial organization.

George Ullman's devotion to Rudy, alive and dead, is the finest tribute to Valentino's memory I know of. Any of us would be lucky to have one friend like that.

By
Katherine Albert

Why everyone with the price belongs to a beach club in Southern California. Lillian Roth, the singing girl, takes a huge drink of seashore sunshine

She Raised *the* Roof

THE scene was the glittering Ziegfeld Roof, that after-theater resort on top of the New Amsterdam Theater where it costs about four dollars to stare at the head waiter.

At a ringside table sat Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, overlord of Paramount production.

He was there to feast his eyes and ears on the star of the show, M. Maurice Chevalier, the French hullabaloo already under contract to Mr. Lasky's outfit. But ho!

Forth came a shapely little minx, with snapping eyes and a mop of wild black hair.

Out of her throat came a deep, resonant voice, singing a blues song in a way that raised the fur along Mr. Lasky's spine.

"A bet!" thought Mr. Lasky, mentally figuring contracts. "A bet!"

And that's how young Lillian Roth, nineteen and full of hoopla, came to Hollywood to delight you in "The Love Parade" and make you her devoted slave in "The Vagabond King."

She's as natural as three and seven on a pair of dice. She has all the girlish charm and zippo that was Clara Bow's when the redhead first hit Hollywood. She wouldn't know an affected mannerism if one came up to her riding a duck. And she's aces up at Paramount.

'Twas not always thus.

Lillian Roth began tinkering around the theater when she was six. At that advanced age she made her début in a play called "The Inner Man."

Then, in her earliest teens, she went into vaudeville. She had to do dramatic impersonations because the Gerry Society wouldn't let her sing and dance. This slowed her up.

But you can't keep a good blues singer down—not for long.

THE time arrived for the peppery young Lillian to make her first hit—and it was in Chicago that it happened.

There she caught on with a Shubert "Artists and Models" revue, and the Windy Citizens sat up on the end of their spines as that voice came out of the pretty little girl.

Broadway began to hear rumors—then reports—of a little singer named Lillian Roth who was knocking Chicagoans into Lake Michigan with her warbling. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

AT the peak of her career, the height of her unusual beauty, Corinne Griffith turns away from the Hollywood studios and says Goodbye to All That. In the story on the opposite page, Marquis Busby tells you why

Exit—Corinne Griffith

The Orchid Lady leaves the screen to rest—and live

By Marquis Busby

THE Orchid Lady is retiring. The slim patrician, lovely Corinne Griffith, is saying good-bye to pictures. Her contract, which had another year to run at First National, has been cancelled by mutual agreement. She is at the height of her career, beautiful, rich, envied, one of the highest paid stars of the screen.

She has the courage to give it up while everything is hers. She will not see the gradual cooling of public interest.

It is an almost unprecedented thing—a great star giving up a career while she still possesses youth and beauty. There have been few cases of the kind. Geraldine Farrar left the Metropolitan while she was still adored. Maude Adams voluntarily gave up one of the most scintillant careers in the American theater. Marguerite Clark left the screen at the peak of her fame for a quiet Southern mansion.

Most screen players cling doggedly to fame. When that is gone there is hope—the old theory that one good picture will put them back on top again. Then gradually they fade into oblivion. If they haven't saved they do secondary rôles, then bits, extras, anything. Life holds nothing for them but the screen.

Corinne is not afraid of losing fame, even after it has been hers for so long. She is leaving the screen without definite plans. She may do a picture in France later on—that has been the ambition of her life. But first there must be a long rest. Time to play. To lie on the sand at Malibu in the hot sun, with no worry over tan or freckles.

For a while she will live in a present without any past or future. Then, if one knows Corinne at all, she will be tired of just playing. Underneath that languor, which has so fascinated the fans, is keen business acumen and a fighting will. Later on, you can be sure, Corinne will have plans of some kind.

"I want to take time now to find other interests in life," she says. "The time will come when I am definitely through with the screen. I want to be ready for it. I want to know about other things then. I don't want to linger around the fringe of the business and wish I were back in the midst of it. I want to travel. I'd like to go to Africa and South America, and places I've never even had time to read about. I want to stop in little European towns and eat in centuries-old inns. I want to own a chateau in France.

"I've never had time to study. I would like to know about art and literature. When talking pictures came in I took up the study of voice. I knew nothing of harmony. I studied piano, too. It opened a whole new field to me. There are so many things I want to learn to do. Do you know, I don't even know how to play tennis?"

Corinne's career has been a long one. At eighteen she was starring at Vitagraph. She knew she was not ready for any such ambitious program, but it was in the fading days of the company, and she seemed the likeliest prospect.

Her work attracted attention in small towns, but her pictures were never shown in the more important theaters. It was like a new discovery when this beautiful girl was finally seen by film critics in "The Common Law." Her beauty became a by-word in Hollywood. She became the "Orchid Lady."

Her dignified demeanor was never more clearly evidenced than in "The Divine Lady," one of her favorite rôles. The picture has been a sensation in Europe and South America. Even the British royal family endorsed the cinematic Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

If Corinne is patrician today it is because she has so made herself. At an age when most girls were starting to high school, she was forced to make her own

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]

Smiling in the sunshine, Corinne Griffith and her devoted husband and business adviser, Walter Morosco, will sail away to France, where they will live in a chateau near Paris

The Palace of a Laugh-King

On a knoll 120 feet high, overlooking Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills, stands the House that Laughs Built—the beautiful home of Harold Lloyd. Stretching away from it on all sides are the grounds, covering sixteen acres. Because the site is reminiscent of the hills surrounding Florence, Italy, the house and gardens follow the Italian style. This is a view of the pavilion which looks down upon the swimming pool, shown below

Looking down on Harold Lloyd's swimming pool, with its pavilion and loggia. Here Harold, Mildred and little Gloria spend a great deal of their leisure time, and the brightly furnished pavilion at the right is the scene of much entertaining

Photos by

Gene Kornman

First Published Views of Harold Lloyd's Great California Estate

This is the stunningly lovely sight one sees from the big French doors of Harold Lloyd's library. This avenue of cypress trees, with its formal garden, leads to a fountain surrounded by pepper trees. At the left you see the young Massa himself, sampling fruit from the dwarfed orange trees in the foreground

Lloyd and little Gloria putting out on the ninth hole of his private golf course. While the nine holes are only 1,660 yards long, the course is very sporty. Prince, the family pet, is resting in the background

The entrance to the house that was built by the laughter of millions. As you can see, the house's design is pure Italian, the work of Webber, Staunton and Spaulding, architects. It was the work of two years

Mabel Normand *Says*

Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin played together in the early Keystone Comedy hits—the golden age of slapstick. Left, Mack Sennett, the great comedy director who discovered and developed Mabel. Right, Lew Cody, the devoted husband she married in 1926

Mabel Normand

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BENEATH the gallant sparkle of her laughter,
There always lay the hint of wistfulness,
As if she knew that storm must follow after
The brightest day . . . Perhaps her soul could guess
That tragedy was waiting, eager handed,
To block her path, to stay her dancing feet,
To leave her lonely, pitiful, and stranded . . .
Yet who shall say her life was incomplete?

For, oh, she brought swift smiles to sorry faces
She taught a weary-hearted world to sing;
Her presence lent new grace to lonely places,
She had the radiance of waking spring.
Behind her mask of comedy, she waited
For every hurt the future held in store;
She gave herself to all, nor hesitated . . .
And died when she, at last, could give no more!

BATTERED and beaten by life, little Mabel Normand has gone home to the Great Heart who understands all.

I am sure that voices have whispered love and encouragement and devotion to her on her long, frightened journey across the Dark River—voices of crooning old Irish women whose last days were made comfortable by Mabel's generosity—voices of pitiful little extra girls who had turned to her for help and sympathy—voices of hunger that was fed—of tears that were dried.

There would be one voice whispering in a proud, strange tongue; and this would be the voice of old Minnie, the Sioux Indian who was sheltered by Mabel's bounty and who loved her with a wild devotion.

Mabel Normand was the most extraordinary character I have ever known. Certainly, the most interesting and unusual personality the screen has ever known.

There will never be another Mabel Normand. Few such vivid individualities have appeared in the world in any *metier*. Beyond that, the screen world has become too standardized to offer scope and right-of-way for another such character.

Generous, impulsive, self-effacing, impudent, untamed, misunderstood and not resentful of the cruelty of that misunderstanding. Daring in spirit, tender, brilliant, and with the eager curiosity of a child.

It was not without significance that Mabel's lips were always slightly apart—like a child drinking in a fairy story. That was the keynote of her life. Her avid eagerness for all that life held. It was as though she realized in some dim way that she had not long to live and wanted to take a bite out of each cookie.

She was the best listener I have ever known. She listened to tramps and great authors; to soldiers who talked to her of the intricacies of military strategy and to jail birds who told her of fights with policemen.

Mabel will always be pictured in my mind as the little Irish tad with a sable coat, as the little girl who ate peanuts all over the back seat of a gorgeous imported limousine.

I suppose that no woman ever lived who has been showered with more fame and more attention; and no woman who has known so cruelly the voice of unmerited scandal. She took the brickbats without bitterness and the bouquets with a giggle.

Mabel was without vanity. She has a quality rare in creative artists of being a spectator looking at life.

When I first knew Mabel, she was the star comedienne of the old Mack Sennett Comedy Company. That was the time when the Keystone Kops were in their heyday.

MACK SENNETT was one of the greatest figures of the screen world and Mabel was recognized as being without a peer.

In those golden Keystone days, with Mack Sennett driving and inspiring her, Mabel's great talent for comedy was in full flower. Her fellow artists were quick to recognize it.

Once PHOTOPLAY asked Mary Pickford who her favorite actress was.

Mary, at that time the fans'

Goodbye

By

James R. Quirk

Mabel's Message

"MABEL NORMAND'S two great comforts, as she lay dying, were the devotion of Lew Cody and the letters from her fans. They enabled her to meet death bravely. She asked me to tell the public, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, of her love and appreciation. 'They have been dear to me, and sweet and kind,' she said."

greatest pet, answered quickly, "Mabel Normand!"

She was just the same then as when misfortunes overtook her later on. There was not one pretentious thing about her. The electricians on the set all adored the ground she walked on; and the cameramen would die in their tracks for her.

SHE was famous at that time for the fact that she scattered money around like a sailor on a spree; but I only found out little by little and always by accident, the places where her dollars rolled away. The operations she had paid for; the impoverished families she was supporting; the orphans and the widows she was helping.

I remember one incident—a gesture that no one but a natural aristocrat could have achieved.

A very old Irish woman—a relative of one of the studio help—had one ambition. She wanted to meet Mabel Normand. By request, Mabel went to have dinner with her—dressed in her most elegant party clothes.

Once in the presence of her divinity, the poor old woman was simply paralyzed. She was straight from the bogs of Ireland. Her table manners were something to send goose flesh down one's spine.

But so sweet were the manners of Mabel Normand that she promptly hung a napkin under her own chin as the old lady did. When the chops came on, she picked up the meat and gnawed it off the bone.

And when the old lady timidly took out her pipe, Mabel found a pipe, too, and they whiffed together. That will remain, to my mind, one of the most delicate acts of chivalry it has ever been my lot to know.

Mabel had a peculiar relationship to Mack Sennett. She loved him; fought with him; feared him and respected him with something like awe. Mack Sennett was, in fact, her *Svengali*. She resented the awe she had for him; but she never could rise to artistic heights without him.

Away from Sennett, she ceased to be the great artist of the screen and became commonplace. Mostly I think it was a matter of understanding. Sennett, as Irish himself as the banshees, alone knew how to get the best from Mabel's wayward, rebellious Irish heart.

HER relationship to Charlie Chaplin also was one of the odd chapters of the screen. When he first came to the studio, Mabel liked to torture him with taunts in the mischievous way a child might have made fun of a queer-looking stranger. But she was one of the first to recognize his genius. Much of Chaplin's success in those earliest days was due to Mabel's untiring tutoring. Chaplin was a great artist from the day he was born, but he did not know screen technique.

No one grieved more sincerely over her death than he. "She was one of the truest friends I have ever known and one of the most remarkable, brilliant [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

The Mabel Normand who entered pictures so long ago—gay and pretty, with a great talent for screen comedy soon to make her famous

Mabel at the height of her beauty and the peak of her career—graduated from Keystone, with the great success, "Mickey," already achieved

Scene showing Old Gaffer Hall's first glimpse of Clara Bow—an event by which the world now sets its clocks and watches. Key: X—Miss Bow. Y—Mother. Z—Gaffer Hall

Seeing Clara Bow

By Leonard Hall

SOME men make pilgrimages to Mecca. Others visit the old elm where they kissed their first sweetheart. Still others hang around the sites of pre-war saloons and try to smell the forgotten whiff of bock beer.

But I had always wanted to see Clara Bow.

(And the band played "There's a hundred million others like you!")

So when the papers advertised that Miss Bow, or the Brooklyn Fire-Belle, was to appear in person, and quite a lot in the flesh, at the opening of Mr. Harry Richman's new picture in New York, I was not only practically agog, but largely agape.

I had pursued the plump peacherino before, afoot and ahorse, but never with any luck. If I was at the Paramount Studio, Miss Bow was climbing Mt. Everest. By the time I got to Mt. Everest, Clara was diving for pearls in Tahiti or being presented at the Court of St. James.

But at last I had her cornered. I was certain sure that at the hour of nine p.m., on January so and so, Miss Bow would be at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 50th Street, New York, swathed in ermine and wearing a couple of hundred orchids.

And I had a couple of Annie Oakleys, or skulls, as we call free passes to the show.

I considered it a date. I don't know how Clara felt.

"Well, mother," I said, on the fatal evening, "tonight's the night."

"DO you really think we should try it?" asked the dear old soul. "They tell me these first-night crowds are very savage. Do you remember how the mounted police charged, the night the Roxy was opened, thinking it was a Communist mass meeting?"

"Pish, mother, and a gentle and respectful fie!" I answered. "Didn't the nice fatherly press-agent say there would be adequate police protection? And that the company would send notes of condolence to all families bereaved by the première?

"And besides, mother, I'm going to see Clara Bow tonight. I haven't felt so pert lately, what with my old Garbo and Vallée wounds troubling me in wet weather, and I may not hang on much longer."

That settled it, and at ten minutes to nine we and a thousand other people are edging up to the Earl Carroll Theater, where the unveiling is to take place.

I have always been lucky. When the World War came along I was sound, unmarried and twenty-one. The girls I have loved have always run away with trap-drummers. I was the fellow who bought Radio and other stocks on September 15, 1929.

Naturally, being all broken out with this rash of sevens and elevens, I was right in the middle of things when Vesuvius blew up with a crash that broke crockery in Philadelphia.

Out of the corner of my eye I had noticed a long, grey battleship draw up at the curb, but had thought nothing of it except to hiss faintly at the blessings of the wealthy.

Then the lid blew off.

THERE was a terrific roar, and I found myself being wafted slowly and not gently up in the air. Mother, I noticed, was floating in an opposite direction, with strong men taking an occasional kick at her as she passed.

"Help! Police!" I howled, as a number ten brogan found my floating ribs.

"CLARA BOW!" screamed a thousand throats.

To stem the attack of the thousand Bow-maddened maniacs, three lone and unhappy policemen were on the ground. Two lost their caps, badges, and nightsticks. The third is still unreported, though there is a rumor that he has been stuffed and sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

As I was being dribbled toward the curb, by toe and fist, I saw a large mop of red hair entirely surrounded by roaring, punching, semi-human beings.

A hand, like a ham, closed one of my eyes, but with the other I still saw that flaming torch being passed from arm to arm.

As I watched, one seven-foot admirer, who shall go ringing down the centuries as the Raleigh of 1930, picked up Miss Bow and with the easy swing of a trained football player, forward-passed her over the head of the ticket-taker and into the theater. It was as pretty a toss as ever I saw, and the crowd bellowed.

"Touchdown!" I croaked, and mercifully passed into unconsciousness.

Three weeks later I awoke in a little white room. A pretty nurse

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Aged movie fan gets a look at the Brooklyn Redhead—and a kick in the ribs

The Dunce's Cap

Fate tried to make Sharon Lynn wear it, but she went to the head of the class in talkies!

By Elaine Ogden

"SHARON LYNN, who scored such a sensational success in 'Sunny Side Up,' is playing one of the leading rôles in the new Fox picture, 'In Love with Love.' "

That's just another announcement from the Fox studio, on the face of it. Just another successful talkie actress getting another assignment.

It sounds commonplace enough.

But it isn't. For behind it is the somewhat ironic story of a plucky, gallant little girl! A little girl who refused to wear the dunce cap that was placed on her head!

Sharon Lynn was one of the failures of the Paramount School. You remember that highly ballyhooed organization whose purpose was to train boys and girls for screen careers.

Sixteen students were enrolled. Eight boys. Eight girls. Very few of them have achieved anything but scant success. Two were considered rank failures. Laverne Lindsay (Sharon's name then) was one of them.

Laverne felt they had not given her a fair chance. One day she would be a great actress and show the executives. One day they would come begging her to do a part. And she told them so without mincing a single word. She was angry and hurt—but she didn't half believe herself when she flung back her defiance in their teeth.

She was a failure, a miserable failure, beaten by life, thwarted at a moment when the golden gates of success should have been opened to her. Half-heartedly, she entered the chorus of a musical revue called "Sunny." But a wire came from her parents. They had not objected to pictures, but the parental foot was put down on the chorus. They positively forbade her going on in musical comedies. She gave it up. This time she left without a word.

LIFE had whipped her, so she turned to the only thing left for her—death. She had defied the gods of the Paramount School but she had no strength to hurl vituperatives at the gods of destiny.

There had been, when she was a kid, one other chance for her, but she didn't want it. She had played the piano in a music store and sung the various popular songs. One night she wrote a little piece of music called, "Monte Carlo Moon." It has been a success in a way. She received $2,000 for it (long since spent) and it was recorded by a phonograph company. But song writing was not the task she had set for herself. She knew that her only chance for happiness lay as an actress. And now neither screen nor stage wanted her.

She found a small room in a New York hotel and tried to find the answer to her questions. One morning she thought that her problem was solved. Her room was on the sixth floor. The window was open. This—then—was the answer. This—then—was the defiance she could hurl at the Paramount Studios and at the parents who had made her leave the musical show.

A thousand thoughts raced through her mind as they always do at a time like that. Thoughts as ridiculous and irrelevant as life itself. Should she leave a note? Should she jump now or would it be better to wear her dress? What would people say when they found her body and read her pitiful note? All the dramatic gestures that she might have made came to her, but she put them all aside.

She would do the job neatly and quickly. The open window. The street below. No notes. No hysterics. No melodrama. Just end it all. Decisively. Immediately.

SHE went to the window and hesitated for the briefest second. And then, suddenly, a familiar sound came to her ears. On the street stood an organ grinder and a monkey. The tired instrument was wheezing out the strains of "Monte Carlo Moon." And suddenly the cloud was lifted. It was the turning point in her life. Instead of her own body, she hurled a coin from the window and watched the little monkey's lean hands pounce upon it.

At that moment she wasn't licked. She would greet life instead of bidding it adieu.

Hollywood knew her, after that, as an extra girl with a pretty voice. But voices weren't necessary to the then silent screen, so jobs were

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The pretty Sharon Lynn, who never even finished the course at the Paramount School in 1925. Now she is a singing and dancing success in the land of the maddening microphone

That Gustafsson

"I have to thank Mauritz Stiller for everything in this world!" That's what Greta Garbo says of the great Swedish director who gave the little Gustafsson girl her first big chance, and built the foundation of her amazing screen art

PART 2

CHAPTER SIX

Constantinople—Berlin

"I HAVE to thank Mauritz Stiller for everything in this world."

This is what Greta Garbo says about the great Swedish director who gave the young Gustafsson girl her first big chance in motion pictures.

That statement is true.

In the first installment of this story of Garbo's girlhood, I told you how the great Stiller had given her an important rôle in "Gosta Berling," and of her tremendous success in the part. Now we are to see how she followed her director to the new world, and how failure and death came to him as she reached the shining pinnacle of fame.

When Mauritz Stiller died in Sweden (of a broken heart, say some) fulsome obituaries were published all over the world, and especially in Germany. In that country he is looked upon as the outstanding pioneer genius of the screen, after D. W. Griffith.

He was the first European director to use the close-up, the shifting camera, and to discover new and striking "angles."

Stiller entered pictures in 1912 under the "grand old man of Swedish films," Charles Magnusson. In 1921, the younger master brought the first Swedish film of really high quality to the screen. And Stiller's Swedish production career came to an end with "Gosta Berling."

Ahead lay his days in Germany—and Hollywood.

STILLER had an exceptional gift for carrying away his colleagues with his own enthusiasm. He knew no such word as impossible.

Despite his many friends, he was a lonely soul. Toward the end of his life he even refused to see them. The thought of their observing the devastating effects of his fatal illness was too painful. One of his last visitors was Victor Sjöström (known in America as Victor Seastrom, brilliant director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

Sjöström brought a greeting from the master's favorite pupil, Greta Garbo. The end was near. Stiller could hardly grasp what was being told him. Almost the last words he heard were those of hail and farewell from the greatest human product of his art.

But to our story.

When "Gosta Berling" was finished, Greta Garbo went into the country to rest. While there, Stiller wrote her, suggesting that she accompany the producers to Berlin for its German première.

"I had never been away from Sweden," Greta tells me, as we sit in her rented apartment during her visit to her homeland.

"I was nervous. I asked Stiller if I was to go alone. He laughed at my fears, and told me that he and Gerda Lundequist were going too.

"Berlin received us charmingly. The première

Girl

A Swedish critic's story follows Garbo to Hollywood—and home again!

By Åke Sundborg

The first scene Greta Garbo and John Gilbert played together! It was in one of the early sequences of "Flesh and the Devil"

The friendship begun in this scene grew into one of the most famous and tempestuous romances in all the history of the screen

was a grand affair—it was my first experience of such a thing. We appeared on the stage, and were bombarded with flowers. I like the Germans. They don't try to get too near one—yet always there is a feeling of the warmth of their welcome in one's heart."

Stiller's little party had arrived in Berlin some time before the opening of "Gosta Berling." While Garbo spent a week sightseeing, Stiller began negotiations with various masters of the film world in regard to his future production activities. The United States was mentioned. Nothing was decided.

Meanwhile, Stiller signed to produce a film with a Russian-Turkish background. He had written much of the story himself. To get the proper locale, his company was to go to Constantinople at once. And Greta Garbo was to be one of the troupe!

THE excitement of the Berlin première over, they returned to Stockholm to make the necessary preparations. Within a month Greta Garbo was on her way to Turkey.

Constantinople fascinated the Swedish girl, who had never been away from the cold countries.

But they were busy. There was little time for seeing the strange wonders of the Near East. In Stiller's company was young Einar Hansson, soon to make a name for himself in Hollywood, and then to die tragically in a motor accident in California. A handsome boy—but not in Turkey. He was to play a ragged fugitive, and had to go about unshaven.

Christmas drew near, and production dragged. Part of the script had to be rewritten. Money from the Berlin backers was long overdue. Stiller wired, but no funds came. At last, on Christmas Eve, he left for Germany.

So Greta's first Christmas away from home was spent in far off Constantinople—where, from her lonely window in Pera, she could look off across the blue Bosporus and dream of home.

"Almost always I was alone," she says of that time. "I saw Hansson seldom. He was so ashamed of his ragged beard that he hardly dared show himself. Twice I was invited to the Swedish Legation, but, as you know, I am not happy among strangers. Somehow, I almost liked this strange Christmas in Constantinople. There was time for rest—and dreams."

At last Stiller returned. As he had feared, his German backers had gone bankrupt. No money. All the travel and toil had been in vain.

"It was almost tragic for us," says Garbo. "The only happy soul in the little party was Hansson, who dashed madly for a barber shop and got rid of his hideous whiskers."

THE Constantinople chapter was ended. Back in Berlin, Stiller found Garbo a rôle in "The Street of Sorrow," a film about to be produced. He stayed in the German capital to negotiate with the representatives of American producers.

Then came the turning point—the great break—in the life and artistic career of Greta Garbo.

Fate sent Louis B. Mayer, producing head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to Berlin at this time. There were long discussions.

At last negotiations were completed.

Mayer was not only ready to sign Mauritz Stiller, but Greta Garbo as well!

Remember that at this time Stiller was a European master, but Garbo was just a young and almost untried actress, with

For the first time in her short life Greta Garbo leaves her native Sweden. Here she is at a railway station in Bulgaria on a filming trip to Turkey that ended disastrously

only great beauty and a promising talent.

"Not much was said about me," Greta herself says. "Mr. Mayer hardly looked at me, the first time I met him. He put a contract before me. I asked Stiller if I should sign. I always obeyed Stiller instinctively. He knew what was best for me. Often I did not even know what my salary was to be. He arranged everything and gave me the money. I suppose I am a pretty poor business woman."

This first contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bound her for three years.

"Stiller told me to sign it, and I did. I was to get $400 a week for forty weeks the first year, $600 the second year, and $750 the third.

"When 'The Street of Sorrow' was finished, I went home to Stockholm to prepare for my journey to America.

"I felt sure that many things were in store for me—strange things, wonderful things—yet I did not know what to expect on this great adventure. And to one in Europe, an Atlantic crossing seems like such a tremendous, portentous undertaking. It seems like a farewell forever, filled with tears.

"Both mother and I were sad about my going. But we never let on. Mother and my brother and sister saw me off at the station.

"Mother's eyes were swollen. 'Don't cry,' I said, 'I'll be back in a year—twelve short months that will hurry by!'

"'Yes,' said mother. 'Just a year!'

"It was nearly four years before I saw her again!"

It was in July, 1925, that Greta Garbo left Sweden to begin her work in America. Still relatively unknown, just a young girl in search of fortune in the new world, like thousands of others. Of course, she had a contract. But contracts are so easily broken. Three things she had—her youth, her beauty and her genius. With these three she was to open the doors of the world.

CHAPTER SEVEN—Garbo Crosses the Sea

GRETA GARBO sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, on the Steamship Drottningholm.

"The sea is wonderful," says Garbo, her eyes alight with memories of this first voyage. "Nowhere does one feel so free! At the same time one is caught—there is no escape. Then, in port, one is free to go—and lo, the sense of freedom is gone.

"Dressed warmly, I walked the deck incessantly. Sometimes I played shuffleboard. More often I stayed by myself. Never before or since have I enjoyed the bliss of perfect solitude as I did on that journey. I made only one acquaintance—a dear little boy named Tommy. I tried my hardest to give him cakes and candies, but his parents forbade me."

The crossing was calm and pleasant.

"We entered New York harbor at night. I hardly understood the feelings of homebound Americans then, as they cried aloud at the first glimpse of the lights of their homeland. But I did when, four years later, I saw the coast of Sweden rising from the mist. This homecoming from far places—it is a beautiful, unique experience."

FOR some reason Greta Garbo had expected a land of flowers. But New York is not Hollywood. And she had to remain three long months in the Eastern metropolis.

"I found in New York only heat — terrific, almost unbearable heat. I didn't like my hotel—yet I seldom went out. We went to the theater sometimes, of course, but most of that trying summer I spent in my bathtub! I lay in the cool tub to keep from scorching, and dreamed and wondered of the days to come.

"At last we took the train for California! I was eager to begin work, once there. But the weeks dragged on. For four trying months I had nothing to do but wait!

"My employers had intended I should do my first picture with Stiller. But things stood in the way, and at last I was cast for a part in a film called 'The Torrent,' under the direction of Monta Bell.

"It was all very strange and terrifying. The studio was so huge that it had to be run like a factory. It all frightened me—the newness of it, the size, the numbers of people. I could not speak English, nor understand the people around me.

"Before we started 'The Torrent,' Mr. Mayer wanted me to sign a new contract, one binding me for five years. I tried to explain, in my bad English, that I was satisfied—that I wanted no changes until I had at least played a part for him. He insisted, saying that he could not risk his money on me unless I was under a five-year contract. But no changes had been made when the picture was finished."

Greta sighs a little as she remembers those first hard days.

"It was very hard work. I was at the studio from early morning until evening. After work I had to go straight home and rest. There I lay, thinking of my family. I began to long for the snows of home."

When "The Torrent" was finished, Greta Garbo moved out to Santa Monica. She wanted to be near the sea!

"Then came the happy word that I was to make 'The Temptress' under Stiller. I was over-

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Greta Garbo during her first lonely days in America. This picture was snapped as she sat on the steps of her quiet hotel at Santa Monica, her refuge from the strangeness of Hollywood

A True Short Story

As told to

Walter Ramsey

THE handsome young fellow who strolled along the edge of the sandy road was smiling. He had just finished telling the ocean, that rolled noisily against the rocks below the road, that life had indeed been wonderful to him.

He had met Marie earlier in the spring and since then they had been sweethearts. Young love. Praying for wealth and fame so that they might some day be married.

Under his arm he carried two small bundles. One, a few bits of food that Marie would prepare for their supper. The other (and much more important) was a bouquet of forget-me-nots. It was his way of patching up a lovers' quarrel. The flowers would tell her he was sorry.

As he walked, he wondered if other men found it as difficult to apologize as he did. To *him* it was impossible. His tongue seemed to freeze to the roof of his mouth and his lips refused to say the words, "I'm sorry." It had taken his beautiful Marie a long time to understand that forget-me-nots meant, "Forgive me, dear, and say you love me again." But when she learned to know—it had more real significance than anything he could have said.

She met him at the door of her little cabin on the beach, and kissed him in return for the flowers.

After supper they walked arm-in-arm down the sand toward the moon. Hardly a word was spoken. A girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty can crowd a lot of romance into a sly glance or a pressure of the hand—and Marie and Jack were just that age.

When the moon got directly overhead, they sat down on a huge rock near the water. He talked of ambition. Of the future for them together. She told him what a great actor he would be some day. A star with his name in lights ten feet high. She *knew* he would.

After a bit of silence, he told her of his big secret—he had been chosen for a part in a picture starring William S. Hart. It was to start the next day.

Marie cried with joy. Imagine—her boy playing a part. Maybe some day he would get his name in the cast. Wouldn't it be wonderful? *John Gilbert* getting screen credit—wouldn't she be proud of him, then?

Marie clung closer as they walked back toward the cabin.

As she kissed him good-night, she told him she would be watching him the next day. Watching him succeed.

The little family of extras that gathered around the big set the following noon were glad to see Jack getting his first chance. It was a happy group; every one of them had been working at Inceville for two years or more.

One day they were cowboys—the next, perhaps, Indians. Today they had been Indians, but at this moment they resumed their own personalities—just men and women hoping and fearing for Jack.

THE director called for the two actors to be ready at once. Jack was scared to death. His hands shook as he put the finishing touches on his make-up. As he advanced toward the center of the set to meet Hart, Marie said a little prayer. The boy faltered the first time the scene was shot and the director called "Cut!" By this time he was so nervous and pale he was beside himself. What was the matter with him? He looked angrily around the circle of onlookers. Marie was watching him adoringly—*that* was it! He turned to her with a vehemence that astounded everyone present and yelled, "Get out! *Get out!* How do you expect me to work with your eyes boring into me?"

His fists were still clenched in rage as Marie hung her head and walked slowly away. As the camera started to grind again, he caught sight of her standing behind the dressing rooms, crying.

He missed his cue again and the director gave his part to another actor. He had failed!

All day he wandered about aimlessly. Had Marie been the cause of his failure? No! She had been there to help him. He thought of her standing at the edge of the dressing rooms—crying. He had made her cry. He had hurt her with his sharp command to "Get out!" and she had been there because she loved him.

Suddenly he wheeled about and started to run in the direction of the little Italian flower shop. He must have forget-me-nots. He must have forget-me-nots. He was sorry.

It was seven o'clock when he finally got into his Civil War costume for the night's work and started for the studio again. Under his arm was a bouquet of flowers carefully done up in blue paper and tied with ribbon. He wanted to give them to Marie before they commenced shooting so that she would know; but as he walked on the lot the director told him to hurry into a saddle and be ready at the top of the hill for the "Cavalry Charge."

Jack went off in the direction of the stables—but he ended up in front of Marie's dressing room. She wasn't there. He looked in the other rooms. No one had seen her. He wanted to wait, but he might be sent away if he didn't obey the director, so he put the package on her table and left.

At the top of the crest, he could look down and see the women gathered in front of the "Southern mansion set," and he strained his eyes to see if Marie were among them. The distance was too great.

Now the men were all in line for the charge down the slope toward the mansion. The director was about to yell "Charge," when a resounding crash came from the bottom of the hill. The mansion set had caved in!

He heard the cries of horror and pain as he spurred his horse downward. Was Marie hurt? God in heaven, he hoped not! When he reached the melée, the company was in a bedlam of excitement and hysteria. Women were screaming and men were cursing.

THE moment he saw them carry her out from beneath the heavy timbers, he knew she was desperately injured. Her face was still calm and beautiful—but he knew. He cried to the director that he must get to her—he must tell her something. The older man shook his head and mumbled that it wouldn't do any good to tell Marie anything . . . . she couldn't hear him any longer.

Jack was dazed as he stumbled off down the road toward the back of the lot.

Never see Marie again? Never? Never tell Marie that he had tried to say he was sorry?

Never see . . . . .? Then he stopped.

When they found him an hour later, he was still standing in the doorway of her dressing room—staring at a bouquet of forget-me-nots. *In a vase!*

Mary Carries On

THERE was laughter on the set where Radio was shooting "The Goose Hangs High." Everything was right, and the sun was shining.

"All right!" shouted the director. "We'll shoot this now!"

The leading lady, bright and cheery, spoke her line—"I have to get my husband off to work."

The mood changed! The girl slumped down in a chair and buried her head in her hands. Sobs shook her body. Every one was silent. For the first time since her husband's death, Mary Astor had broken. Back of this scene lies a grim story, but one vivid with nobility—of Mary Astor's tragedy, and the gallantry with which she is carrying on.

For eight months before two planes crashed over the Pacific, killing her husband, Kenneth Hawks, and nine others, Mary Astor had been idle.

Fox let her contract expire. "No microphone experience," they said. But others had none, either!

She told her agent she would take a large salary cut. She wrote notes to casting directors. Nothing happened.

Beside her, through this trial, stood Ken Hawks. They loved each other devotedly. She could not have endured the blow to her pride had it not been for her adored Ken.

The girl who came back as tragedy struck

One evening she told her plight to Florence Eldridge, and Florence spoke to Edward Everett Horton. Within a week she was rehearsing in a play, "Among the Married."

Ken cued her in her lines—was the first to tell her she had scored a success. Two days after the opening she signed a contract for five pictures with Paramount, the first to be Bancroft's leading woman in "Ladies Love Brutes."

How happy the two were! Success again, to be enjoyed together.

Then came the tragedy. The day of the crash she told him goodbye for the last time—oh, that sad line, "I have to get my husband off to work!"

MARY ASTOR craved escape—to leave Hollywood and its horror. After the first anguish, she knew she must go on. She had a job, a contract, had made a promise. Two weeks after Ken's death Mary Astor went to work. After the Bancroft picture she went to Radio for "The Goose Hangs High."

You should see her today! Seemingly carefree, she even dares speak of Ken, and the accident. But watch her on the screen, for you will see a deep, sincere, mature Mary Astor—more beautiful than ever. And there is sadness, but bravery, in her eyes!

He's OaKie!

"Happy Jack" Oakie showing one of those million candle-power grins that have made him famous wherever talkies talk. What's he bawling about?

By Tom Jennings

Oakie, the man with the million faces, all funny, has skittered faster to fame than any current cinemaniac. In fact, so rapidly has he shot up that his salary hasn't kept up with his public

THAT Jack Oakie boy is good!

You don't have to tell him. In fact, you can't tell him. He knows all about it.

But he's the berries, anyway, and not razzberries, either. His bump of ego may be enlarged, but it is fresh, amusing ego, and you like him none the less for it.

Every time that bright "pan" of his begins to go in different directions, people fall out of their seats at movie emporiums, elderly ladies swallow their false teeth, and the school girls have hysterics. He's just funny. You can't explain why he's funny. He's got the gift.

Mrs. Oakie's boy has been stealing pictures right from under the Greek profiles of the most popular stars in Hollywood. Jack lifts his eyebrows, a wide grin spreads across his face, and the picture is wrapped and in his vest pocket.

He's a box-office riot, a Hollywood tornado. Offers come in like fan mail at Clara Bow's. The Kit Kat Club wants him to come to London. Then there are jobs offered in vaudeville, and as master of ceremonies in picture houses.

Out in Hollywood Jack works for coffee and cake money. He signed one of those contract things before he found out just how good he was. Now he's trying to do something about it. Paramount is willing to pay him more money, but they want Jack to get it and not other parties involved.

"Never mind, Jack," said one of the big bosses at Paramount. "You'll get the money in good time. You're young yet."

"Yeah," sighed Jack, "and I'm not getting any younger. Jackie Coogan retired when he was eleven."

Jack had been making hay while the moon shone as a big song and dance boy in New York when he heard about Hollywood. He hopped a fast train for the camera coast. His first call was on a girl friend from New York, lured into pictures by a fat contract.

"So I took a taxi out to her hotel, and we hoisted one together. That night she took me to a preview, and afterward out to Wesley Ruggles' for a party. I got cracking smart out there and I said to Ruggles—'Are you looking for fresh, new talent in pictures?' And Ruggles asked—'How fresh?'

"I went out to Universal the next day and asked to see him. They wouldn't let me in at first because I didn't have an appointment, and I wondered what kind of funny business this was, anyway. I finally saw him, and he wanted to know if I could spit bee-bees through my teeth. I said, sure.

"That was how I started in pictures, spitting bee-bees and hitting Laura La Plante on the nose in 'Finders Keepers.' Afterward, Ruggles put me under personal contract."

That personal contract is Jack's fly in the ointment right now. Ruggles pays him a specified salary, and what he earns over that at Paramount is split two ways. Jack is tired of splitting. He wants it all settled before he gets his raise, so he is going to court about it. Contract difficulty or not, he still thinks Ruggles is a swell guy.

THERE are six thousand ways of making a living. The statistics are Jack's and he read it in a Government report. It was just mere happenstance that he became an actor instead of one of all the other things.

During his school days in Missouri and Oklahoma his big ambition was to be the world's champion pole-vaulter. Pole vaulters seemed to be a drug on the market, so something else had to be done. He went to New York and got a job on the stock exchange. He was there during the financial crash in 1919, and at the times the bombs were exploded. That explosion had a silver lining, for it ruined the new $8,000 drapes, and he had some swell silk shirts made out of the ruins.

Jack was a telephone order clerk, and one of the best showmen in the place. He could talk louder and make faster signs than anybody. He will never forget the unprogrammed exhibition he put on for the Prince of Wales, when His Highness visited Wall Street. If the prince recalls the young man who seemed to have delirium tremens, fleas, and hydrophobia, with a dash of parrot fever, it was Jack.

His first experience back of the footlights was in a benefit given by the Jewish women of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Charlie, the tramp of the new "City Lights," goes to the millionaire's home, where big whoopee is going on. He seems to be left cold by ladies and liquor, but is going in heavily for fruit

Charlie, in love with the blind flower girl, Virginia Cherrill, pays her a call with groceries

The big party is over, and the little tramp is left alone. Sitting under the bridge embankment, he nurses a carnation and dreams of the blind flower girl he loves. These three pictures tell the story of love and laughter and pathos depicted in "City Lights"

The First Stills From Chaplin's New Picture

No Talkies *for* Charlie

By Harry Lang

Some intimate and never-told facts about the screen's only practical genius

CHARLES CHAPLIN likes stewed tripe and hates whiskey. He does like good wines, and drinks cocktails when the occasion seems to require it. Before prohibition, he always had a well-stocked cellar, never drank much himself, and always was a perfect host alcoholically. Since prohibition came, the same is true.

Besides stewed tripe, he likes lamb stew. Those are two of his three favorite dishes. He dislikes seasoning, never uses sauces or violent condiments and doesn't care for highly spiced dishes. The one exception is curry, the hotter the better. That's his third favorite dish.

He is utterly inconsistent about eating. Sometimes he will go for twenty-four hours or longer without taking a morsel. Then he'll eat four or five meals within the next day. He goes on diets but never keeps them up. He went rabidly on a raw vegetable diet for several days. "Look at animals," he said, "they eat raw vegetables and are healthy. The elephant is the biggest and strongest animal; he eats only vegetables." That night, Charlie ate two beefsteaks, rare.

His cook will work for a day or two to prepare an epicurean meal for him. Charlie sits down and it is served. He doesn't like the looks or aroma of something before him. So he leaves the table and goes to a cheap lunch counter and eats ham and eggs. He likes to eat at drug store lunch counters. His favorite restaurant is Henry's. The proprietor is his assistant director.

When he is served something he likes very much, he takes as many as five helpings. It makes him violently ill.

Chaplin is very much afraid of illness. He has a wiry body. He takes cold very easily. Whenever he is ill, it frightens him and the best available physicians are called. The sight of a sick friend affects him so that he cannot work.

HE did not go to school. He has in his home a library of three thousand books. He reads them. He reads everything, but likes biographies best. He delights in unusual illustrations. He reads the Bible and likes it and has no religious faith of his own. A half dozen times a year, a sudden desire to go to church will seize him. Then he goes into the first church he comes to and doesn't know until he sees the clergyman what faith it is. Sometimes he doesn't know then.

Reading is one of his three favorite relaxations. The other two are walking and playing tennis. He plays tennis well. He wears partners out, because he insists on playing for five or six hours at a stretch. When he has no partner, he will play alone, against a wall, for as long as five hours without rest. He plays, then, automatically. He is not thinking of the game; he is thinking of other things. With the racket, he is ambidextrous.

That is true too of his handwriting. He is naturally but not exclusively left-handed. He can write equally well with either hand, and writes very little. Within the past ten years, he has not written in his own hand more than a dozen personal letters. When he does write, he writes in short sentences—five or six words each.

He is rich. He could earn much more but does not take advantage of his earning capacity. He works only when he feels like it and rarely feels like it. He will go for months at a time, paying the salaries of a complete studio staff and company, but not turning a camera. Then he will suddenly appear and drive like a madman, doing ten days' work in each one and exhausting everybody, including himself. When a picture is being cut, he works as long as seventy-two hours at a stretch. He enters the cutting room clean shaven and comes out with a beard.

His studio employees never know, while a picture is in production, whether Chaplin will be down that day or not. He may not show up for days on end. When he does appear, although he has no one in the world to account to but himself, he acts like a guilty child, making silly excuses for his absence. Then he delights in finding some tiny prop missing on the set. A spoon is not where it should be, and he crows: "Where in Hell is that damn' spoon? See, you're holding me up! THIS is what's holding me up."

He swears now and then and doesn't care who is within hearing when he does. He has a fairly even temper. He has a dictaphone beside his bed. Two or three times a night, he wakes up and shouts thoughts into the machine. Then he turns it off and goes back to sleep. The next day, secretaries transcribe what he has said, and very often Chaplin doesn't know what it's all about when he reads it. Mostly, from his bed, he

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Chaplin locks every door of his bedroom each night before turning in. We do not know for sure whether he sleeps in his derby

NEWS!—VIEWS!—

of Stars

International

Hoot will try again, even though his first matrimonial inoculation didn't seem to take. Here's Mr. Gibson, the silver-pated flying cowboy and veteran Western star, with the new fiancée, Sally Eilers. They did their 1930 courtin' both on horseback and by airplane

Can you blame poor old Buddy Rogers for looking panicky and nervous? The kid is surrounded by the five high-powered pippins who support him in "Safety in Numbers." They are—Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn, Virginia Bruce and Geneva Mitchell. Safe?

ALTHOUGH Norma still denies it furiously, it seems a pretty safe wager that there will be a son or heiress around the Shearer-Thalberg home some time late this summer.

Intimate friends in Hollywood have said that it's so, in spite of Norma's continued disclaimers.

Furthermore, Mrs. Thalberg hasn't been assigned any stories after she finishes "Let Us Be Gay," her picture now in the factory.

They say that Irving, proud husband and prospective papa, has already laid in a couple of million cigars. And if you have any pink or blue bootees on hand, hold them in readiness for shipment West. For another royal Hollywood line seems to be in process of perpetuation!

CLARA BOW'S recent visit to New York was a humdinger. She was to be found nightly at a ringside table in the night club over which Mr. Harry Richman presides. She lost enough weight to get down to 110—her best fighting poundage. She seemed to have a right smart time.

The climax of Clara's trip, of course, was the New York première of the boy friend's picture, "Puttin' on the Ritz." It was a tough moment for women and children when Clara got out of the Rolls at the door of the Earl Carroll Theater. What a riot! Midgets like Cal were knocked down and trampled.

Finally, after vainly fighting the howling mob, three big coppers put their arms around Bow and rushed her in. Even then crowds of moonstruck flappers kept rushing down the aisle to Clara's pew, there to stand and gawp until given the bum's rush by ushers.

It was a silly night, mates! There is something a little sad about such a public rush of mush to the head.

Mr. Richman, of course, sat with his girl, and also received plenty of attention.

ASHTON STEVENS, the Chicago dramatic critic, reports on the ham movie actor who had been holding forth for an hour on the subject of his own magnificence as man, lover and actor.

The ham noticed traces of boredom in his one-man audience.

"Pshaw," he said, "I'm afraid I've been talking too much about myself. What did YOU think of my last picture?"

MR. and Mrs. Al Jolson went to the Los Angeles automobile show. The missus is the pretty tap-dancer, Ruby Keeler.

"What would you-all like, honey?" crooned that old Southerner, Al.

"Sugah, I'd mighty like that-all big cah," murmured Ruby, catching it from Al.

"Well, you-all can have it-all," said Al.

"Daddy!" cried Ruby.

"Mammy!" roared Al, falling to one knee.

So it happens that Ruby is now the owner of the biggest car at the show. It is a Mercedes, twenty-two feet from

GOSSIP! — *and* Studios

By Cal York

Harold Lloyd and his pretty missus, Mildred, celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary not long ago. Just to surprise mother and dad, young Gloria Lloyd dressed all up in bridal duds, picked Mr. Buddy Jarvis for the lucky groom, and had their picture taken

It's a big night for mother and son. Here are Mr. Ramon Novarro and his handsome mother, all decked out for the Hollywood première of the boy's first all-talking picture, "Devil May Care." Ramon looks proud, while mamma faces the flashlight without flinching

bumper to bumper, and set old Kunnell Jolson back a matter of $21,500.

But that-all Ruby has got to have just what she-all wants!

RING the fire bells! Hot news for local and visiting Garbomaniacs. Greta the Gudgeous seems to be coming out of her shell!

At any rate, the secretive Swede has appeared in public eating houses several times, lately, and always in the company of a handsome and wealthy young fellow-countryman.

No romance—just real good pals.

Garbo sent Sunday evening diners at the Montmartre into spasms not long ago by showing up for dinner with him, and the place has been packed since in the hope that she will repeat, but Garbo and lightning never strike twice in the same place.

The next week she lunched at the Roosevelt, and everyone forgot to eat.

Another day she ducked tourists to lunch in a small cafe, known for its fine vittles but safe from sightseers.

So it looks as though Garbo is beginning to take a modest part in Hollywood social life.

I have it on good authority that she is enjoying these little dashes into the world, and plans to make more. But she still wears her simple sports clothes—even to Sunday dinners at the fancy Montmartre.

Incidentally, Garbo has a new girl friend—Fifi Dorsay, the Parisian paprika. Fifi is Greta's first girl pal since she and Lilyan Tashman grew less friendly, some time back.

THEY were shooting a chorus girl number on the Paul Whiteman set at Universal.

Someone picked up a dead moth.

"Wonder what killed it?" mused the script girl.

Big Paul took one look at the scantily clad baby dolls.

"Starvation," he answered.

THERE may be a crown prince and princess at Pickfair! But by adoption, of course. For it seems probable that the royal Pickford line of stars will consist entirely of one generation—Queen Mary herself.

Mary and Doug are thinking of adopting a child—or perhaps two.

Pickford did this in the case of Gwynn, her sister Lottie's daughter, whom Mary loves very much. In fact, Gwynn's real name is Mary.

The Fairbankses saw a lot of needy kids during their recent foreign tour, and Mary has always loved little children. So don't be surprised if you hear of a youngster or two moving into the spare rooms at the Castle in Beverly Hills, where Mary and Doug have stray dukes and duchesses in for an occasional shot of tea.

ON a beautiful estate near Paris lives a stout Irish girl with almond eyes.

She speaks French like a native. She plays the piano excellently, is a fine hostess, and is devoted to her husband, one J. Searle Barclay, a gentleman with plenty of money.

P. and A.

Well, if it isn't our old Pal Benjamin Turpin, with his right eye gone completely hysterical and his face all balled up in one of those smiles that made millions laugh in the Keystone days! Ben, with his wife and attorney, is signing a contract that will take him on a year's tour of Europe, and perhaps Russia

Polly Moran determines that her name shall go ringing down the ages with Edison, Marconi and the inventor of bathtub gin. She ups and invents this dainty contrivance called "The Grapefruit Juice Shield." It will prevent, or so Polly alleges, the customary squirt in the eye

You know her as Nita Naldi.

The years have been kind to Big Nita, except for a lot too much poundage. Mr. Barclay beaued her around New York a long time during her busier days, and, when his wife divorced him, married her.

Fat sent her off the screen. She and her husband went to France. And there, on this rich estate, sits Nita—plump, contented and musical. A far cry from the days when she was one of the most alluring of the vivacious screen vamps of the old school.

AFTER all these years!

It's reported that Laura LaPlante, so long the bulwark of Universal's star list, is through at that studio. It is said that she has secured a release from her contract, which had six months to run, and will free lance. She's reported dissatisfied with recent rôles.

At any rate, Laura came in off location with "The Storm" unit, and Lupe Velez was immediately signed to a long term contract. It's a good story, hot off the bargain counter. Let's see what young Laemmle can do with the Mex minx.

LITTLE blonde Ruth Taylor, who came to film fame as *Lorelei*, seems to have found the gentleman who prefers her to all others.

Her marriage has been announced to Paul Zuckerman, dashing young member of the New York Stock Exchange, and an aviator during the World War. Ruth had been spending the winter in New York.

It happened that Cal, on one of his infrequent social excursions, was present at the quiet dinner party where Paul and Ruth met. They sat side by side at table, across from him, and by the time they got to the salad he could see that they had taken no end of a shine to each other.

A month later the engagement was announced. Good luck to them. Nice young people, trying to get along.

JACK BENNY, the comicker, had been reading about airplane wrecks just before a friend asked him about a contemplated trip to New York.

"Going by Transcontinental Air Transport?" asked the friend.

"Lissen," gulped Benny. "All T. A. T. means to me is Take A Train!"

BUDDY ROGERS' personal appearance visit to New York was a bustling success.

Paramount's nice clean boy-friend drew enormous crowds to the theater, and the usual flappers had their usual hysterics every time he showed his nose in public.

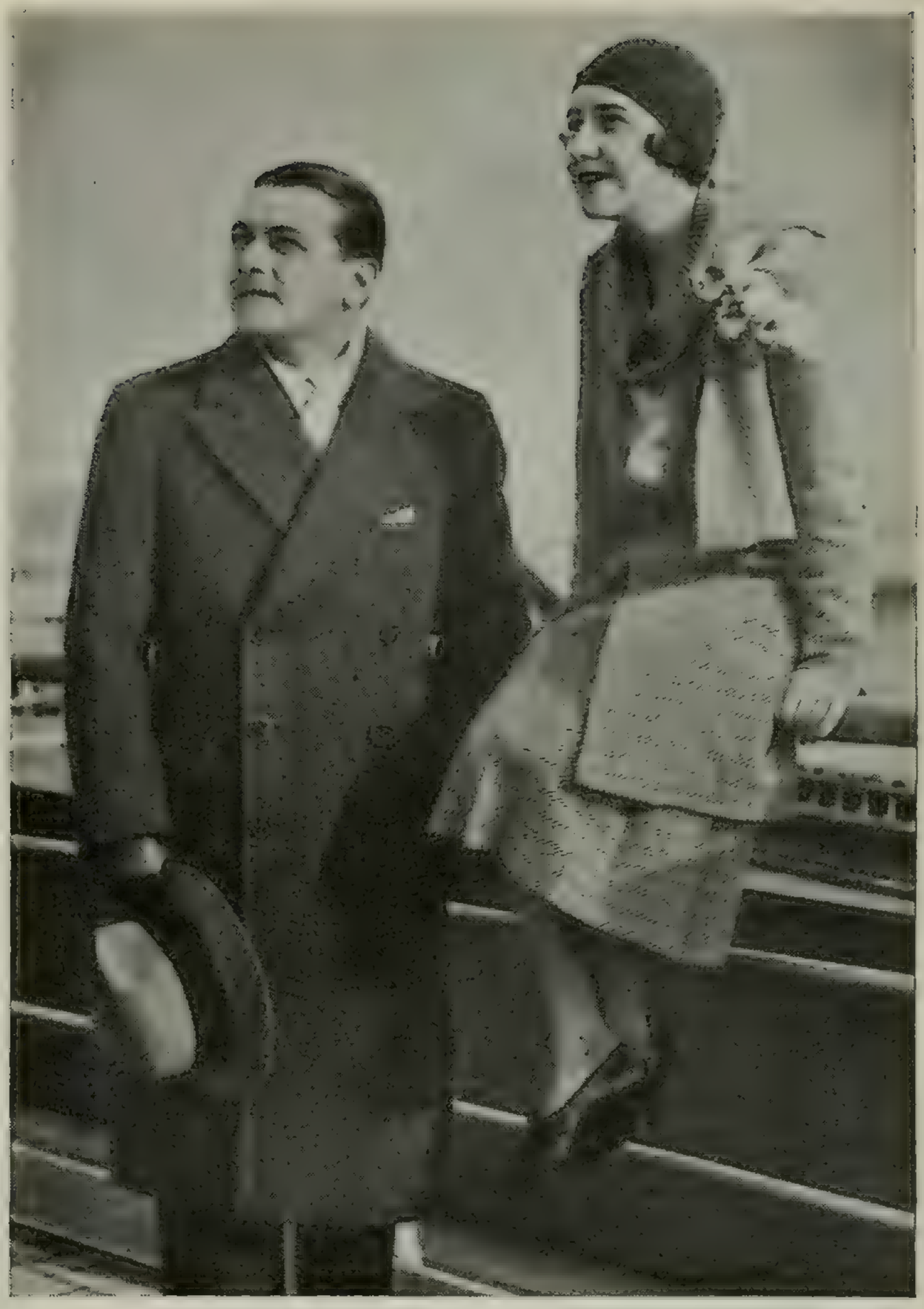
One noon he dropped into a well known Broadway eating place for a mouthful of noon chow, and when he had used the fingerbowl and was ready to go, the word had gotten around and it took four coppers to get him safely to his theater through the mauling, pushing mob. The folks are absolutely unrestrained at the sight of a movie star. The girls simply go haywire.

POOR Pola's bawling again!

It's a dry month that doesn't see her bathing some part of the world in tears.

A Berlin film producer, charging that Miss Negri owed him $75,000 for negotiating American contracts, took out an attachment on the Pola's gems. And a naughty, unfeeling sheriff walked right into her hotel suite and grabbed all her jewelry, including a string of pearls.

Something tasty in the way of a purse, exhibited by something tasty in the way of a girl. Leila Hyams holds up her new envelope handbag. It is of Japanese design, and as it is in black and white, it will go nicely with any costume. But then, how could this darling be wrong?



Two of filmdom's greatest globe-trotters homeward bound! Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess arriving at the port of New York after a long foreign tour, and admiring the new skyscrapers built since they left. Dick's contract allows him plenty of holidays, and if you don't meet him in Paris, you will in Berlin—or Bangkok

After Pola had cried for Berlin's benefit, she went to St. Moritz, Switzerland, to contribute a few icy tears to the more conventional winter sports of that glamorous spot.

WHEN ex-president Coolidge and his wife were being shown the sights of Hollywood, it was discovered that Mrs. Coolidge was very well posted on pictures and players, as she recognized almost every player before they were introduced to her.

Also we discovered Mrs. Coolidge loves practical jokes, as she was the one who turned all the chairs upside down when they visited Will Rogers' bungalow and found him not at home.

At the first public appearance of the distinguished couple, which was at the Breakfast Club, only a few of the screen celebrities were invited.

MACK SENNETT occupied a prominent place because he lived in the same town with Cal Coolidge when they were both boys.

Tony Moreno was much in evidence because he was a bright young man who read Mrs. Coolidge's gas meter before he became a picture star or she a celebrity.

Notwithstanding all this, the Duncan Sisters carried off the honors of the hour by their hilarious fun-making.

On the day given to visiting the studios of Hollywood, Mary Pickford was fortunate enough to have the party for lunch. At this time she presented all of the ladies with exquisite cloisonne boxes and the gentlemen with unusual match cases. All of which had been purchased in the Orient when she and Doug were abroad.

A CERTAIN electrician on the set had been watching Bill Powell all day. He never took his eyes off the actor. At last Bill sought him out and asked, "What's the matter with me?"

"Well, it's like this," said the juicer, "the working crew got up a pool on which of the ten actors would forget his lines first. I picked you twice and lost both times."

GRETA GARBO attended a simple family dinner. The mother of her host, who isn't a movie fan, looked at Garbo and said, "Are you in pictures?"

"Yes," said Garbo simply, "I work in pictures."

"That's nice. I wish you a great deal of success, my dear."

AMATORY matters:

Mrs. Roy D'Arcy, who remarried Roy after their first divorce, asks another . . . she complains of his "supreme superiority, excessive egotism and overbearing manner"! . . . Lester C. Gibson, janitor of a Hollywood apartment house, tried to stop a little misunderstanding between Audrey Ferris and her husband. . . . Gibson got a certain bottle smashed over his head; Miss Ferris was taken to her mother's by four detectives as a bodyguard, and hubby vanished. . . . Vilma Banky, when her contract expires, will stop making pictures and make pies for hubby Rod LaRocque, she tells friends. . . . Simultaneous news items: Alice Day announces betrothal to Jack Cohen, broker, for early marriage, and Alice Day is hurt when auto in which she is riding with Carl Freeman overturns. . . . Priscilla Dean's husband's undivorced first wife sues for separate maintenance, further complicating the affair . . . Priscilla's husband, you recall, is Round-the-World Flyer Leslie Arnold, whose first wife had their divorce annulled AFTER Arnold had married Priscilla. . . . Mildred Harris, who also was once Mrs. Charles Chaplin, is divorced again . . . this time from the Florida Realtor, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Ralph Gillespie was a part-time broker—oftener a charming playboy. Jacqueline Logan found he lacked something as a husband. Perhaps it was that, according to Jackie, she paid the bills

Why 6 Marriages Failed

By
Dorothy Spensley

Q. Nilsson, Agnes Ayres, Madge Bellamy, Mae Busch and Jacqueline Logan. Six of the most popular and beautiful girls in Hollywood, but what did it profit them? Were they immune from sorrow because of it? What did it cost them? Heartache, unhappiness, disillusion. And there is not one of them, strange as it may seem, who lacks the courage to take a chance again, later, of course, to see what life has in store for her. Ah, me! Of such insatiable curiosity and daring is woman.

Following in the sainted and inquisitive footsteps of dear Brother Juniper, whose investigations made noteworthy "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," let us see what was the basic thing that caused these six marriages to plunge into the chasm of divorce.

WHY do Hollywood marriages fail?

Is there something malignant in the air of filmland that knocks the wings off Cupid? Or does connubial bliss turn sour, out there in the sunshine, for the same old reasons that blight it all over the rest of the world?

Here are six case histories of movie marriages that went pop. Read them, and you'll find, on and between the lines, a strange similarity.

Some of us insist that marriage is the sanctified fulfillment of the biological urge. Others, bless our little hearts, get it all mixed up with moonlight and orange blossoms. But these six ladies of Hollywood prefer not to think of it much right now, if you don't mind!

They're taking time out to let ardor cool. They don't like to remember that they were once weak and gullible women, who fell for soft sighs in the moonlight—instead of strong and independent women making their way in a man's world.

But they come back for more! Gamblers all!

Most of them are healing the wounds of disillusion before they have another go at marriage. But not all.

One exception is Jacqueline Logan, who has gone fearlessly ahead and taken to herself another husband, with two ceremonies; the first in Agua Caliente and the second in Los Angeles, some months later, because Uncle Sam, that meticulous rascal, thought it best. The other is Helene Costello, who now signs herself Mrs. Lowell Sherman.

Six actresses blessed with everything that is popularly thought conducive to happy marriage. Of beauty, fame, means, they had plenty. They were, and still are, for that matter, Helene Costello, Anna

HELENE COSTELLO, sister of Dolores, daughter of Maurice, assured, poised, clear-thinking, modern, tearing bits of bread into smaller bits, sat facing me. She was discussing marriage, and her own three months' excursion with Jack Regan, a childhood friend, into its deep waters. It was before the announcement of her engagement to Sherman.

"I can count the happily married couples of my acquaintance," continued Helene, clenching her left hand into a tight little fist, "on the fingers of my hand."

Madge Bellamy's marriage to Logan Metcalf lasted just exactly four days

Three years was the limit of the union between Mae Busch and John Cassell

SOME marriages are Made in Heaven—

Others in Hollywood!

Why do Hollywood marriages fail?

"There can be no happiness," says ANNA Q. NILSSON, "when a wife goes to the studio every day, leaving her husband to breakfast in bed, lunch at the Club and spend the afternoon at the beach!"

Says MAE BUSCH—

"Never again will I marry a man unless he is doing something. During my marriage I had to support my father, his wife, myself—and my husband!"

A record of failures—these six marriages.

But would the ex-wives try again?

With one voice, they say "Yes!"

Latin husbands, says Agnes Ayres, are wonderful suitors. But once the wedding is over, they try to dominate the whole domestic show. That's the reason, says Agnes, that her marriage to Manuel de Reachi, a fascinating Mexican, ended in the divorce court after a few years

But, despite the utter fatality of this statement, she would take a chance again, she said, and did: ". . . because I am a gambler. I would gamble on anything. I would lay a bet that a fly would land on this side of the line, or that red would win three times in succession. Why shouldn't I marry again? My luck might change."

BUT how about the illusion, the sweet illusion of happy marriage and connubial bliss that children, particularly girl children, are nurtured on? Weren't the illusions dented and cracked? Wasn't that a painful experience? Helene smiled, broadly; her hat was of smooth black straw, her dress was an orgy of green and yellow and black, fine figures, printed on chiffon.

"I never had any illusions. I was one of those children born without them. I can say this for my marriage; even if it was unsuccessful, it proved to me that my ideas on marriage at sixteen were as sound, if not sounder, than those at twenty when I married. There was a certain definite satisfaction in that.

"Jack and I had been childhood friends. I had known him for ten years. We had played together when we were kids. I married him because—because—well, a woman cannot say why she marries a man. She says she loves him because his hair grows in a curl on his forehead, because he walks with grace, because he dances gorgeously. But that is not the real reason. I married Jack because I thought we would be companionable. I should have realized that few marriages where the husband has no occupation, other than being a charming, agreeable son of a wealthy father, and the wife is working at her profession, are successes.

"That was the fatal thing in our marriage. Jack loved to read; read newspapers. I didn't mind that, but reading does not make for a happy marriage. It doesn't make for a pay check coming in each week. It doesn't help a wife, working all day at a studio, to think of her husband, sitting at home, reading. He was a charming gentleman of leisure. Of so much leisure that we decided to separate, and we were divorced over a year ago. Jack and I married at Port Chester, New York, whereupon I immediately sailed for Havana. Three months later, in Beverly Hills, we were married by the church.

"Illusions? No, it didn't hurt them. I've never had any. The only thing my marriage cost me was money. And enough of that, too."

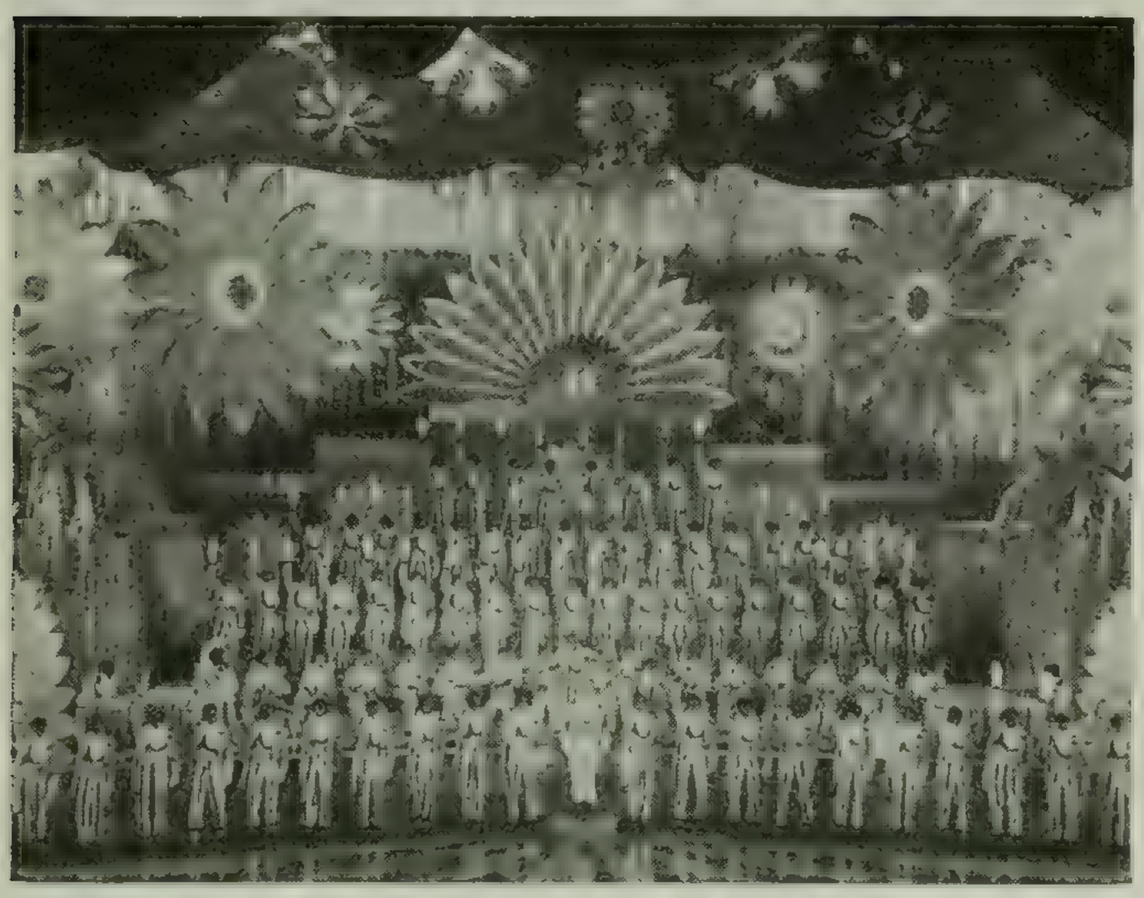
But with Lowell Sherman it is all to be different. Here is love. Helene is lush with its radiance. I saw her just after the engagement was announced. On her hand was a gleaming emerald, flanked by baguette diamonds, mounted on platinum with exquisite taste. Companionability, the quest for which made her marry young Regan, is forgotten in the oneness of this love. Unity, for which she had been longing, has been found. Here is a marriage, she is very, very sure, that is going to last. She has lost, on the surface, the irony with which she was armored. But, despite this, at heart she is still a gambler.

Helene Costello and John Regan were kid sweethearts, but couldn't stay wed

Anna Q. Nilsson and John Gunnerson reached journey's end in two years

WHEREWITH I betook myself to Anna Q. Nilsson, who sat addressing envelopes (it was the first of the month), still in quest of data on why these six marriages fell into discard.

"It was an experience I could well have done without," said Anna Q., vigorously crossing a "t." "They say you learn by experiences, but during the two and a half years of my married life I learned nothing that I didn't know before. I have learned more and have had more time to think things out this last year or more," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151]



The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ ***HAPPY DAYS—Fox***

"HAPPY DAYS" is Fox's latest in the big parade of phonoplay revues. It wears a minstrel suit and carries a huge red banner. A bunch of entertainers band to help an old showman save his troupe. And what an entertainment! Fox throws all its actors and all the resources of the studio into play—McLaglen and Eddie Lowe, who sing a number; El Brendel, Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Walter Catlett and dozens more. Marjorie White again is a sensation. Dick Keene and Frank Albertson play rivals for her hand. Some bright tunes. The Gaynor-Farrell number is a little unfortunate. They have to sing a sentimental song—and are so swell in romantic drama! Good, speedy entertainment. "Happy Days" was shown at the Roxy, New York, on the new wide Grandeur screen, and made everybody gasp.

☆ ***PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—Paramount***

AND now Paramount goes revue!

No story, and who cares? But color that thrills; singing that challenges Tibbettan heights; comedy that goes from chuckles to hawhaws; sugar-coated romance, sophisticated satire and slapstick burlesque; beauty in scene, sound and girls! Let's go! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie and—well, AND! ! ! ! Sounds perfect, doesn't it? Glorified vaudeville that brings in virtually everybody on the Paramount lot. Oakie, Skeets Gallagher and Leon Errol are masters of unceremony. Chevalier swaggers off with the lion's share, but everybody gets a chance. Unceasing speed, beauty of sound and picture—these are outstanding characteristics.

Song hits: "Anytime's the Time to Fall in Love," "All I Want Is This One Girl," "Sweeping the Clouds Away."

☆ ***THE VAGABOND KING—Paramount***

WITH the flash and clang of sword play and the thunder of stirring choruses, "The Vagabond King" forges into the lead of phonoplay operettas.

Once this story of Francois Villon, Paris poet-vagabond who was king of France for a day, was a book. Then it was a play, and still later a stage operetta. Now, thanks to the genius and daring of Director Ludwig Berger, it is a startling example of what sound and rich color, added to a dashing story, can do for the screen. Berger does astonishing things with his all-Technicolor work—keeping his cameras on the move through palace and den, playing all sorts of tricks with light and shade.

Dennis King, who starred in the operetta on the stage, sings the lead for the screen with enormous gusto and some permissibly operatic acting. He's handsome, and can sing. Jeanette MacDonald is a beautiful but rather colorless princess. The acting star is O. P. Heggie, who gives a remarkable performance as sleazy *King Louis*. And Lillian Roth is a little better than good in a sympathetic rôle. And she gets the beautiful "Huguette Waltz" to sing—a prize! Warner Oland is more villainous than ever.

Magnificent color work, gorgeous Friml music and some first-rate acting and singing make "The Vagabond King" memorable in the life of a picture-goer. You'll be thrilled.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE VAGABOND KING — SARAH AND SON
HAPPY DAYS — PARAMOUNT ON PARADE
FREE AND EASY
THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

The Best Performances of the Month

Dennis King in "The Vagabond King"
O. P. Heggie in "The Vagabond King"
Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son"
Philippe De Lacy in "Sarah and Son"
Marjorie White in "Happy Days"
Maurice Chevalier in "Paramount on Parade"
Jack Oakie in "Paramount on Parade"
Buster Keaton in "Free and Easy"
Richard Arlen in "The Light of Western Stars"
Harry Green in "The Light of Western Stars"
George Arliss in "The Green Goddess"
Ramon Novarro in "Gay Madrid"
Victor McLaglen in "On the Level"
Marjorie Beebe in "He Trumped Her Ace"
Sue Carol in "The Golden Calf"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 160

☆ ***FREE AND EASY—M-G-M***

BUSTER KEATON'S first big talkie is in the bag—on ice—over the top with a large, vociferous bang. Little Frosty Face makes his audible début in a whizzing comedy that has everything—from earthquaking laughter to a lot of interesting peeks beyond the watchman on the sound stages.

Keaton plays the manager of a beauty contest winner who brings his belle to Hollywood to crash pictures. Their adventures fill the film with screams and howls of joy.

Wandering around the studio you'll see, for the same admission price, Lionel Barrymore, Cecil De Mille, Gwen Lee, Fred Niblo and lots of others of note at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Anita Page is the girl, and Robert Montgomery is excellent as the romantic leading man. Keaton Kops, or No Busts for Buster!

☆ ***SARAH AND SON—Paramount***

IT gets almost monotonous, this repetition after each new Chatterton picture: "What a splendid actress she is!"

Here Ruth gives the character of *Sarah Storm* a force that lifts this none too extraordinary picture above the ruck and makes it an extraordinary talkie.

Noteworthy, too, is this: while foreign stars have been thrown helter-skelter into pictures artificially fitted to their irremediable accents, here Chatteron plays a rôle that requires a Teutonic accent throughout—and does it better. Chosen with fine discrimination, the rest of the cast will win your comment, "How natural they all were."

There's a love scene between Chatterton and Frederic March—not a chest-heave, not a clinch, not a kiss—that leaves one happily misty-eyed. This child, Philippe De Lacy, does another lovely piece of acting, too. Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd and the late Fuller Mellish, Jr., lend distinguished support; Dorothy Arzner's direction is sound.

You'll probably have a lovely cry over "Sarah and Son."

With "Sarah and Son," Ruth Chatterton's position in the van of talking picture actresses is consolidated. She conquers not only by charm of voice and developed talent, but by her amazing versatility. If the talking pictures needed but one reason for being, it could be that they brought this brilliant woman to your screen and mine.

☆ ***THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS—Paramount***

IT is amazing what can be done with that old reliable plot when a few good actors are turned loose on it.

Even the horses seem to feel better about it.

"The Light of Western Stars," from the pen of the prolific Zane Grey, is grand entertainment, thanks to the up and coming trouping of Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. How's that for a cast sheet?

This horse opera served Jack Holt as a vehicle in the silent days, but you'd never recognize your old friend all dressed up in snappy dialogue. Richard Arlen and Harry Green do the outstanding work, but they have all the gravy. Not another "Virginian," but it does very nicely. Again the tremendous demand for big outdoor Western is proved.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

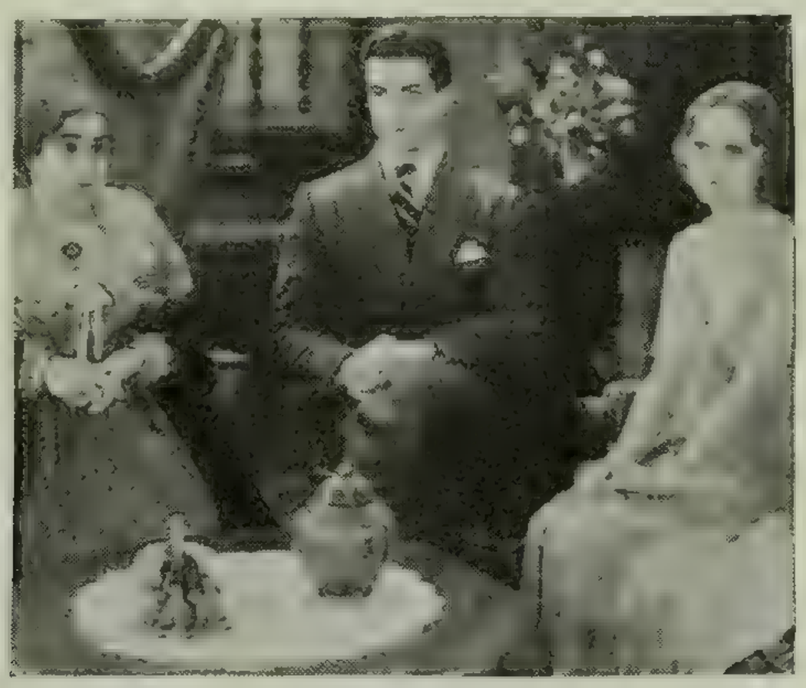
YOUNG EAGLES—
Paramount

THE hero of "Wings" soars again in an effort to recapture some of its unforgettable moments. "Young Eagles" is another story of wartime aviation, but times have changed. The German ace is a friendly enemy. An improbable plot doesn't help, but some of the air photography is magnificent. "Buddy" Rogers is the flying hero, with Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas and Stuart Erwin giving good support.

THE GREEN GODDESS—
Warners

THIS melodrama of skullduggery in the Himalayas is noteworthy chiefly for another sleek and beautiful performance by George Arliss. The producers didn't get all they could out of the exciting story of three English folk whose airplane falls in the mountain principality of an oily Rajah. Alice Joyce, H. B. Warner and Ralph Forbes try, but Ivan Simpson is second best.

GAY MADRID—
M-G-M



COLLEGE whoopee in Spain is, according to this picture, no different from college whoopee any other place. With one grand exception. In Spain they fight duels and play guitars. But it doesn't matter when Ramon Novarro, past master of charm, swashbuckles and sings. There are roistering student songs and tender love ditties. Dorothy Jordan is again the heroine. It's pretty good!

LET'S GO PLACES—
Fox

WELL, if here isn't our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot, out for an evening's fun! And the fun materializes! The big and only idea in making this film was to make folks laugh. It does. Charles Judels and Eddie Kane, going into tantrums as two temperamental Frenchmen take comedy honors. And there are at least two songs that will make a lively bid for popularity.

THE FIGHTING LEGION—
Universal

KEN MAYNARD continues to serve up adventure with a thick coating of action. "The Fighting Legion" sounds like one of those Algerian things, but it's good old American West. An outlaw goes straight to get the murderer of a ranger, who was a pretty nice guy after all. Something doing every minute—riding, fighting and liberal doses of comedy. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Worth your money.

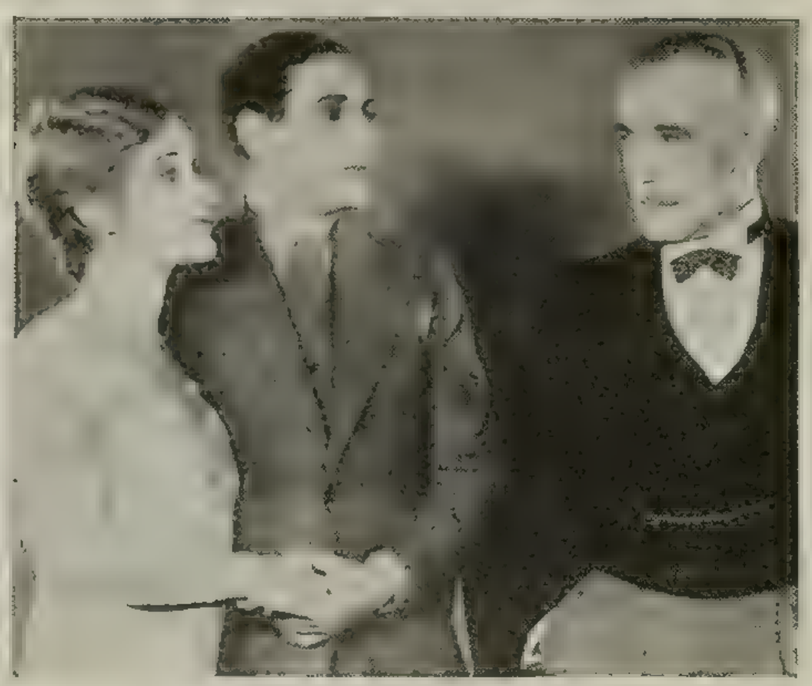
LOOSE ANKLES—
First National

ELEVENTH degree farce. The comics run away with it, making the plot a hat rack on which to hang outrageously ludicrous gags. When Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales, as two maiden aunts, get innocently boiled in a night club, you've had your money's worth! Loretta Young makes things lively for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the first reel and they're engaged in the last. Too bad this goes lame in the stretch.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

ON THE LEVEL—Fox

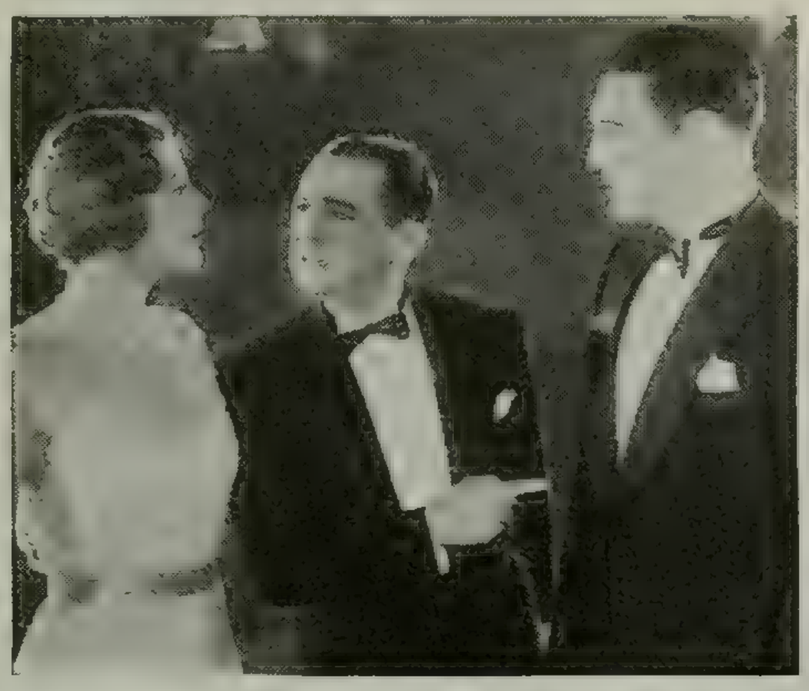
STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M



GUSTY, lusty melodrama, in which Victor McLaglen socks a flock of villains on the jaw. Vic is an iron-worker who falls for the sex-appeal member of a gang of crooks, but comes out of it just in time to save all his pals from being buncoed. Gorgeous Lilyan Tashman wears gorgeous clothes in her customary gorgeous manner. This is a typical dish of laughs and thrills. Vic is grand!

REMEMBER when Mrs. Leslie Carter starred in "The Circle," from which this was taken? Then it was subtle English comedy, but the movies have broadened the characters and taken away much of their charm. Lewis Stone comes through intact as does Ernest Torrence and Paul Cavanagh. Catherine Dale Owen accomplishes little save wearing the stunning clothes chosen for her.

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures



HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational

NOT since the good old days when they were periodically reported engaged, have Richard Dix and Lois Wilson done any screen cooing. You'll be glad to see them again, but don't expect heavy romance, because it isn't here. "Lovin' the Ladies" is farce, and clap-trap farce at that. Star and cast are excellent. The story is pretty blah, but it's nice to see Dick and Lois.

AT last the talking short comedies have gotten around to the bridge maniacs, and this howling Sennett success will either kill or cure. This one has unusually screaming lines and situations for bridge fans, and the rest of us will laugh, anyway. Marjorie Beebe and Johnny Burke are grand as the young honeymooners whose happiness is cracked by the ace trumping. A sure winner.

THE GOLDEN CALF—Fox

VENGEANCE—Columbia

SUE CAROL is the efficient but homely secretary of a famous artist. Behind her spectacles flash eyes of love, so she makes herself over, poses as a Southern belle and becomes his model. (It's a wonder optometrists don't lose business through pictures like this.) The only things that save this from mediocrity are Sue Carol's work, the best she's done in many a day, and El Brendel's comedy.

COLUMBIA moves to Africa (on the lot in Hollywood) and makes a good, exciting melodrama for us, with Jack Holt being noble as the hero, Dorothy Revier very appealing as the heroine and Philip Strange, the menace. An exciting native revolt furnishes the picture's big punch, and plenty of suspense is nicely maintained. Punchy melodrama for those as likes it, and who doesn't? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]

AMBITIOUS

Too intimate a true story of the studios to be told without disguising names

ENVIOUS eyes followed Cecile Lane, extra girl, as she picked her way through the crowded Laramount Cafeteria, balancing a big tray upon which were stacked fried chicken swimming in gravy, mashed potatoes and peas, fruit salad with whipped cream, chocolate fudge cake, and a glass of milk.

A star mincing with watercress salad and a minute piece of fish looked at her and banged her fork against her plate viciously.

Even Max Nyles, youthful head of the Western Division of Production, started as he saw the little figure staggering by with the loaded tray. An almost imperceptible gesture toward pushing his chair back was abruptly checked.

Cecile found a place at a nearby table and attacked her luncheon with zest. From under her long lashes she stole an occasional sidewise glance at Max. But the smooth brown face of that young personage who held the destinies of all within the studio grounds in his capable hands was as impassive as are the faces of reigning royalty. He was inured to a constant barrage of sidewise glances from beautiful young women.

Skidds Hibbert slid into the empty place at Cecile's table.

"Say, girlie," he said, "you have been eating lunches like this one every day for the last three months I've seen you around the studios."

TWO deep dimples italicized Cecile's smile. "I do get hungry," she said.

"And you haven't gained any?"

"Lost one pound, eight ounces."

"It's a gift, woman. It's a gift." He reached for the salt. "What about stepping out with me at the Roosevelt tonight?"

"I have a date."

Plucky little Cecile, who asked only for an opportunity. Her chance had come, but the price was too high

BABY

By

Vesta Wills Hancock

Illustrated by

Frank Godwin

Cecile Lane stretched at full length on her side, with one leg drawn up as close to her firm little chin as possible and an arm extended above her head. She had heard that the Arabs rested in this fashion, after long marches across desert sands. She stole a glance at two girls who were leaning against the wall and chatting in low tones. They had been recruited from a sister act in vaudeville, hardened in the six-a-day. They looked cool and rested, Cecile thought. And the girl who danced to her right was certainly a beauty. There was but one member of the chorus who did not offer real competition in looks and dancing ability, and she was a protégée of studio officials.

Cecile sighed. Once she had thought that to be one of this chorus would be an open sesame to the door of stardom. Now, she could not be sure. At times she felt as far from her goal as she had been when making the rounds of casting offices.

"In your places," yelled a leather-lunged assistant director.

"Peppy now. Younk latties, remember, make it hott," shouted the young Russian dance director who had mastered the American slang better than the English language.

THE star's double climbed a ladder which a stage hand held, mounting to the huge silver platter suspended out over the footlights where she would perform the dance which had already been photographed in close-ups. The muscles of the double's sinewy calves rippled at each step.

Two electric buzzers rang. There was a round of shouts from the sound mechanicians at their varied listening posts, then absolute silence until the orchestra took up the beat of the music.

"One, two, kick. One, two, three, swing. One, kick; two, kick; three, pivot. Smile. Gaily now, you are enjoying it. Harder, higher. This is the recorder dance." So Cecile cautioned herself as she went through the routine.

A cry rang out above the music.

"Stop. Stop. I won't have it," the star of the company called in a very tempest of wrath, pointing a slender shaking finger at her double. "Those terrible ropey legs can't pass as mine!"

"But, Carita," said the director, soothingly, "we can't get a double who isn't muscular. One must be sure-footed to dance on that thing forty feet up in the air. You know how you complained of it at three."

Carita stamped her foot. "There must be others. You haven't looked." Her voice dropped to a passionate murmur of protest.

THE double sat calmly on the edge of the platter, swinging the disputed legs over the side. She was evidently used to the outbursts of the stars she impersonated.

"I don't care," Carita's voice rang out again. "I won't go on with the picture, not another scene, with that woman in the part."

Cecile stepped out of the ranks of the chorus. She was pale and her voice quivered. "Will I do?" she asked. "I can dance up there."

Carita regarded her through narrowed eyes. "You have nice legs," she said, "and you know the dance. Can you keep your head at a height?"

Cecile gritted her teeth. "I will," she promised, with an anxious glance at the director's set face.

"Try it," he said.

Triumphantly the star turned to her chair. "You see how easy it is to get the right person." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 152]

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Sorry, but I'm booked up, way ahead."

"All right, if that's the way you feel about it. But let me tell you most girls in your boots would jump at the chance to chum around with me. I can do a lot for you, see? Why not pay some attention to me instead of wasting your time on come-hither looks at the boss? He's woman-proof, married to some big stockholder's daughter, and doesn't give anyone a tumble."

Cecile flushed to the roots of her honey-colored hair. "I don't give anyone come-hither looks," she denied indignantly.

"Oh, that's okeh with me, if you could get away with it. But you haven't a chance. I'm your big bet, girlie. You may think I'm just an assistant director, but let me tell you that I am just like this with the big moguls here"—he held up two fingers pressed tightly together—"and that includes Max Nyles! You've got the stuff it takes to make stars. All you need is the backing, and I'm the one who is willing to give it to you."

"I have to hurry to the set." Cecile looked at her wrist watch. "We are called for one-thirty."

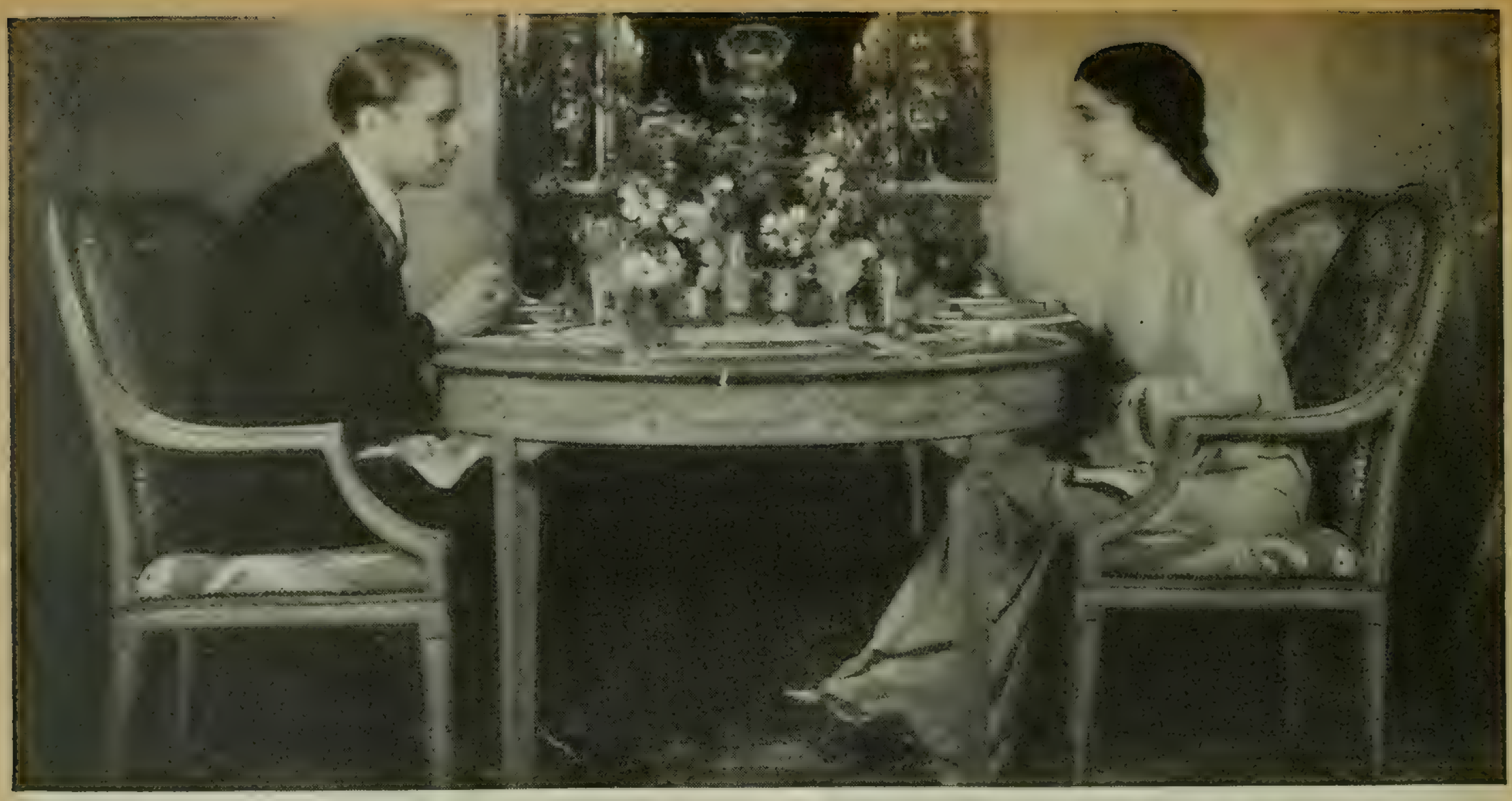
"Think it over. 'Pink Toes' starts shooting next week."

Cecile's dimples came into play again. "I'll be in 'Pink Toes' all right; I made the studio chorus. Just received the notice this morning."

"Say, that *is* a break, without any stage experience! If you can do that all alone, little one, give a thought to what you could do with me behind you."

"I'll give it a thought," Cecile promised, but she wriggled her little nose disdainfully at Skidds' back before she finished the last morsel of chocolate cake.

It was hot and close on the big sound set. Twenty slender young girls in tight silver spangles sprawled wearily at the edge of the stage while mechanicians made the final adjustments with the light and sound apparatus.



Well, it looks as though poor old "Wild Mark" Busby is about washed up and ready for the cleaner! Here he is at the Goudal dinner table, with Jetta's eyes doing their very deadliest

Sunday Night *at* Jetta's

By Marquis Busby

"Casanova" Busby goes exotic and has a date with the mysterious Goudal

ALL in all, a Sunday night date is not so bad.

But if you are staying in, pick a girl that can talk, or—neck. It would be a braver man than I that would suggest the latter with Jetta Goudal.

We just talked.

To really report an evening with Jetta, one should be Elinor Glyn and Joseph Hergesheimer all rolled into one. Ho, ho, wouldn't that be fun—Elinor Glyn and Joseph Hergesheimer rolled in one. Half of you would be looking for a good game of dominoes, and the other half would have an eye on IT.

However, it was another of those cheap dates. Here I start out with a stout heart on a snow white charger, trying to find out how much it costs to go places in Hollywood—and everyone trying to save money for me.

Maybe I've got holes in my shoes, or maybe I have a kind face. Some day I'm going stepping with an extra girl, and she will eat broiled lobster, a sirloin steak with French-fried, topping off with apple pie *à la mode*.

Then I'll find out about Hollywood night life. The stars don't know anything about it at all.

I reported at Chez Goudal (French for HER HOUSE) at 6:30 Sunday evening, per agreement. The photographer had beat me there, and, at the time, was rummaging through the nether regions of the place, trying to locate the fuse box. La Goudal was still upstairs, doing the last things that every woman does before she comes downstairs. What they are, I don't know.

Jetta presented a stunning picture. She wore a long, trailing tea gown. From that time on, the train took a violent liking for my feet. No matter where I stood, I was standing on that train, which isn't the best way to make a good impression on a lady. The shade of the gown, I think, was pale salmon, but I may be wrong.

I'm not too good when it comes to calling colors. The satin slippers were green. Anyway, it was quite an ensemble. You'd expect something exotic from Jetta!

"If the Embassy had been open, we might have gone there," she explained. "If we went to the Ambassador or the Biltmore, people would just stare. I thought we would have dinner here. Perhaps we can go to a party in Beverly Hills later."

I didn't mind a *tete-à-tete* with Jetta. Some of my recent dates have been all cluttered up with families and extra boy friends.

Jetta took the greatest personal satisfaction in directing the photographer. There should have been several prop men there to shove furniture around. The Goudal furniture is heavy, the kind that leaves dents in the rugs. As it was, the photographer did all the work, and finally left a perfect wreck.

"Now is that table showing, and are the flowers in, too?" she asked.

"You're worse than a leading man (to me). You keep 'backing up' on me."

"Backing up" in studio parlance is an old trick to get your full face in the picture, while the other party has side face. It was quite unintentional on my part. Imagine trying to steal a scene from Jetta! I'd pick somebody easy—like Al Jolson.

You really can't blame Jetta for being proud of her home. It is an exquisite place. It is her theory that beauty harmonizes. So her living room represents many countries and many periods of furniture. There is a beautiful, old Venetian cabinet, a Louis XVI sofa, flanked by a Chinese screen. The fireplace would do credit to a Roman palace and across the room is a Gothic screen, originally the door of an old confessional.

Her greatest luxury is flowers. Flowers everywhere. By the fireplace was a huge jar of tall pussy-willows. Spring flowers on the tables, freesias and larkspur. Curiously enough, the pink carnation, not very highly

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Color-

Color-

Color!

It's the keynote of spring fashions in filmland

HOLLYWOOD is a blaze of gay color this spring. Above is the radiant Jeanette MacDonald wearing a bright flock of flounces and scarfs in rose and blue printed chiffon. The picture hat completes a bright ensemble. At the left we find that color rages even among the bathing caps. Pretty Leila Hyams is wearing one with a vivid pattern of leaves in gold

Anita Page fairly sparkles in this gaily printed afternoon ensemble. The suit shows a coat with scarf trimmings. The skirt flares from the knees, and the hat is of soft straw with the wide brim

Leila Hyams displays a spring ensemble in yellow and brown. Her hat is woven of yellow straw, with a brown velvet band and bow, and the afternoon dress is printed yellow and brown. Note the youthful bertha collar and slender-line bodice. At the right, Lillian Roth is wearing a two-piece suit of rough mixture. Cream and brown, with gay hat and scarf

Kay Francis wears the flower garden frock, a novelty of this spring. It is patterned with green, yellow and red flowers against a black background. A bright yellow jacket of transparent velvet completes this stunning costume, which does Kay proud

Bright yellow black-eyed susans bloom on this frock of dark silk, worn by Catherine Dale Owen. Fashioned in two-piece suit style, the yellow is carried out in the tuck-in jersey blouse, while the black is featured in hat, purse, gloves and slippers. Extremely smart, this

So gaily colored are tweeds this spring, that plainly-cut styles are being followed to better display designs. Dorothy Sebastian is wearing one of these severely made coats. It well shows the red tweed pattern, with its simple border

Kay Francis wearing the wind-breaker style suit. It is a popular model in white and pastel shades. This one is fashioned in white pongee, with the lapels accented with bands of black

Free warning to Ireland—look out, or you'll lose one of your favorite sons. Big John McCormack is so happy in California that he's bought an estate there at least half the size of Connaught

A colleen and a couple of spalpeens. John McCormack, Tommy Clifford and Maureen O'Sullivan in a scene from "Song O' My Heart." The two youngsters were brought over from Ireland for this picture

John *Goes* California

By
Harriet Parsons

IRELAND is a bit worried. Park Avenue, New York, raises its lorgnette and tilts up its nose.

For John McCormack—John of the golden throat—has gone California! That's what the talkies have done to a good man.

The Little Green Isle, of course, will always be his first love. His summers will still be spent at Moore Abbey, his huge estate in the County Kildare. But his winters will be spent under the California sun.

Yes, in his forties, with a glorious concert career behind him and millions in his jeans, McCormack has found two new loves.

One is the California climate and scene.

The other is the new medium of the talking, singing screen.

And he expected neither!

He admits that he took a chance when he signed with William Fox to make a talking picture. Of course, the financial end was just great. But there were working conditions to consider, and always the great picture-going public in the offing. Would he be happy? Would the people like him?

Well, he has his answer now! No Pollyanna ever came skipping back from Hollywood with a gayer song of cheer than that sung by the great McCormack.

After filming much of "Song O' My Heart" in Ireland, he went West. He was king of the Fox lot the minute he stepped aboard it. They had built him a thatch-covered cottage—see picture elsewhere in this issue—for a studio and dressing room—piano and all, and for all I know, a couple of pigs and a potato patch in the back yard.

Working conditions? Just dandy! The people? Interesting and cordial!

But California? Here the handsome McCormack face breaks into a smile that would soften the heart of a traffic cop.

He likes the sun, the outdoor life, the opportunities for tennis and golf. He is so mad about the whole works that before you could say "synchronization," he stepped out and bought a huge estate just ten minutes walk from Hollywood Boulevard.

There he'll make his headquarters from now on, under the California sun—with summers at his Irish home.

As for the Park Avenue apartment he leased for five years before hopping West—it's just too bad. McCormack tells me he's giving it up entirely.

That means that all his precious paintings and other works of art—worth at least a million dollars—will be shipped to Hollywood, to be enshrined in the new home.

"Just a shack on a hill," McCormack calls it.

Don't hint that the great John has gone Hollywood! He's apt to say "The back of me hand to ye," and perhaps fetch you a clout.

He doesn't know a Hollywoodian, or what such a creature is, unless it is a Californian who lives in picture town. He says that the idea of a particular and peculiar race living in Hollywood is all bosh and blather. He thinks there's very little jealousy out there, professional or personal.

AS for the talkies, oh me and oh my! McCormack is enthusiastic.

They'll play a great part in the future of music, he's sure.

"Think of posterity not only being able to hear, but to see, the great musical artists of our time," says he, his eyes snapping.

"If I could only see and hear Mario and Patti as our grandchildren will be able to see and hear the great artists of today!"

He wants to make more pictures—though, as the old song says, "It all depends on you!"

The hours on the big sound stages are not heavy, and he is fascinated by the technique of the talkies.

McCormack had been working hard on his picture for fifteen straight days. At last Director Frank Borzage called time out.

"Go and play some golf." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]

Day-Time Homes

ANY really good sight-seeing bus can find its way to the stars' palatial homes without a driver.

And any high class spieler will point with pride to mansions (covering many acres of Beverly Hills real estate) of the celebs.

What the visitors from Iowa and Indiana don't see are the day-time homes of the stars. Behind the exclusive walls of the studios are mansions more luxurious than "the show place" in your own home town.

They began as dressing rooms. The idea was that an actor needed some quiet place in which to put on make-up. But they're not mere dressing rooms any more. Not by a carload of eyebrow pencils! The star dressing room has now become the star bungalow.

It is a livable house equipped with bedroom, bath, kitchen and all modern conveniences. Sometimes it is even more luxurious than the star's real home. (The studio, you see, pays for the dressing room bungalow.) No real motion picture lot is complete without at least a couple of elegantly furnished, elaborately built homes in which the star may actually live if he pleases.

I believe it was Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks who started the fad. Mary has her bungalow on the United Artists lot. Douglas has his. The idea grew as a matter of convenience. Often Mary worked late at night and knew that she had to be on hand early the next morning. Why waste hours of her time and a lot of her energy going home? Presto—the answer, a home right at the studio! The home was built. It was called a dressing room. It's a dressing house, if anybody should ask you.

Mary has story conferences in this bungalow, entertains her friends and often lives there for a week or so. When she was in Europe she loaned her bungalow to Lillian Gish who made it her home while she was working on "One Romantic Night."

Servants, of course, are assigned to this home to keep it in order.

Douglas' dressing room bungalow is a combination business office and living quarters, but one distinctive feature of it is the steam cabinet bath which he uses to keep himself fit.

For years this elicited no jealousy from the other stars. Pickford and Fairbanks were, after all, producers as well as actors. Suddenly bungalows began springing up at all the studios and they became the symbol of success. Stars vied with each other for the best huts.

When the old Paramount studios that had stood for so long on Vine Street were torn down and the lot was moved to

A little white boudoir fit for America's everlasting sweetheart. Mary Pickford's bedroom in her elaborate studio bungalow on the United Artists lot. Mary's day-time house is a real home—kitchen, bedroom and bath

When Fox welcomed John McCormack to Movietone City, they built him this bit of old Ireland to make him feel at home. Every bit of thatch in the roof had to be fireproofed—not an old Irish custom

The stars used to make up in dressing rooms—now they dress in bungalows

By
Lois Shirley

This corner of the Fox lot belongs to Will Rogers, the chewing gum king. It's all Spanish-American, and contains his dressing room, office and loafing lounge

The Orchid Lady takes her ease in the parlor of her studio bungalow at First National. Corinne Griffith resting between scenes of a new phonoplay — and very gracefully, too

Melrose Avenue, a special building was erected for dressing rooms. Every star was assigned a living room, dressing room and bath in this building.

That is, every star but Pola Negri. Pola demanded—and got—something new and different. On the south end of the first floor of the building, an elaborate suite was set aside for her. It was a livable apartment consisting of drawing room, dining room, dressing room, kitchenette and bath. Here the great star entertained. Here she gave out fantastic interviews. Here she lived while she was working. Then she went back to Europe and her apartment stood empty, until it was decided that Clara Bow deserved the extra-special suite because of her extra-special power at the box-office.

THE place was done over, furnished entirely in gold and black. The living room walls are of gold leaf, adorned with photographs autographed to Clara by stars. There are tiny street lamps for illumination. The floors throughout are covered with thick, gold colored carpets. The drapes are also gold.

In the dressing room is a striking ebony dressing table with overhanging gold drapes and gold lights. The dining room is done in ebony and red Chinese lacquer.

Bizarre as it is, this suite has nothing of the Negri atmosphere left about it. With Clara there, you bound right in and make yourself at home. When she first moved into it, a young cub reporter came to interview her. Somehow he felt the Negri presence and, making a low bow said, "I want to congratulate you, Miss Bow, on being one of the queens of the cinema."

"Oh, be yourself," said Clara. "I may be in Pola's dressing room, but that doesn't mean I'll pull the Negri act."

The first livable dressing room bungalow on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot belonged to Marion Davies, but shortly after hers was built work was begun on Cecil De Mille's and Jack Gilbert's. The De Mille bungalow, a combination office and conference chamber, is as bizarre as a De Mille set, but Jack Gilbert's is one of the most beautiful on any lot, with its white stucco walls, its red tile roof, its wrought iron, grilled windows and its little balconies.

There are two entrances, one official, the other social. The former leads into a small anteroom and the office of Jack's secretary. The other leads into a tiled patio and a small reception room opening into a huge living room. This is carpeted with old rugs imported from Spain and the walls are whitewashed and aged to a smoky gray. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

—*and the* Quartet Sang

Cal York *tells* You

She Was A Churchill
Christmas Present

Arthur Loves Two Women—
Ma And Sis

IT seems that about nineteen years ago, Marguerite Churchill's mother gave Marguerite Churchill's father a little Christmas present. It was Marguerite.

No, Papa Churchill wasn't Scotch. All the same, poor little Marguerite has to double up on birthday and yule gifts.

"Isn't it SCANdalous?" she demands. "I'll NEVer forgive MOther! I think it was POSitively CAREless of her. No, REALly!"

It was in Kansas City, Missouri, that Marguerite squalled her first greeting to the world. Not a microphone recorded that voice test—but now the mikes are grabbing her words all over the Fox lot, where they're expecting big things from the little red-head. Well, not so awfully red, but nice.

Marguerite came into pictures from the stage. It's quite the thing nowadays, isn't it? She took up the theater because there was really nothing else, considering . . .

You see, her dad was a theatrical producer—had stage enterprises all over the country, and a flock of 'em in South America, too. Marguerite traveled all around with him and her mother.

DAD CHURCHILL died just after Marguerite had ended her first decade of life. Three years later, the child made her stage début in Jesse Lynch Williams' "Why Not?" She was the ingénue—at thirteen!

Then came some scholarships in the Theater Guild School, and when she was done, she popped onto Broadway as a leading lady at sixteen. The theatrical writers raved over it.

Eventually came the suggestions that she take screen tests. She stuck up her nose.

"The movies did such silly things!" she exploded explanatorily. ". . . things I simply didn't want to do." For three weeks, a Fox Films person pestered her. "To get rid of him, I finally took a test," she said. Now look at her! —in Hollywood, in talkies, and simply wild about them.

And now do you want to know something? Well, she blushes. Actually—she BLUSHES! It happened when she was asked, out of a clear sky:

"Are you engaged to anybody, yet?"

Red as a beet, she advanced the amazing idea that even a screen person is entitled to SOME privacy.

Imagine!

ARTHUR LAKE is a veteran trouper. He'll never have a second childhood—because he'll never get over his first. He's that way. He is back in California from his first trip to New York, where he broke three engagements to be sure of a ride on the subway before he had to leave. He's crazy about football and lying on the beach. And flying, even though his mama bawls him out for it. And dogs—he cried bitter tears when his dog "Bummer" died last Christmas.

He's careful about his "good side" and his "bad side" and if he's not more careful driving his car he'll smash both sides into hamburger.

Women?—surrounded by battalions of 'em, in Hollywood, and in love with two of 'em. One's his mother; the other's his sister, Florence.

Papa and mama—the family name is Silverlake—toured the South in variety and repertoire. Soon as the kid could toddle he worked, too. So did Florence. Ma Silverlake taught them first.

By fourth grade time, they went to Detroit to live, and schooled there, and later in California. He was a "Fox Kiddies" star, but vaudeville was the family meat until they inherited from a grandpa and settled down in Nashville. After Dad Silverlake died, the youngsters and their mother went back to the stage.

They joined a car show in one-night stands until the car burned up. Then they tent-showed. Arthur's work was easy. All he had to do was play the drum, take tickets at the door, sell candy, do specialties in intermissions and play kid parts.

FLORENCE got a picture job and they went to California. Arthur got a job in a cleaning and pressing shop until she found him a part at Universal.

He puppy-loved so well that he got a five-year contract. When it expired, he and Universal couldn't agree. Now he's with Radio. Remember "Tanned Legs" and "Dance Hall"? "Tommy" is his next.

He's six feet and a half inch tall. He loves to eat on dining cars and wears the cutest red and green feather in his hat.

"Hollywood, I Love You!"

of Four New Winners

He Quit College For Easy Acting

ONE shouldn't try to save time by interviewing a player while he's being photographed. It gets too complicated.

"You were born . . .?" I prompted Stuart Erwin as he mugged at the camera.

"Oh, quite," he agreed; "I was born . . ."

"With a football," interrupted the photographer. Now, all he meant was that he wanted Stu to pose holding a football, but you can see how one might get confused.

"—— in Squaw Valley, California," continued Erwin. Then, "It was on one February 14 . . ."

"A-HAH . . .!" crowed the studio humorist from the background, "that makes him a comic Valentine!" Well, anyway, Erwin HAS been playing these silly rôles, you know—like *Axel*, with Helen Kane in "Sweetie," and the small-town wisecracker who relishes his own jokes in Clara Bow's "Dangerous Curves," and such.

IT took a year and a half of college at the University of California at Berkeley to convince Erwin that being an actor would be more fun than studying nearly three years more. So he quit college, went to Los Angeles, and asked a theatrical producer for work. He got it.

They gave him *FIVE* parts in one play!—with and without whiskers, as well as a German, an Irishman and a negro, all within three acts!

"And I quit college because I thought being an actor would be easier!" he sobbed.

He appeared in a whole row of legitimate productions in Los Angeles and then somebody from Fox saw him and gave him a test. It was a nice, healthy test which quickly grew up into a lusty young contract. You saw him, didn't you, in "Sally of My Dreams," "The Cock Eyed World" and "Speakeasy"?

Now Paramount has him, and they're keeping him busy shuttling from Coast to Coast, playing silly rôles in both the East and West Coast studios.

And oh, yes—he's five feet nine, weighs 165, has light brown hair, a couple of grey eyes, a charming manner, some legs, arms, ears and all that sort of thing.

From Chorus Girl To Prima Donna

WHAT if she does temperamentally wham a tiny foot down now and then?—and utter exclamation points? Who cares, as long as Jeanette MacDonald remains as screen-audibly satisfying as she's been in "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King" and "Let's Go Native"?

Whoever or whatever predetermines that "this one shall be plain, this one ugly, this one beautiful," must have been in an ambitious state of mind when Jeanette was up for planning.

Jeanette was one of the first Broadway draftees in the War to Make the Microphone Safe for the Films. With her training in stagecraft, what wonder she clicks?

Ever since she was in knee dresses, she's been studying singing and dancing. Then old marster Ned Wayburn showed her how when she was in his Capitol Theater revues.

JEANETTE took the up-from-the-ranks route. Chorus cutie in "Night Boat," small part in "Irene," better part in ""Tangerine." Then a break—a leading rôle in "Fantastic Fricassee," which is what the Greenwich Village Theater WOULD call a production.

There Henry Savage saw and liked her work, and when the fricassee was scraped into the pail, he placed her under contract and gave her the lead in support of Mitzi in "The Magic Ring."

After that, it was just one musical comedy leading rôle after another on Broadway until Paramount got the idea of making "Nothing But the Truth" as a Richard Dix talkie, and needed a leading lady. Since Jeanette was singing the lead in "Yes, Yes, Yvette"—which is the musicomedy version of the N-But-the-T thing—they gave her a test. The test was awfully good to her.

Then Paramount changed a mind or two and the golden-haired, green-eyed Jeanette found herself in the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," hey hey . . .! "The Vagabond King" followed and then "Let's Go Native."

Not that it's awfully important, but she's a native of Philadelphia.

(EDITOR'S NOTE to Mr. R. R., millionaire broker, New York City. Dear Sir: Yes, she says she'll marry you just as soon as some stratagem is devised to overcome that awkward matter of the 3,000-odd miles between Hollywood and New York. Anyway, she's wild about you. Aren't telephone tolls and airplane hire high?)

WHAT with talking, singing, music, dancing, Technicolor, and now Grandeur, the studio players face a new problem almost every day. Here is Dorothy Mackaill taking a private lesson in full view of her public as Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up magician, works out her color harmony. Every beauty must have her own individual color make-up for the chromatic cameras. What next?

Lonely Lew

We herald the rising of the star of "All Quiet"—who likes to be alone

By *George Gordon*

EVERY time one of those overnight success stories goes out from Hollywood, there are a thousand boys and girls in these United States that believe devoutly they can go and do likewise.

They start for Filmania with a railroad ticket, ten dollars in ready cash and all the youthful hope in the world. Perhaps one or two of them make good, the rest go hungry for a time and then go back to the foundry and the laundry. Overnight successes are as rare as hen's teeth, but once in years there is an exception that proves the rule.

Young Lewis Ayres will undoubtedly start another caravan to the land of the leaping shadows. Here, without a doubt, is one of the most amazing stories ever told in Hollywood. Here is a boy of twenty who will be famous when Universal releases "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It is his second picture. In the very first he played opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." Before that, with the exception of one small bit, nothing, not even extra work. It is the most fabulous story since Betty Bronson and "Peter Pan."

Lewis is a handsome youngster with dark hair and eyes. He has a sensitive face, and an uncanny faculty of fading into the background when crowds of people are about. He is introspective and a dreamer. He may be popular with the fans, but he will never be a "good mixer" in Hollywood society.

Like Nils Asther, the film colony will never see much of Lewis. Already one interviewer has had a "mad" at him. The writer said that he was conceited and that his "head was in the clouds." The first charge is wrong, the second is correct. His head is in the clouds.

"Everything has come so suddenly," he said. "I can't realize it yet. I sort of expect to wake up at any moment. But my good luck wasn't as spectacular as a lot of people think. I'd quit my job in an orchestra to try pictures, and I couldn't even get extra work. I hung around the casting offices for a month before I had enough nerve to go up to the desk. I heard others ask, 'Is there anything for me?' Finally I mustered enough courage to ask myself. There never was anything for me."

ONE afternoon, when things were as black as they ever get to be, he wandered into the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt Hotel during the tea dance hour. He knew some of the boys in the orchestra. Lewis had played the banjo and sang in the orchestras at the Ambassador Hotel and Montmartre. He saw a pretty girl sitting alone at a table, and he asked her if she would like to dance. He didn't know until long after that the identity of his dancing partner. It was Lily Damita.

A manager saw him on the dance floor and placed him under contract. It was his manager that introduced him to Paul Bern, then in charge of production at Pathe. It was Paul Bern that made the "good breaks" possible. Bern, who has been the friend of so many screen aspirants, had faith in Lewis.

Bern gave him a six-months' contract at Pathe. He played a small bit in "The Sophomore," but when the six months were up Lewis was out. Bern, who had transferred over to M-G-M, had not forgotten him. He suggested the boy for the difficult dramatic rôle of the youthful lover in Greta Garbo's picture, "The Kiss."

When that picture was finished, he suggested that Lewis go out to Universal and try for the leading rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It seemed hoping against hope, for every juvenile in the business wanted the rôle of *Paul*, the young soldier. Dozens of well-known juveniles had tried out, but Lew got the rôle and a five-year contract.

"Mr. Bern has been wonderful," he said, simply. "And I only know him to speak to. When I got that rôle I tried to thank him. He said, 'You can thank me by making good, Lew.' "

So, the boy who hocked his thousand dollar collection of banjos and mandolins a year ago in order to eat and continue his attempt at a screen career, is going to be a star.

IF the boy in the war story is his greatest rôle, the thrill of playing with Garbo was almost as great.

The first sequence made in "The Kiss" was an ardent love scene. He was terribly embarrassed, for Garbo had been an idol, and he had not even been introduced.

They say that Garbo is cold and aloof, but she made a friend of Lewis.

"Won't somebody introduce me to this young man?" she asked. When they weren't working, she would talk to him.

"She was always teasing me," he smiled. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

LEW AYRES

—Played the banjo in a jazz band.

—Made love to Greta Garbo as his first job in pictures.

—Has the leading rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front" as his second film rôle.

—Is just twenty years old!

They're Two-Faced

THIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these startling composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. And behold!

W. E. Benton, character analyst, takes apart four more stars' faces to see why they tick

The left side of Ramon Novarro's face. Here Mr. Benton finds the strong jaw and nose, and the vivid eyes, that give the Latin boy all the determination that has made and kept him a star in pictures for several years. This is the vigorous, active Novarro who gets ahead

The portrait of the smiling Ramon Novarro that Mr. Benton put his tricky little face-divider to work on. It's Ramon in a very happy mood, as we like to see him

The right, or "conscious," side of Ramon's face is the one his admirers often think of. It is delicate, poetic, showing the strain that has made him an artist both in music and in his profession of screen acting. What a startling contrast to the left side, across the way!

These pictures of Merna Kennedy are a bit exaggerated, as the face is turned so that the left side appears more material than it really is. This, the left, or "subconscious" side, tells Mr. Benton that she is friendly and practical, with great determination in the jaw

Smiling Merna Kennedy, of "The Circus" and "Broadway." This is the photograph used in the experiments to the right and left. The results are a bit overdrawn

The right side of Merna Kennedy's face is the side we fans know best in that it conveys, according to Mr. Benton, all the artistic side of her nature. He says it shows her to be "soulful, eager, but very easily hurt. And she is very colorful and artistic, too"

But Aren't We All?

The left, or subconscious side of little Nancy Carroll's pretty face shows her to be a clinging vine, says Mr. Benton. That is, on the subconscious side only. Moreover, says he, it displays a very languid and colorful side of her nature. This side shows her relaxed and contemplative

The picture Mr. Benton made use of in his face-dissection. It is a familiar character photograph made by one of Paramount's still photographers, with Nancy Carroll looking at the birdie

What have we here! Can this be Nancy Carroll, the carefree and smiling? It is two right sides of her face, and Mr. Benton says that this conscious side shows her to be a very determined, though slightly fearful, girl. The hard-working, ambitious Nancy who fought for stardom

The left, or hidden, side of John Boles' face, according to Mr. Benton and his little analyzer, displays the outdoor type—strenuous and aggressive. This is shown by the strong jaw and full-lipped mouth. The John Boles who would rather hunt b'ars than make love before the camera

The full-face, head-on photograph of John Boles, the answer to many maidens' prayers, that Mr. Benton chose to experiment with. A striking picture of the new idol, famous in "Rio Rita"

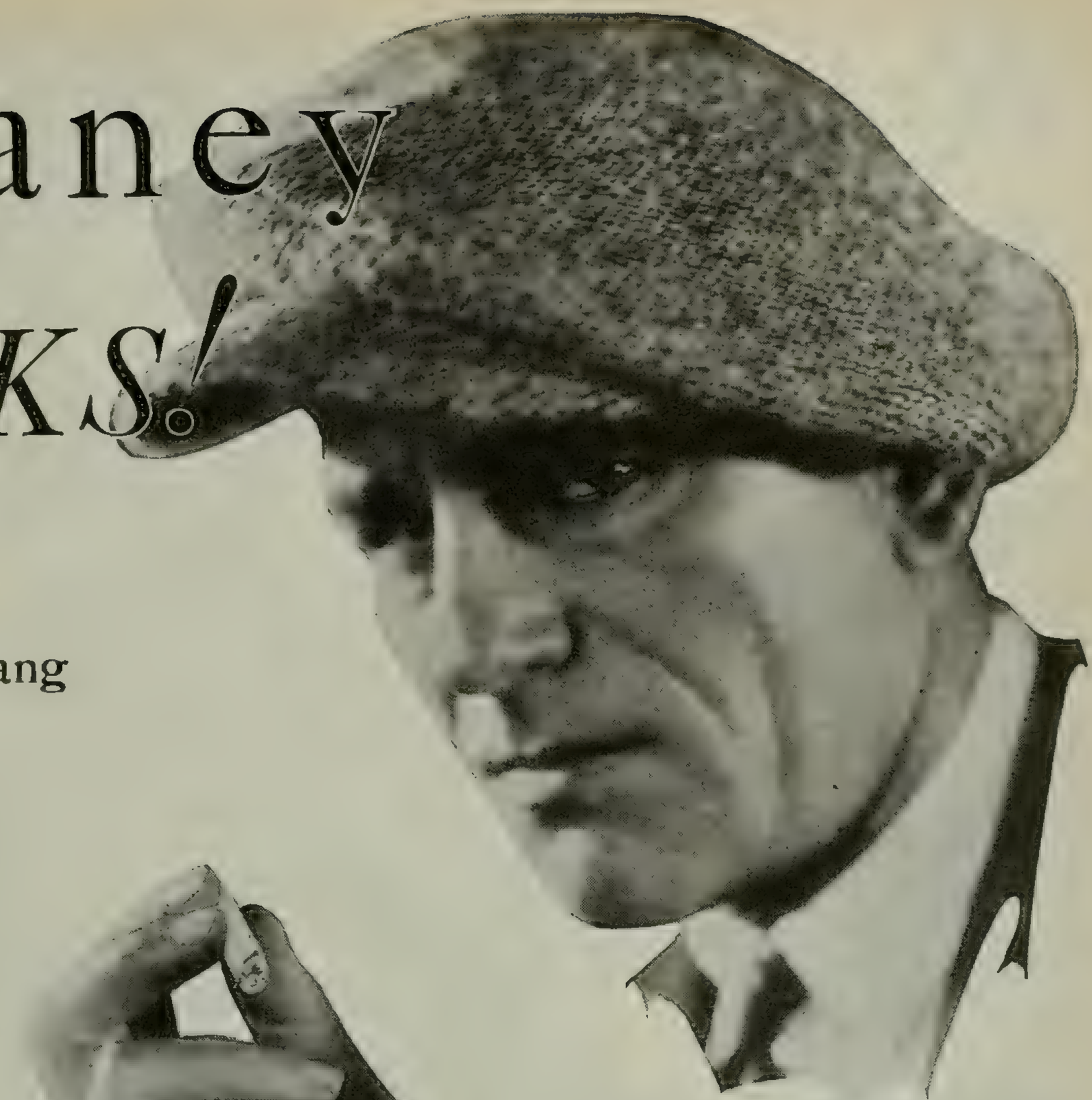
The right, or objective, side of John Boles' face tells a lot of stories, according to Benton. It shows him to be observant, keen, extraordinarily friendly and not a little analytical of men and affairs. Or so Mr. Benton says. This is one of the most interesting studies in the present series

NEWS ITEM—"Lawrence Tibbett sings from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night"

Chaney *Talks!*

By

Harry Lang



Lon the Great has every one of his thousand faces wired for sound

The eloquent talkies have at last broken down Lon Chaney's sales resistance

OF course you know that Lon Chaney has gone talkie at last. But do you know why?

And do you know—

—that his first phonoplay will probably be "The Unholy Three," which was one of his finest silents?

—that in it, he will use *five* different voices?

—that you will never know Chaney's real voice on the screen?

—that he may make talkies in which *he* does not talk?

—that he plans to retire at the end of his present five-year contract?

—that even though he's going to make talkies, he still doesn't believe in them?

—that he says he'll never be "the man of a thousand voices," because the human voice simply isn't capable of that many variations?

But that in the next five years, Chaney will have as many voices on the screen as it is possible to achieve through every workable trick of voice inflection, mechanical device and "microphone angles."

Bet your sundae money on this: that despite his conviction that he's far more limited in tricks of voice than in tricks of appearance, Chaney is going to apply all the cleverness and ingenuity for which he's famous in an effort to do the same weird and awesome things with his talk that he has done with his face and body.

"I'll tell you frankly," said Chaney, sitting back with his inevitable cap and his not-so-often-seen horn-rimmed specs on, "that my first talking picture is going to make me—or break me! Inside, I mean; in here. . . ." He tapped his breast. "Now, listen! I hope they like my first talkie. I'm going to try my darndest to make them like it. I'm going to make it the sound picture I want, even if it takes a year to get it that way. And I hope they like it.

"If they do, that will be fine. But if they don't—well, it will do something to me. It will make me what I've never been since I went into pictures—a man whose sole interest is the money he's being paid. I'll just go ahead, making the required talkies under my contract terms, and collecting my pay. And at the end of five years, I'll step out of the picture, and that will be all. I'll probably retire then, anyway. I'll have enough to take it easy."

CHANEY, you remember, with Chaplin, held out longest against going vocal. Chaney has signed. That leaves Chaplin, still holding out—strong. Explaining his change of mind, Chaney said:

"Well, at the outset, I didn't think talkies were any good at all. You can make a picture move, yes. But simply because it *is* a picture, a picture *cannot* talk. To make it talk is all wrong.

"And anyway, you know, talkies were pretty awful at first. But they have overcome a lot of their early troubles by now. And it got so that everybody was making them. So, since it was the thing to do, I did it too."

It's no secret among the know-boys of Hollywood that a lot of the delay over Chaney going talkie was really over how much he would get paid for doing [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]

Relatively Speaking—

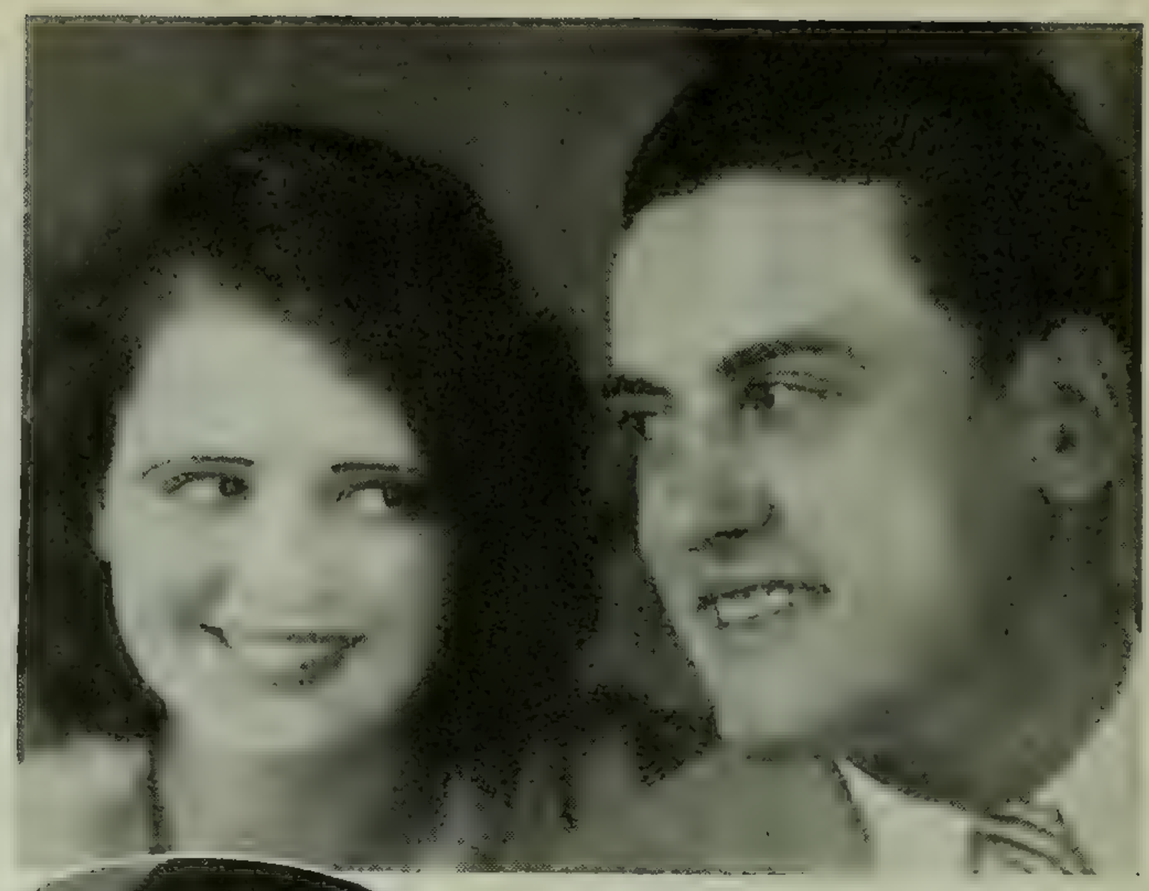
IF you want a motion picture career, it is almost as disastrous to be related to a motion picture star as it is to look like one.

With the glorious exception of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a very few others, no player who is a kinsman of a star has been able to rise above mediocrity on the screen.

There are many sister teams in Hollywood. Always one sister has gone farther than the other, as witness Dolores and Helene Costello, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Loretta Young and Sally Blane, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.

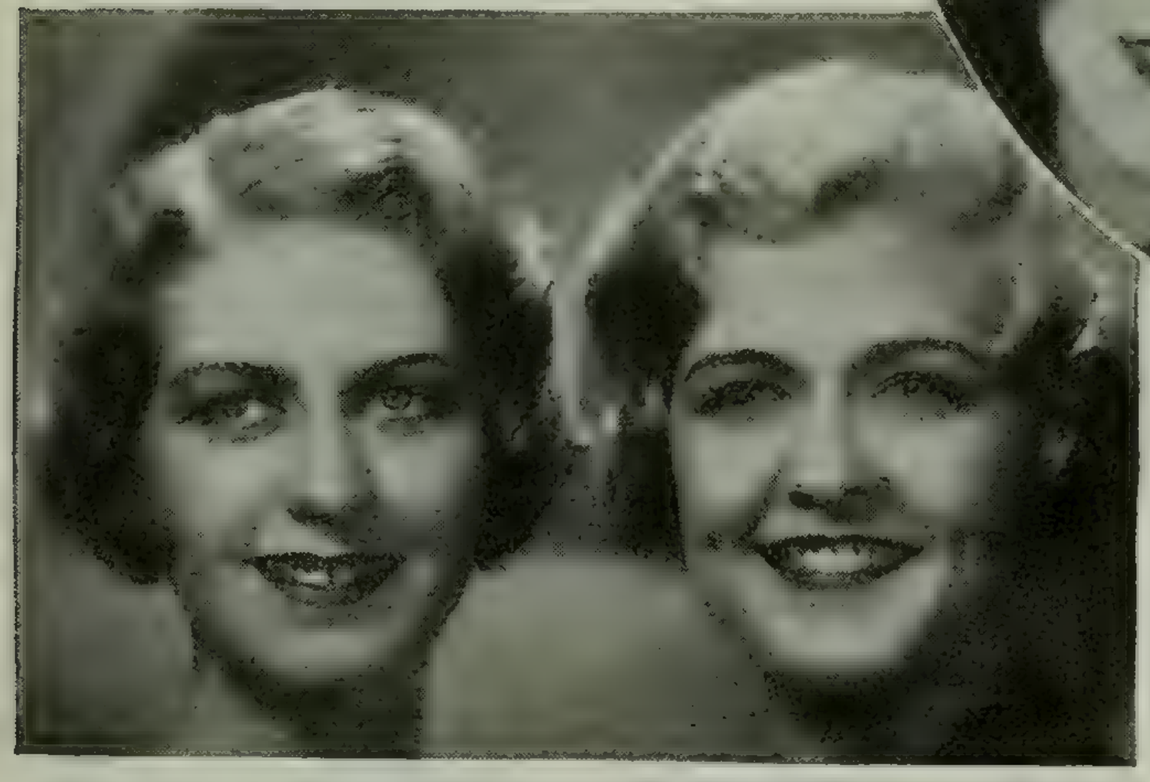
For some obscure reason it doesn't pay to have a famous relative if you want to be a famous star yourself. Yet every year a brand new crop of cousins and sisters and brothers are offered for your approval.

So be glad, after all, that you're not the little sister of a great big star!



Billy Bow would be better off if his name were Joe Doakes and he did his own battling. Bits in her own pictures are all that Cousin Clara can get him

Handsome Hal Le Sueur changed his name to Crawford and went into pictures. But Sister Joan has all the family luck, and Hal is still doing extra work



You don't know the girl on the left, do you? She's famous Laura La Plante's sister, Violet

The only real part Cleve Moore has had since he followed his sister into pictures was in "Lilac Time," starring Colleen Moore! Colleen has made many efforts to smooth the way for him. Too many, perhaps

Lenore and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., both trying for a foothold in their father's profession

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. By marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming hostess of homes in Chicago and Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, young Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and lovely skin like pink hawthorn blossom.

In a letter to an English friend she says: "My dear, American women are wonderful . . . they taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this climate.

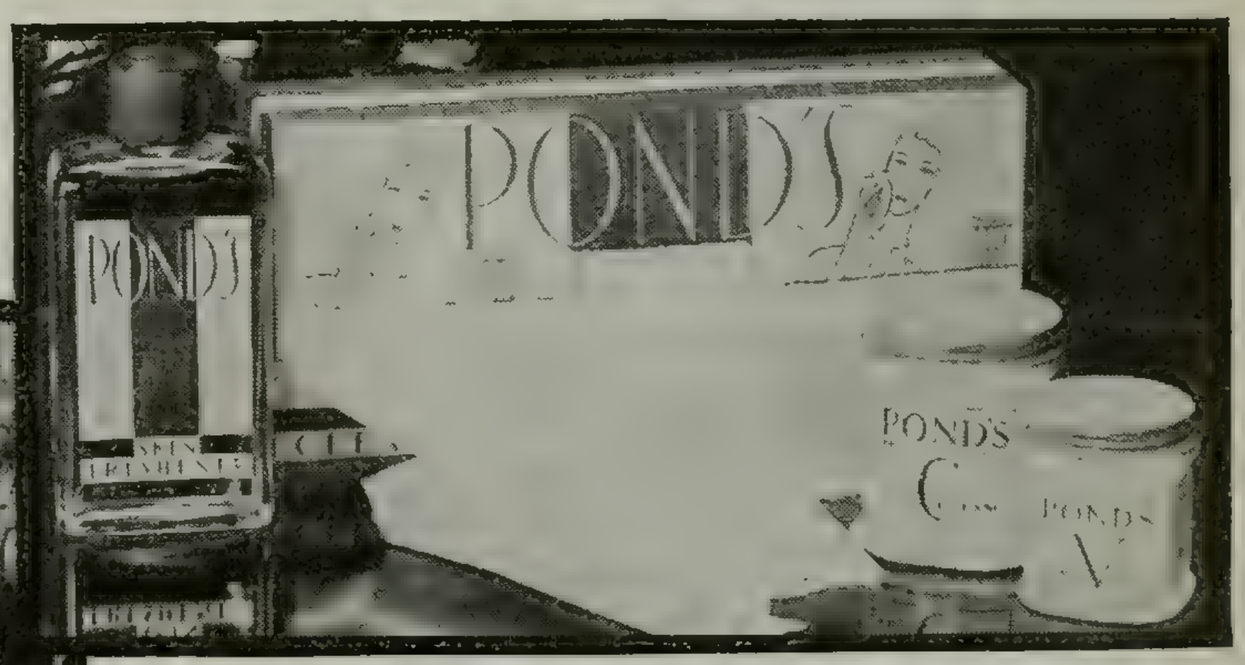
"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream. . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Keep your own skin exquisite by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

(*Below*) Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and has a wonderful collection of tropical plants in the garden of her beautiful new home in Santa Barbara, California.

(*Right*) Pond's four preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



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The Secret *of*

As revealed to Katherine Albert

"THERE'S one kind of girl who *always* attracts," says Joan Crawford, the screen star whose vivacious loveliness has won conquests by the thousand. "It's the girl with exquisite skin!

"There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible, it seems. Just watch the girl who has it. She's sure to be sought after, the center of attention wherever she goes!

"The Hollywood directors found out long ago"—Joan Crawford shook her red-brown head in emphasis—"that a girl simply *must* have ravishing skin to win her public. Those great glaring close-up lights reveal even tiny flaws, you know.

"So you can imagine how carefully every girl in Hollywood guards her skin! For a long time all the girls I know have been using Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave the skin so soft and smooth!

"Certainly, if a girl wants to have

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, adorable young M. G. M. star, has a skin of such flawless loveliness that she faces the test of glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. In her own luxurious bathroom, as well as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Joan Crawford

LUX Toilet Soap

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Fascination

by Joan Crawford

the charm of temptingly smooth skin (and what girl doesn't!), she ought to try this nice white soap. She's sure to be delighted with the results!"

Nine out of Ten Screen Stars use it

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. All the great film studios have made it the *official* soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, use this fragrant white soap. And even the European stars have adopted it! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Above, ANITA PAGE, the young M. G. M. star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth and soft."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Above, RENÉE ADORÉE, beloved M. G. M. star, in the bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that smoothness I thought only costly French soaps could give."

Right, CARLOTTA KING, delightful M. G. M. star, has a skin of creamy softness. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin lovely!" she says, "and its lather is always so generous even in hard water."

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

"My dear—really! This baritone must be even worse than he sounds, or he'd have been in Hollywood ages ago!"

Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

Little-Known Facts About the Stars

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are really man and wife.

Clara Bow was once called "The IT Girl" by Elinor Glyn.

Greta Garbo, a native of Sweden, is said to be able both to spell and pronounce "smärgasbord," which is more than I can.

Nancy Carroll has never played the oboe.

Tom Mix, according to report, is an expert horseman.

What famous woman star named Pickford is married to what noted actor whose first name is Douglas?

Ill-Timed Laughter

At the Granada Cafe, in Chicago, a popular vaudeville team has been singing a new song dedicated to Rudy Vallée. It's called "I'm Just a Megaphone Lover." . . . The Roxy Theater Hospital treated 13,000 cases last year. I hope 12,998 were broken kneecaps suffered by the end-seat hogs who won't get up to let a fellow pass. . . . George Arliss is said to be burning, in a nice British way. A fan magazine printed a reversed picture of him which put the monocle in the right eye instead of the left. . . . Loew's Capitol Theater, in Atlanta, employs the world's tallest usher—one Henry Mullins, seven feet, six. He is also used to replace burned-out light bulbs in the dome. . . . The latest from Hollywood Boulevard. Hopeful extras stand on the corner of Vine and the Boul' as a New York ham goes by. "Look," say the local hams, "another Broadway actor trying to ritz us. See—he's got socks under his spats!" . . . Jobless actors in the film colony, when asked how's tricks, now reply that they're just between promises. . . . Strange effect of the Hollywood climate on the human race. A middle-aged lady did solitary singing and dancing for six hours on top of the Hollywood Dam, in the hills above the town. What would a casting director be doing on the Hollywood Dam? . . . Variety reports that the veteran William Collier was acting with a whole bunch of young stars in a new talkie. They had dozens of lines—Collier had two. The director noticed that Will didn't have his part in his hand. "Where's your part, Mr. Collier?" he asked. "A moth ate it," answered the grand old man.

Gag of the Month Club

Bugs Baer, the syndicate comic, wins his fifth monthly award—best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year.

According to Mr. Baer, Mr. Harry Richman, while in New York with his "fiancée," gave Clara Bow the string for a pearl necklace.

Getting Personal

A young lady named Virginia Stone has been appearing in "Subway Express," a Broadway stage hit. She is the daughter of Lewis S. Stone, who was in pictures when Conrad Nagel still had his hair. . . . The Month's Culture Note—Chief of Police Jake Graul, of Cleveland, is now the Ohio city's entertainment censor. . . . Bebe Daniels is considered one of Hollywood's very best bridge players. . . . Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue, each six feet, three, are the tallest leading men in pictures. . . . Monte, by the way, is through at Warners, after having run up the longest term of solid service of anyone on that lot. He goes back to the days when the Vitaphone wasn't even a wistful thought. . . . London remembers Jackie Coogan's British flop. Not a manager was interested when Davey Lee was offered as a personal appearance bet. . . . Latest bulletin from the Chaplin studio—several months of work still remain on Chaplin's "City Lights," and we shall probably not see it before October. . . . For the showing of "Anna Christie" in Los Angeles, two Garbo studio doubles posed in the theater lobby wearing her costumes from the picture. Their names were (and are) Elsie Adair and Mabel Lash, and the stunt tied up traffic. . . . Alexander Gray, the "Sally" leading man, appeared in no less than five pictures before he saw himself on the screen. . . . New York Communists recently opened a theater of their own to show propaganda films. The opening movie was "The Red Communist's Bride," made in Russia. . . . Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom, is appearing on the stage in London. . . . Six theaters in Detroit, Mich., have been staying open all night, and the trick has been successful. . . . Madge Bellamy is personal-appearancing. . . . Present plans for D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" picture call for the erection of ninety-five different sets—a record for all time. . . . Erno Rapee, famous as daddy of the theme song and conductor of the Roxy Theater orchestra, gets $435,000 for three years' work at Warners, as general director of all musical activities. . . . Natalie Moorehead, the big blonde menace, is getting a Reno divorce from Husband Ray Phillips. . . . "Hallelujah," King Vidor's all-Negro picture, is a hit in the Argentine.

WHAT an unnecessary bore—emptying the daily shower of tobacco grains out of a handbag . . . Handbag travel crushes and grinds tobacco out of most cigarettes—but not out of Raleigh. Twenty perfect Raleighs are packed in a strong, slim wallet-packet which prevents shaking, crunching and crumbling your cigarettes away before you smoke them. The 31 fine tobaccos in each Raleigh deserve to be packed as well as they are blended —and you deserve to smoke them in their perfection . . . And so you will.

It pays to pay a trifle more

for **Raleigh**

{ PLAIN — OR TIPPED }

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

Louisville, Kentucky

Bowlfuls of PEP Brimful of HEALTH these are

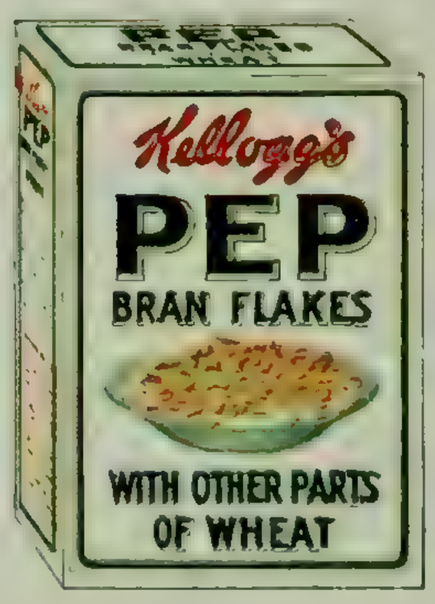
BETTER BRAN FLAKES

SWING into the march with pep in your stride. Rhythm in your muscles. Help yourself to health with a bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

A wonderfully balanced food with milk or cream. Brimful of health-building wheat . . . the wholesomeness of the whole grain. With just enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . to help keep you feeling fit. And filled with the glorious flavor of PEP. The famous deliciousness that makes Kellogg's the best bran flakes you ever ate.

How the flavor thrills your taste. Every one welcomes it. At every meal. Great for young folks and folks who stay young.

Serve Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For pep! For health! Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



IMPORTANT — *Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN — *another Kellogg product — is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES

Star Recipes *for* Simple Desserts

SUE CAROL'S STRAWBERRY CAKE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
1 tablespoon butter
Heaping teaspoon baking powder

Beat butter and sugar together. Add eggs, well beaten. Stir in the flour and baking powder which have been thoroughly sifted together. Bake in deep pie pans. This quantity will fill four pans.

With three pints of strawberries mix a cupful of sugar, and mash slightly. Spread the fruit between the layers of cake. The top layer of strawberries may be covered with meringue, made with the white of an egg and a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Save out the largest berries for decorating the top of the cake.

Ice box cakes are popular because they can be made the day before a party. Both these recipes give fine results:

RUTH ROLAND'S ICE BOX CAKE

Line a bread pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom with lady fingers split in halves, or strips of sponge cake. Arrange three or four alternate layers of cake and filling.

For the filling use:

1 or 2 teaspoons cornstarch, depending upon juiciness of pineapple
½ cup sugar
3 egg yolks
1 cup rich milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 small can grated pineapple
3 egg whites, beaten

Place cornstarch, sugar, beaten egg yolks, milk and butter in double boiler; let cook slowly until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Then add drained grated pineapple and while still warm, the stiffly beaten egg whites. Let cool, and place in ice box overnight. When ready to serve, turn out on platter, cut in slices and heap with whipped cream.

Lemon or orange may be used instead of pineapple, using the juice of one lemon or the juice and rind of one orange.

Ruth Roland stages a screen comeback in "Reno." She hasn't forgotten how to cook, either

A kitchen duet played by Nick Stuart and Sue Carol

ALMA RUBENS' ICE BOX CAKE

Follow the same procedure as above. The only difference is in the filling, which is made as follows:

4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons water
3 strips sweet chocolate
3 eggs

Boil sugar in water four minutes, then add chocolate cut in small pieces. Beat this mixture until it melts. Add beaten egg yolks, one at a time, and heat about ten minutes. Then pour into the whites.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

_____

_____

_____

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

"I Knew Them When—"

Hollywood's most famous unorganized club meets to pan the stars

By

Katherine Albert

THE "I Knew Them When" Club holds regular meetings every day, rain or shine, at the corners of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard, Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard, Highland and Hollywood Boulevard, and every other available corner.

Mass meetings are conducted in the lobbies of the less expensive hotels. Drives for new members are made at the railway stations. Secret and sinister meetings take place behind locked doors in small one-room, bath and kitchenette apartments.

You are eligible for membership if you have a ready tongue, a good imagination, a knowledge of the star's nicknames and a *grievance*. In order to hold office in the organization, you must have been snubbed by at least ten stars that you, personally, pushed up the ladder to fame. The chief high potentate has been passed up by every really famous player in the business.

Every man, woman and child in Hollywood has known at least one star *when*. And every man, woman and child has been instrumental in getting that star where he is, only to have a cold, disdainful shoulder turned upon him.

For a long time now I've been bored by these stories. I've had to listen to them over and over again and murmur a sympathetic "tcht, tcht, now isn't that just too terrible!" I'm tired of *tcht-tchting*. I never was very good at it, anyhow.

"Why, I remember Alice White when she didn't have a change of underwear. And what did I do? Well, I loaned her fifty cents to eat on. And what thanks do I get now? She doesn't even remember me."

"When Jack Gilbert first came out here, he thought I was a swell person because I could get him into a studio and introduce him to my pal, Maurice Tourneur. Why, I started him on his road to success. Does he give me a tumble now? No, sir, he doesn't even speak."

"SURE, I knew Clara Bow. She was just an extra then. And a good kid. I got her many a job for which she was thankful. But now—well, I'm just the dust under her feet."

It's the hue and cry of Hollywood. Set to a dull chant, it becomes the theme song of half the gatemen, assistant directors, publicity men, newspaper reporters, prop boys and magazine writers. "I helped her. I helped him. But I don't get any thanks for it." All together now for the big chorus!

The other evening at a party a young man drew me aside and began confidentially, "You know Dick Arlen, don't you? Well, don't ever do anything for him if you expect to get thanks for it. When he was just a crazy kid out here on his own and wasn't getting but a couple of days extra work a week, I used to stake him to meals and introduce him to my big director friends. The other day I saw him over on the Paramount lot. He passed me up cold. Didn't even speak."

I mumbled something to the effect that it was just too bad and a couple of days later I said to Dick, "I met a friend of yours the other night. Boy named so and so."

"Who?" asked Dick.

I repeated the name. Dick knit his brows. "Oh, yes," he said at last. "I do seem to remember that name. Didn't he work extra when I did? But to save your life I couldn't tell you what he looks like."

"He used to stake you to meals," I persisted.

"Don't be silly," said Dick. "How could he? I never spoke more than a dozen words to him on the sets."

IT'S the old Hollywood racket.

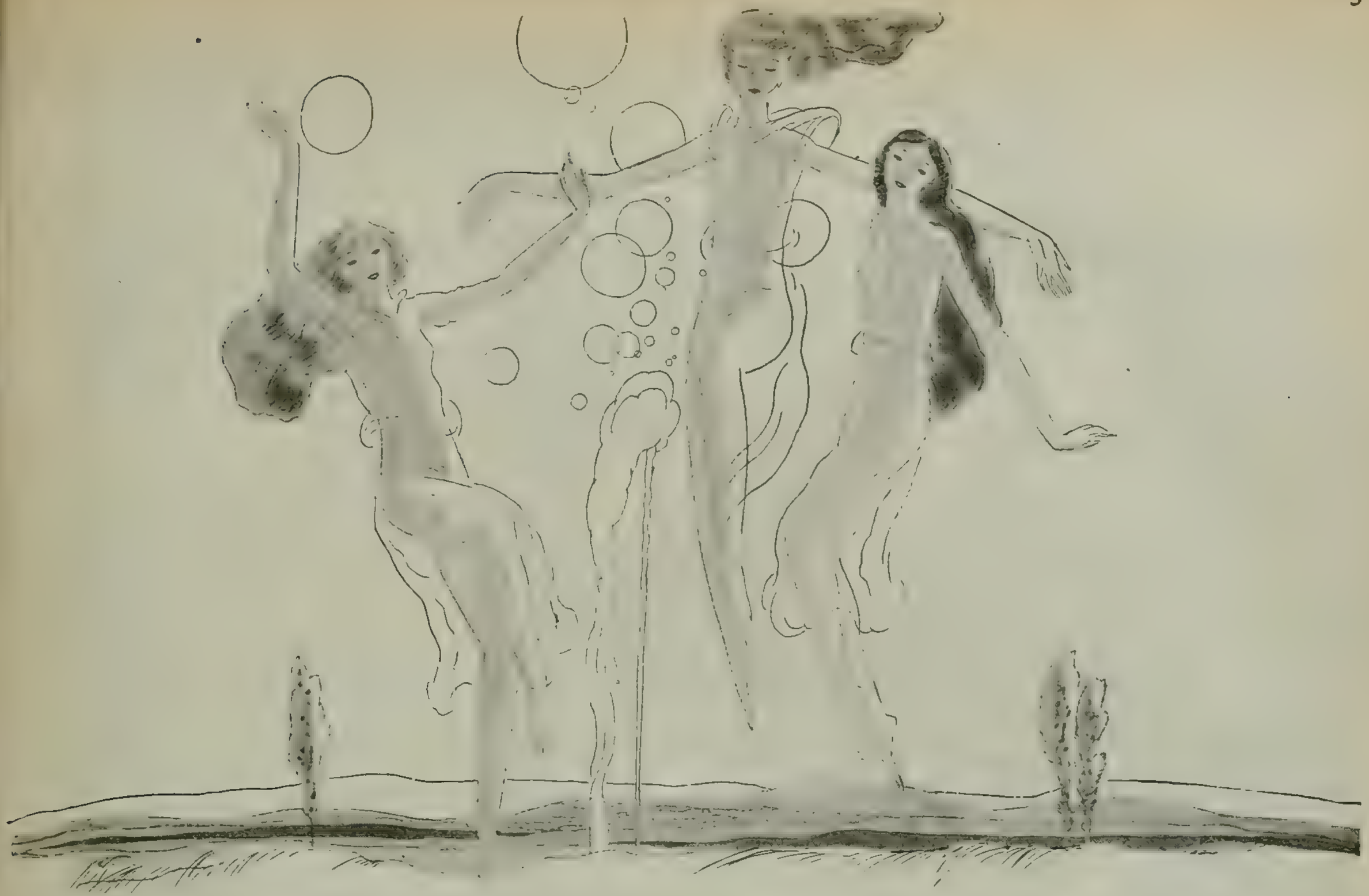
A year or so ago, a big sob story about Fay Wray's entry into pictures broke all over the country. It was a great story. The only flaw in it was that it wasn't true.

A certain local photographer had been, according to the yarn, passing through Salt Lake City when he caught a glimpse of a beautiful young girl riding on a hay wagon. Her dress was torn, her face drawn and pinched by poverty, her little hands calloused by hard work. But the photographer saw beauty even in this forlorn setting and he begged her to come to Hollywood. After she arrived he photographed her and used his influence until he landed her a job in pictures.

Fay's mother was furious—so furious, in fact, that she sent to Salt Lake City to have a picture taken of their ten-room home, and demanded a statement from the president of their bank to the effect that no less than several hundreds of dollars had been deposited every month.

Certainly the family was not wealthy, but they had never lived in poverty as the photographer implied. And Fay had come to California with her brother and had attended Hollywood High School. Her mother, knowing that Fay was the beauty of the family, had hoped for a picture career for her, but it was not even contemplated until she was through school.

Another photographer claims the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



The Saline Springs of Youth Eternal

How the saline method brings youth and health to modern women

NEGLECT not your creams and your cosmetics—your powders and your lotions. Avail yourself of every artifice to enhance your beauty and to increase your charm. But never, *never* forget that true beauty—radiant, glowing loveliness—comes only from within.

For, without internal cleanliness, beauty is marred—the eye is clouded and the cheek is dulled. But, with the famous saline laxative, Sal Hepatica, you have the safe, sure way to sparkling radiance and a blemish-free complexion.

Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally. It banishes the poisons and the wastes that dim your lustre. It brings freshness and clarity of skin to all who drink it.

Physicians here and abroad have long advocated the internal cleanliness that comes through drinking the saline waters. Regularly do they send their patients to the famous spas of Europe to partake daily of the health-giving waters. Thus, by ridding themselves of constipation, the fashionable women of Europe regain health, beauty and youth.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the European spas and, like them, cleanses the system thoroughly of the poisons of congestion. With Sal Hepatica's gentle aid, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are relieved. Digestions are regulated. Complexions bloom. For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within a half hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin of blemishes, and how it helps relieve many common everyday ills.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G50, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

★ ★ ★ **Sal Hepatica**

© 1930

NEWS! — VIEWS! — GOSSIP! — *of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

The agonies of creation, or how plump authors suffer. Right, Grover Jones yells the action of "The Light of Western Stars" into a dictaphone. His teammate, William Slavens McNutt, listens, and gets set to insert dialogue

Everett McGovern . . . Maria Corda, who did "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," discloses her own in court and gets a divorce from Alexander Korda.

WHAT are all those platitudes about "*honi soit qui mal y pense*" and "avoid the appearance of evil" and such?

Well, anyway, Charlie Farrell did NOT sail for Honolulu from San Francisco aboard the S. S. Maui recently.

He had passage booked, and was even aboard, when somehow he learned that Janet Gaynor—of course, you know she's Mrs. Lydell Peck—was also booked on the boat for a Honolulu visit.

Gallantly, Charlie repacked, cancelled, and stalked down the gangplank.

Statements followed:

"Just think of the talk it would have caused!" said Farrell.

"Neither Mr. Farrell nor I," said Janet, "had any idea that the other had booked passage on this boat. No, I am NOT separated from Mr. Peck. It just happened work keeps him in Hollywood, and this is my only chance for a vacation between pictures. I'm so sorry I spoiled Mr. Farrell's vacation."

Mrs. Laura Gaynor, Janet's mother; James F. Peck, father, and Forest Peck, brother, of Hubby Lydell Peck, were all at the dock. They made no statements.

JACK BENNY has had his violin in hock so often that he now says that the pawnbroker can play it better then he can.

DID you ever hear of a sea-going nursery?

There's one in Hollywood, or to be strictly truthful, in the waters off Hollywood. On John Barrymore's new yacht, quite appropriately called "The Infanta," is a complete nursery with all those things you find in a landlubber's kiddie koop.

As soon as the stork pays his expected visit to the Barrymore ménage, John, Dolores, and the little Barrymorelet will sail for a cruise in South American waters.

THE Hollywood cure for sheiks was administered to a sleek-haired Eastern actor recently. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

The sheik had been dancing too much that way, you know, with Hollywood wives. Believe it or not, they resented it. So Jack and Estelle framed the cure. The lad was invited, with others, to a party at the Dempsey ménage. He danced with Estelle—and how! Knees, elbows, arms, cheeks—he used them all—until suddenly Dempsey stood planted before them.

"YOU!" said Jack. "Come upstairs. I want to talk with you!"

Castanet-kneed, the sheik followed Jack up to a bedroom.

"Wait here for me," ordered Jack, left the room, and locked the sheik in. They kept him there three hours, during which the other guests made a loud business of departure—"Good night," and "Had a lovely time" and all that. They roared their autos away—and then coasted silently back and tiptoed back into the house and gathered around the bedroom door. Inside, the pretty boy had heard their good byes, and figured he was alone with the Dempseys.

THEN Dempsey walked into the room from another door. With elaborate meaningfulness, he took off his coat.

"Now, I'm going to teach you a lesson," he said. He took off his vest. "You've been pulling this stuff of yours on too many girls out here as it is, but when you picked my wife, you went one girl too far!"

The sheik's knees sounded like a riveting machine.

"But I want to make this interesting," continued Dempsey, rolling up his sleeves. "I could flatten you against the wall with one wallop, you know, but that wouldn't be any fun. I'll give you a sporting chance. I'll stand here, and give you the key to that door . . ." He pointed to the door outside which, unbeknownst to the Lothario, all the other guests had quietly assembled and were hearing every word of the scene in the room. ". . . and if you can get there and unlock it before I reach you, you've got a chance to run for it!"

Dempsey flung him the key.

The great lover, ashen with terror, dove at the door, unlocked it and yanked it open—and there stood the rest of the guests. In an instant, he realized that the humiliation was even greater than any licking from Dempsey. He collapsed in a dead faint. The next day he took a train for New York.

The fair Jeanette MacDonald, who came to fame in "The Love Parade," wearing one of the big picture hats that seem set for great popularity this spring. And how she wears it!

NOTE on the tender passion:

Did you know that young Joel McCrea, that big handsome brute who works in Radio Pictures, is all that way over our Dorothy Mackaill?

A CHARACTER actor was needed to play the rôle of a motion picture producer in one of the new phonoplays. The casting director finally got around to Snitz Edwards, the funny man with the funny, funny face.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth... washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous, Go to your dentist frequently... let *him* take care of the health of your teeth and gums.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-601, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

"No, Snitz," he said, "I don't think you'll do, after all. A motion picture producer should be big and important looking."

Snitz pondered deeply for a moment.

"Well," he answered, "I'm just exactly the height of Adolph Zukor. He hasn't been flopping lately, has he?"

JOAN CRAWFORD carries her barometer right with her. Her fingernails are the longest in Hollywood (much to Doug's disgust). They are also brittle and in dry weather are more so.

Every morning she snaps them. If they snap with a zing it will be a nice dry day. If they bend slowly then she prepares for rain.

THERE were any number of highlights on the little game of fisticuffs indulged in by John Gilbert and Jim Tully, the ex-hobo author.

It seems to us that the only amusing incident, and the only really worth while one in the whole sorry business, concerns the little messenger boy who rushed into the cafe with a message for Gilbert. He arrived at a most inopportune minute, Mr. Gilbert just having connected with Mr. Tully's fist.

The messenger dashed up to Ina Claire, Mrs. Gilbert.

"Is Mr. Gilbert in?" he asked.

"No," said Ina, remembering her stage comedy training, "he's out."

GARBO likes to take long walks.

The other day she walked from her home in Beverly Hills to Howard Greer's shop in Hollywood. Greer is the lad who tells feminine screendom what to wear, and how to wear it. Garbo doesn't care much about styles, but Greer is one of her friends.

One of the models engaged Greta in a conversation.

"I'm going downtown in a few minutes to see 'Anna Christie,'" she told Greta.

"How would you like to have me go with you?" asked Garbo.

Garbo climbed into the model's Chevrolet roadster and they drove into Los Angeles for the first evening show.

No one recognized the star as the girl in the worn greatcoat and beret. But then people very rarely recognize Garbo off the screen.

SOMEBODY was discussing a relative of Arthur Caesar, in Arthur Caesar's presence.

"That man is the most conceited person in the world without a shadow of a doubt," said the somebody.

Arthur Caesar stood up, anger fairly radiating from his person.

"Sir, I resent that very much. I'm the most conceited person in the world, and I want no competition."

Just to give you a look at the lucky Mrs. Tibbett, and mother of the Tibbett twins. Lawrence and his wife attend the world premiere of "Devil May Care" in Hollywood. Oddly and sadly enough, the baritone missed both the Western and Eastern openings of his smash, "The Rogue Song"

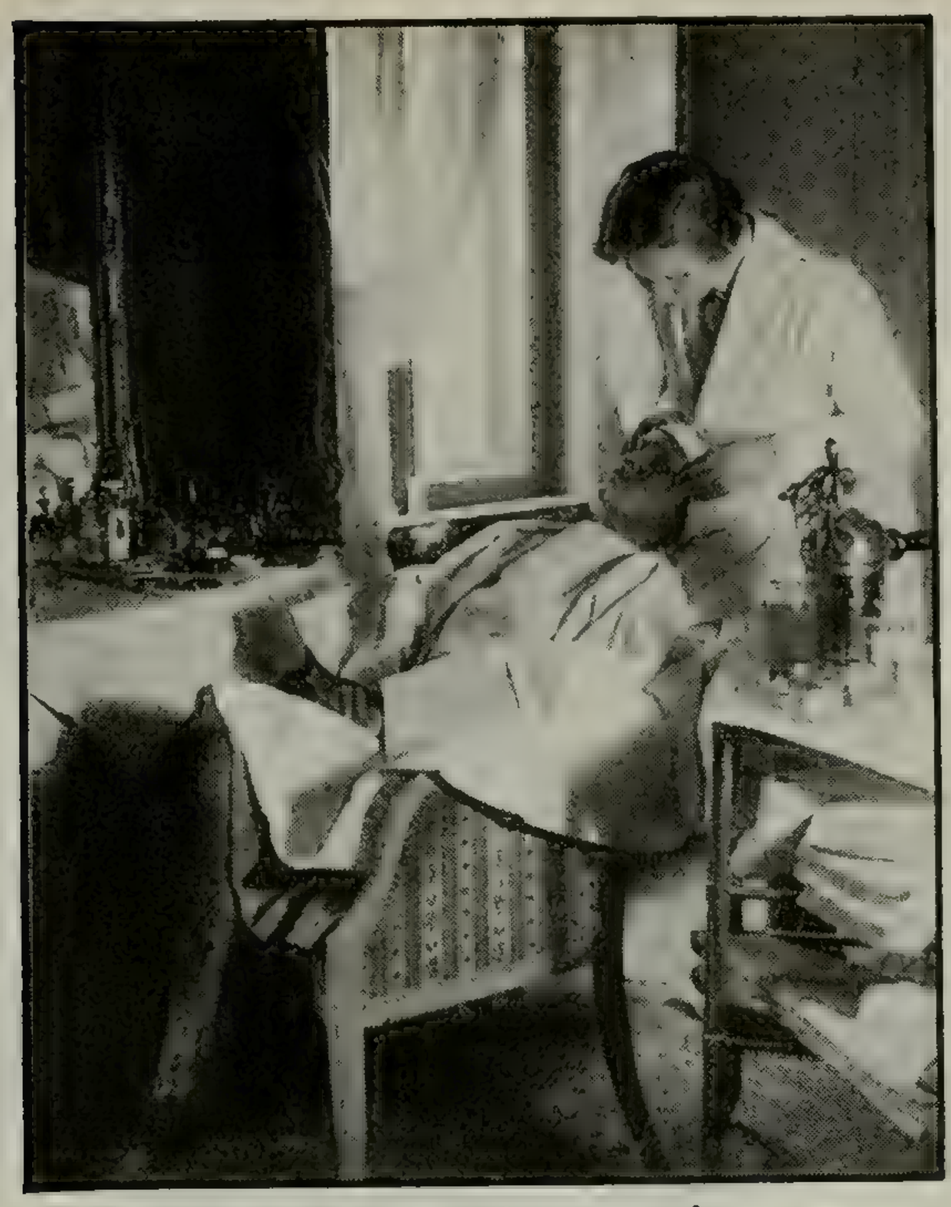
Help! The pajama craze, which went from bed to parlor, has now hopped into the kitchen! Raquel Torres has discarded the old-time apron for a gingham pajama suit, with strap and bib trimming

YOUNG Phillips Holmes, on the Paramount roster of juveniles, has had his hair bleached and curled for a forthcoming picture. Now he is a perfect blond. Whenever Jack Oakie sees him on the lot he pauses, and a puzzled expression crosses his face.

"Oh," he always says with mock surprise, "I thought for a moment that you were Carol Lombard."

Phillips walks a mile to avoid him.

WILSON MIZNER'S Brown Derby Cafe is the Hollywood Madison Square Garden. Eating, apparently, is incidental. Fisticuffs—ah, that's the big amusement. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

Modern beauty culture has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman is now enabled to make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will

undoubtedly seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 19,800 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining nature's finest cosmetic oils — palm and olive—for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not—nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 19,813 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company. 5250

NEWS! — VIEWS! — GOSSIP! — *of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

It was in this historic spot that the famous Jack Gilbert-Jim Tully fight was staged, so not to be outdone Arthur Caesar and Mickey Neilan almost came to blows.

Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey and several others were present when Neilan came over to the table and said some harsh words to Caesar. Before blows were struck the Caesar party left.

THERE have been many funny stories told on that amazing Swede, Nils Asther, but in old Cal's opinion this one will go down in cinema history.

Nils went to Mexico for a visit. The Swedish consul, after entertaining him lavishly, presented him with a rare old bottle of brandy. Nils took it and decided to bring it to a dear friend of his at the studio. At the border he was examined by customs officers.

"Bringing anything through?" he was asked.

"No," said Nils.

"Got any liquor?"

"No," answered Nils, "only dis old bottle of brandy that I take to a goot friend to me. See, I carry it in my hand. I take it to my friend."

THE officer was amazed, "But you're trying to smuggle liquor!"

"Oh, no," said Nils. "I try to smuggle no liquor. I conceal no-thing. See, I cairy dis in my hand. I bring it to my friend. This is not a smuggle."

Mutia and his boy friend, Riano, having a little chow and mending at the door of their shanty on the Metro lot. The company brought them from Africa to help finish "Trader Horn." Mutia won undying fame by not liking Greta Garbo. "Stomach too thin!" he says

At last the officer said, "Well, give the bottle to me and I will see that it gets on the proper train with your baggage."

And Nils is still bewildered and his fine faith in human nature is almost completely shattered. He did not find the old bottle with his luggage and he doesn't know why.

MARRIAGE in Hollywood:

Ethlyn Claire, former Wampas Baby Star, becomes the bride of Ernest Westmore, studio make-up chief.

Preacher does his stuff and newlyweds parade down aisle and out of church.

There, waiting at the church, stands Mrs. Westmore No. 1 and daughter Muriel, aged 7.

"Hello, daddy," pipes Muriel, and a process server steps up in back of the groom and hands him a subpoena in his divorced wife's $1,700 back alimony suit.

A news photographer shoots a flashlight of the scene.

Westmore wallops the news photographer.

A reporter holds Westmore.

A friend of Westmore tries to smash the camera.

Bride and groom flee to where a wedding supper waits.

Photographer swears he will sue Westmore for assault.

Westmore's ex-wife swears she will prosecute back alimony suit to the limit. She works behind a grocery counter, a block from the church where the wedding was held.

Nighties of Nineteen Thirty, or what the girls on the Paramount lot are wearing — for the publicity camera. Geneva Mitchell of "Safety in Numbers" shows off this diaphanous affair. The pajamas are of black Chantilly lace and satin, with a robe of lace and chiffon

NED SPARKS recently took an actor friend to look for a vacant apartment. An elderly landlady answered his first call and was asked her lowest terms for an actor.

"Dead beats and bums," was her snippy reply.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

DATED COFFEE....

enjoyed by these celebrities at home

LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, says: "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing. Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."

NEVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

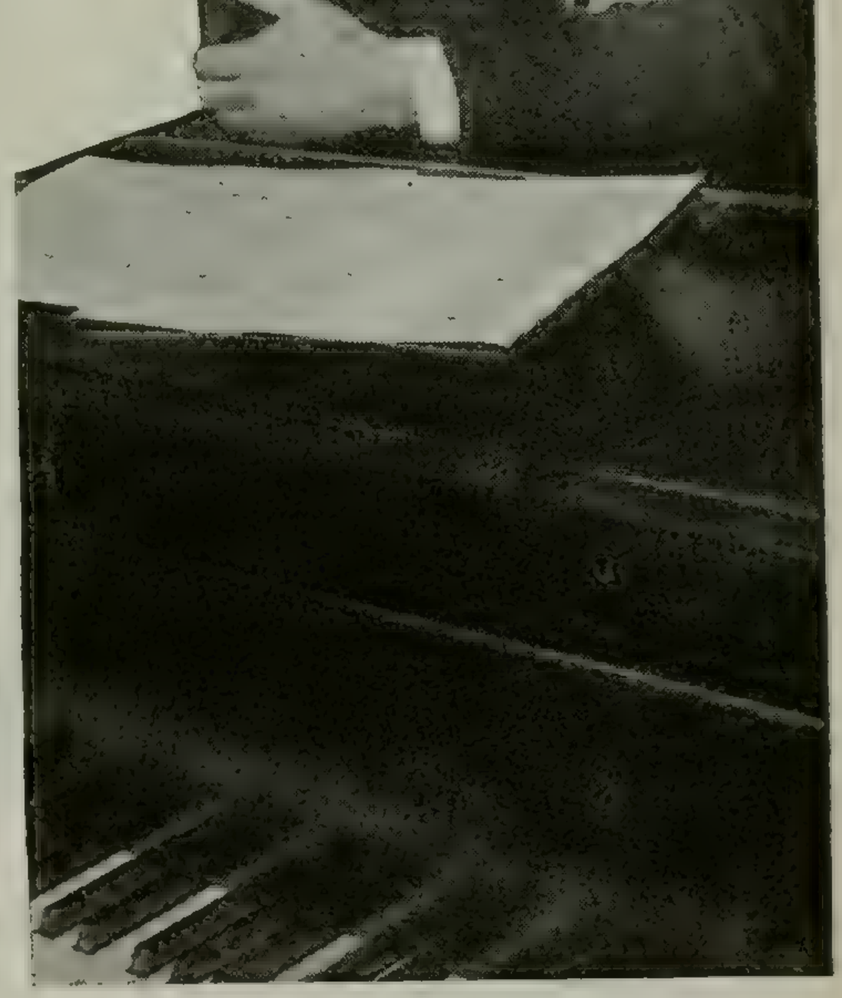
For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

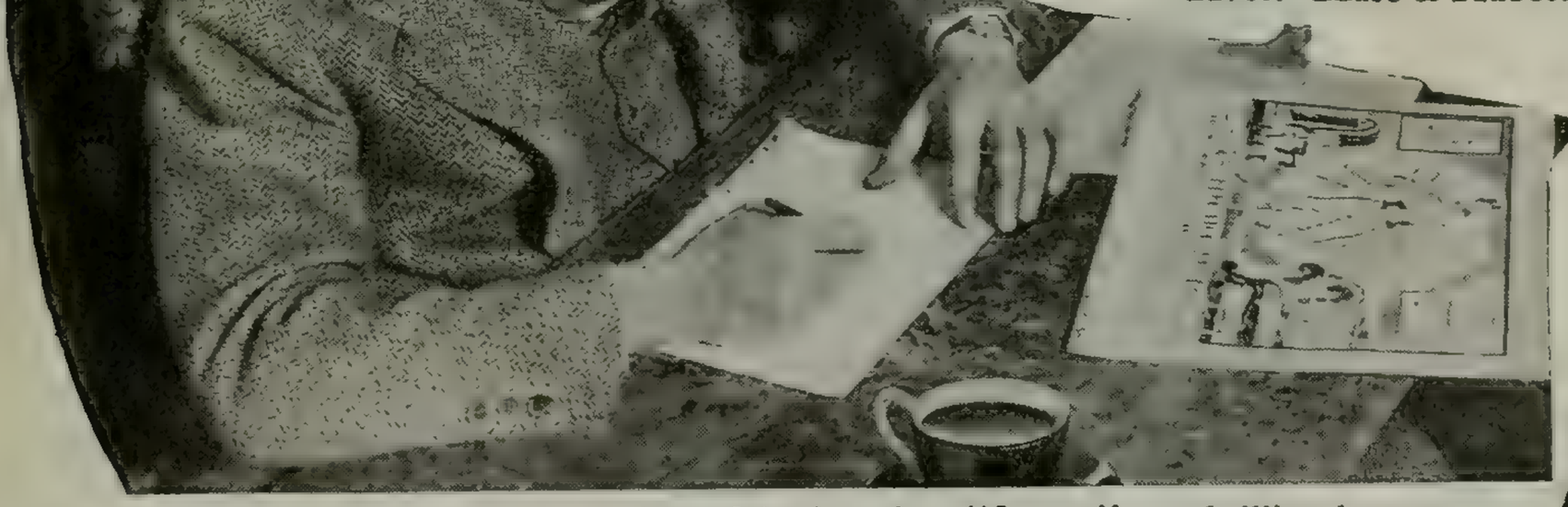
Fresh from the roaster! The date on which your grocer gets it is plainly stamped on each can! You will never find one more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years in many sections of the country, coffee lovers have preferred Chase & Sanborn's mellow blend.

Once you taste this fine coffee . . . as it comes to you always fresh, full strength, at the peak of its flavor . . . you will be unwilling ever again to risk disappointment with undated coffees. Ask your grocer today for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee — *dated.*

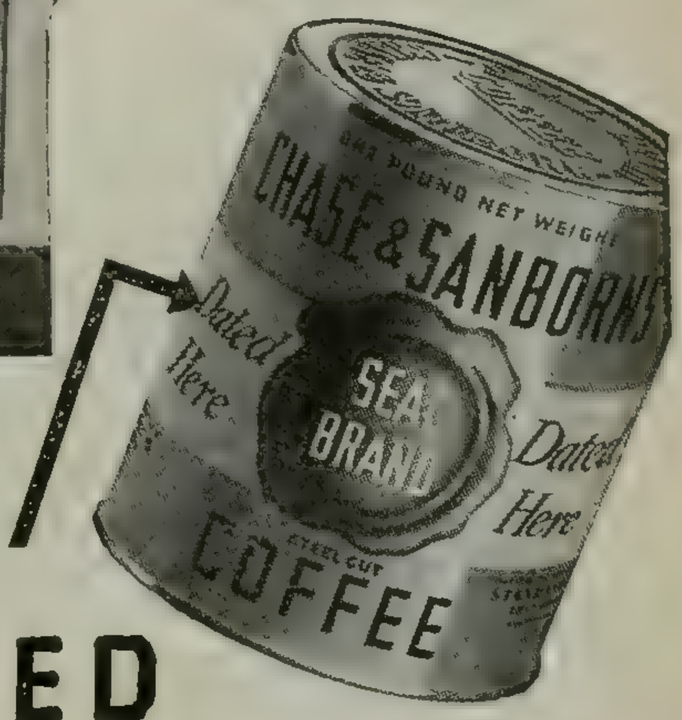


GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly interested in every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is especially good.



JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper" . . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in his three homes, in New York, at Palm Beach and at his very famous farm. "Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says, "has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN



Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Lonely Lew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

"She would ask me about love. She's the sort of woman I admire the most. I don't care so much for flappers. I guess it is because she is older and more experienced, and I am so young."

HIS own life has been as amazing as his brief, meteoric career in pictures. He was born in Minneapolis, and until he reached his "teens" he had no other name with his playmates than "Fat" Ayres.

He now carries just 150 pounds on his five feet, eleven inches of height.

He came from a musical family. His mother was a pianist, and his father had played with the Minneapolis Symphony. His grandmother has taught piano there for fifty years, and it was she who started his musical education. He didn't really become interested in music until he took up the banjo. He wanted to be the greatest banjo player in the world. Now he thinks that it is a "tinny," limited instrument, and he never plays it. He prefers the organ, and more than once he has played all night.

The height came to Lew while he was attending the San Diego high school, and the weight was lost during the months he attended the University of Arizona, going out for basketball and track. His mother was delighted in the change. She wrote to her mother that Lew was taking interest in music at last, and that he was "actually handsome."

For the last four years Lew has been away from home. He says that there is no one dearer to him than his family, but he wants to be alone. During those four years he has played with musical revues, had a season with the orchestra at one of Detroit's leading hotels, and played in the smartest hotels and cafes in Los Angeles.

When he was eighteen, for a lark, he played and sang for several months in a Mexicali cafe. He sang love ballads while congenial drunks grew maudlin and wept bitter tears into their cocktails. Mexicali is a drear, blowsy border town. Agua Caliente is the smart resort that draws the movie crowds. They even stop at Tia Juana for a last look at the galloping dice, but it is unlikely that any of them ever saw him in Mexicali.

Lew lives alone in Hollywood.

"I couldn't live with anyone," he explained. "It would worry me. I like to play for hours at a time, and that would probably drive another person crazy. I don't like to play jazz any more. I had enough of that when I was playing in dance orchestras. I don't go out very much. Big parties scare me. I get lonely and think that I would like to go to a party. I go, and then have such a miserable time that I wish I had stayed at home."

"WHAT else do you like to do besides play?" I asked him.

"I like to model," he answered. "I carried a big hunk of clay around with me. I had to give it away because you have to keep it cool, and it smelled up all the food in the icebox."

Lewis is about the quietest boy among the many youngsters on the "All Quiet" set. When he finishes a scene he retires to some corner, and then when he is wanted they have to shout for him. William Bakewell and Russell Gleason have had a marvelous time on the picture, joshing each other about their shaved heads. They are lively, humorous—and good showmen. Lew is friendly with everybody, but his own natural aloofness would preclude many warm friendships.

NATURALLY a great deal depends on the outcome of this picture. Lew is not the type that will go on for years as a moderate success. He will either be a tremendous hit or a failure. He makes one think a bit of Richard Barthelmess and Charlie Ray, the wistfulness of the one and the simple youth of the other, in the days when they first appeared on the screen horizon.

If Lewis is the success that Universal predicts of him, a great deal will be written about him. Not many people will understand him, for Hollywood has little time or patience for people that are hard to know. He will be called "high-hat," of course. He will have few friends because not many people will take the time to batter down that wall which he has built around himself. And he will be unhappy most of the time, the usual reward for people who build such a wall.

But he will be one of the most interesting young male stars in pictures. At least he will have the courage to be himself.

$5,000.00 *in* Cash Prizes

Another Famous Photoplay Contest

PHOTOPLAY'S original and famous Cut-Picture-Puzzle Contest is a national institution. Simple enough for all—difficult enough to be fascinating. You only have to be able to recognize the stars' pictures. Cut out and reassemble the scrambled faces.

This three-part picture represents parts of the faces of three stars. The clues given with the pictures in the contest give you ideas to work upon. It's a barrel of fun, and there are big money prizes when you guess them right

Starts in the June Issue—Out May 15

PHOTOPLAY offers seventy cash prizes, totaling $5,000 to winners of this new Cut-Puzzle Contest, which begins in the June issue. There are no misleading traps and no false clues. Just use your knowledge of the fans' favorite stars and win a money prize.

Order From Newsdealer Now—On Newsstands May 15

dandruff is inexcusable!

Note to Medical and Dental profession:

When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, please make certain that it is a germicide: and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

a *pleasant* way to get rid of it

Annoying, unsightly, unhealthy — dandruff! How it repels others. How quickly it betrays you as a careless person.

Why put up with loose dandruff when full strength Listerine will rid you of it? Thousands of women are enthusiastic about Listerine used this way.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage vigorously. Within a day or two, you ought to see marked improvement. Of course, if you have a stubborn case, it will be necessary to keep the treatment up several days. If your hair and scalp are excessively dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the shampoo.

Listerine first removes and dissolves loose dandruff. Then it cools and heals the scalp. And since it kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine automatically checks any infection that may be present. This is important in connection with dandruff since many dermatologists declare dandruff to be of germ origin.

Get a bottle of Listerine today and use it. See how much better your hair looks, how much better your scalp feels tomorrow. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

shampoo with LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

Sunday Night at Jetta's

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

regarded in California, always has a place in her apartment.

The apartment is as exotic as its mistress.

Dinner was served by an Austrian maid in the little French dining room, lit by crystal candelabra. Jetta's dinners are famous.

She said she was hungry. During the day she had eaten only an apple and drank half a cup of coffee. Her lunch usually consists of a raw carrot. Lillian Gish discovered the carrot first. Jetta might do as much for a turnip or a Bermuda onion.

The menu consisted of cream of tomato soup, oysters, squab with mushrooms, wine jelly, peas, a salad of chicory and persimmons, and pistachio ice cream. Coffee was served in the living room.

BY the time the squab course arrived, Jetta was sniffling. Oh, in a very ladylike manner. With the ice cream she began to sneeze. She had an early call the next morning at M-G-M, so she thought it would be best not to go to the party. Somebody that had something important to do with General Motors was entertaining. I was a bit sorry not to go. I always have thought that if I could reach the right individual, something could be done about my car using so much gas.

The rest of the evening was spent in front of a roaring fire, with the heat apparatus turned on, too, and with Jetta wrapped in a warm shawl. Her inability to keep warm is famous. She actually relishes talk of fire and brimstone in the hereafter.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I took one of those electric cabinet baths? They turned the thing on full force, and after I had been in it for some time, they asked if I could stand it. I said I was just comfortable, thank you. They finally had to give up in despair. I couldn't even perspire."

She was particularly interested in hearing about the dates that preceded her. She had read in PHOTOPLAY that the night I dined with Lupe, she had given an impersonation of her.

"Was it good?" she wanted to know.

I was forced to say that it was good, but not flattering. It isn't necessary to go into ancient history to say that Lupe and Jetta are not exactly the *Ruth* and *Naomi* of Hollywood friendships. However, Jetta had not a word to say against the madcap Mexican.

A quiet Sunday evening, and firelight, always rather begets confidences—whether the firelight be in Peoria or Hollywood. Jetta told her philosophy of life. It is based on Olive Schreiner's "Dreams"—"To be content is to be happy." It was a surprising philosophy for Jetta. I had never imagined that she was particularly happy or content. Somehow a *Pollyanna* complex isn't just the right thing for her.

She is a confirmed fatalist. What must be, will be. If fate gives her a nasty wallop, she tries to think what she has done to deserve it. But she's a *fighting* fatalist.

This was not my first conversation with Jetta. I have known her for a long time. The first time I met her I wasn't quite sure whether she might go into a temperamental spasm and throw bric-a-brac at me. The Goudal temperament is a Hollywood legend. I've never seen it. If she errs at all, it is in the direction of suppression. The fear of the first meeting has given place to respect for a clever woman. To me, at least, she has always been one of the screen's most interesting women—ever since the days of "The Bright Shawl."

She acts all the time, but she does it well. She has an unerring instinct for the center of the stage. When she enters a drawing room, a café, or a theater, it is all eyes front and center for La Goudal.

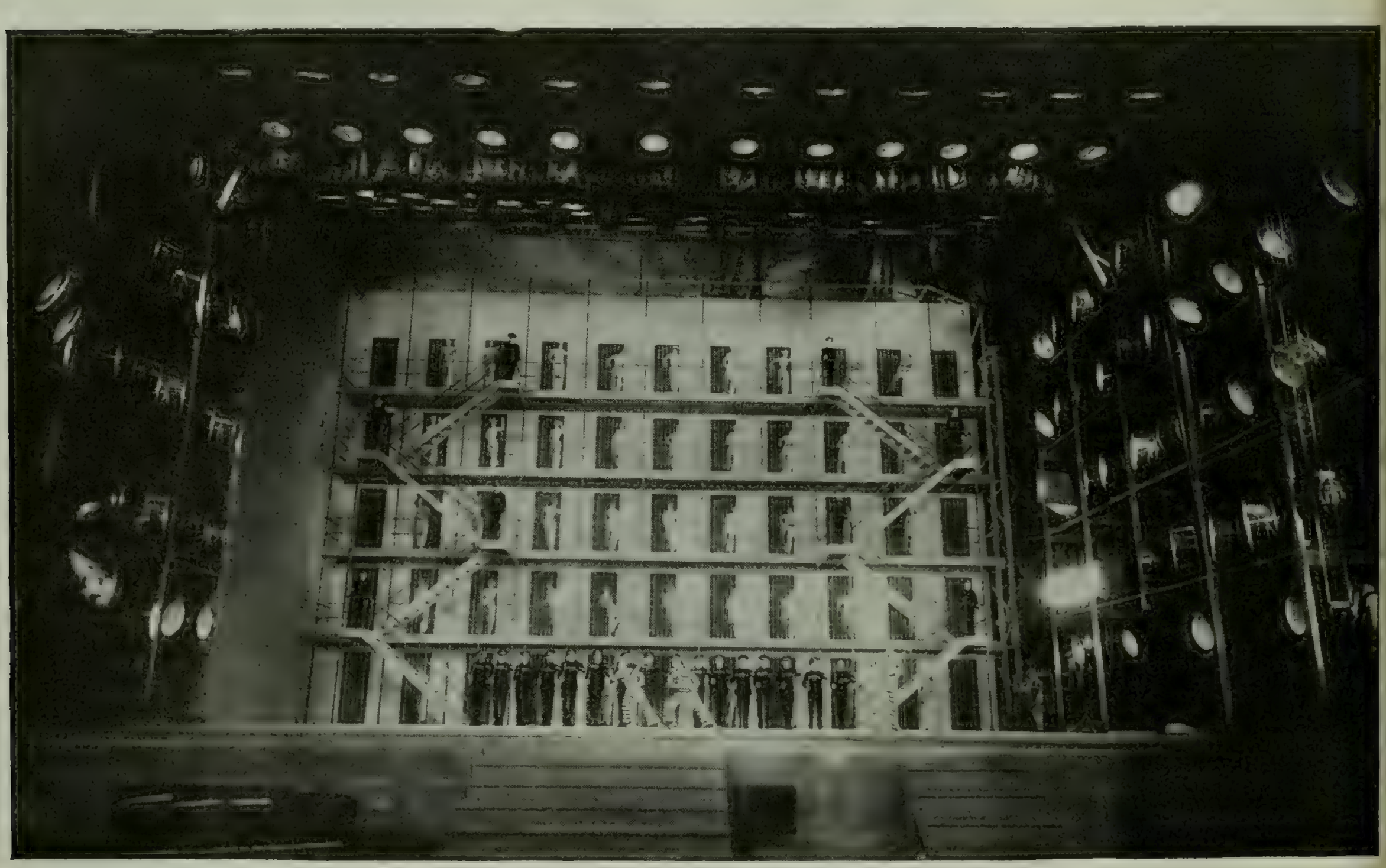
For the young man just embarking on a Hollywood social career—here's a tip. If you sit next to Jetta at a dinner party, don't ask questions about her past. It isn't cricket, you know.

JUST pick one of the Goudal rumors, the one you happen to like best, and let it go at that. I have heard that she is the daughter of Mati-Hari. That she is the daughter of a French father and a Javanese mother. That she is suffering from some strange, incurable tropical disease. That she was born in New York's East Side, and that her French accent is so much hooey.

I wouldn't want to know her past. I might be disappointed in it. I prefer to think of her as the woman from nowhere, and that some day she will disappear as suddenly as she came.

She says she will end her days in a convent.

And if she does, a new note of mystery and interest will enter that quiet place, and Jetta will at least have found release from difficult managers and all the other odds and ends of a strange and devious world.



One of the largest and most exciting picture sets in the history of the films, devised and erected by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the lot at Culver City. Officials say it is the highest so far built. On the stage, Austin Young and the Dodge Sisters are leading a number for the big picture tentatively titled "The March of Time," while to the rear guards and pretty convicts are doing a lock-step dance planned by Sammy Lee. Note the enormous battery of lights needed for the scene

"A drop of it...so! and ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? ...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood... And now...And now, I've a perfume... an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN *upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!*

Breath of the Modern Spirit a new perfume...SEVENTEEN

Young...with eternal youth...Sophisticated... as whispered repartee...Naive...daring...

Soul of the modern woman...part of her vivid personality...breath of her *different* charm...

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen—like you—dares to be *different*...new!

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons ...the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings...the *Toilet Water,* like a caress...the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the *Sachet*...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

He's Oakie!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

New York. He was sort of drafted into it by Mae Leslie, who has staged innumerable benefits. After that, under the same sponsorship, he took part in the Junior League Frolic, where he met all the best blue-bloods.

"I GOT real chummy with Henry Bishop during the rehearsals at the Plaza Hotel. I thought he was just a mug like I was. One day Gloria Gould asked me to come to her dinner party at Sherry's. I asked if I had to wear dinner clothes, and she said, sure. I rented a tux down on Third Avenue. I had a swell time. I met all the Goulds, and had a dance with Constance Banks, the most popular deb of the season. After dinner Kingdon Gould announced the engagement of Gloria to Bishop. I felt like a sap, and all the time I thought he was some poor punk like myself."

He's never forgotten what Gloria Gould told him. "A woman has to have a name and money to go into society, but as long as a man is a gentleman he is welcome, any place."

He gave up the stock exchange and went on the stage after these preliminary successes. Sometimes he regrets the move. He might have been worth a million or two if he had stayed. The new career began as a grinning, fresh chorus boy in the Shubert musical shows.

"It's the best experience in the world, boy," he said. "There are plenty of people who began in the chorus, only they won't admit it. Well, I do. You have a chance to see what makes the wheels go 'round, and why some gags click and others die."

From the chorus Jack graduated into the revues and vaudeville.

Those were the days. Two shows a day in vaudeville. Time to have fun, and sleep until noon.

Vaudeville was a cinch compared to pictures. Now he never gets a chance to rest, or have a good time. Of course Jack always enjoys himself, but there's no definite time off for serious-minded whoopee.

It's—"Jack, we want you to do a number over the radio tonight, and be funny."

"Jack, we want you to appear at the benefit for Pekinese orphans, and be funny."

"Jack, on the set tomorrow at eight, and you'd better be funny."

And Jack, who had expected to go out that night and be merry, has to go home and go to bed. He's always ready on the set, and no temperament about him. He says he's just a hired hand, and glad to be. Once in a while he admits that they have to send the bloodhounds and blacksnake whips after him, but he likes to let them think that he has an inferiority complex.

"That temperament business is the bunk. Every time a star gets temperamental he's that much nearer the gate, and out. And it doesn't pay to be upstage. Me, I'm friendly with everybody. A camera man, if he doesn't like you, can make you photograph like Lon Chaney in character.

"Anyway, it's all hooey about 'acting' in pictures. There's no such thing as acting on the screen. Be natural. If you get over it's because you have a personality to sell. This is a manufacturing business. Say, I do what I'm told, and no back chat. I'm like that mug down there digging ditches. We both work for the same boss, and I'm no better than he is. Maybe not as good. He probably goes home to a wife and family, eats a hot dinner and goes to bed. I'm out having a gay time.

"I'M not afraid of anybody on the screen, though. When I did a number with Zelma O'Neal in the 'Paramount Revue,' they told me I'd better be good. Well, so had she better be good. There's nobody making the same faces I do on the screen. Say, I could sing the same songs as Dennis King in 'The Vagabond King,' and do 'em without blood on my face, too. Harold Lloyd, Chaplin, Chevalier—they're 'straight men' to me."

Sure, Oakie is O.K. and maybe he's right. He "wowed" them in all of his pictures, "The Fleet's In," "Fast Company," "Hard to Get," and "Hit the Deck." The bump of ego isn't so exaggerated—considering. Jack was a Broadway hoofer, and those boys are not shrinking violets when it comes to talking about themselves. He's very likeable, and as friendly as a politician at election time, only he's sincere about it.

INTERVIEWING him isn't an assignment; it's a life work. You try to lunch alone with him, and everybody within a radius of sixty feet is either at the table, or joining in on the conversation. If you go to his dressing room, he's visiting six other dressing rooms, or his entire wardrobe is on the floor and you can't get in anyway.

Jack's own conversation is amusing, at least he makes it seem so, but his wisecracks aren't nearly so funny as Bill Haines', for instance. But give the boy snappy lines in a picture, and he'll do them up brown and toasted.

His greatest charm is his complete lack of the grand manner. He lives in a boarding house, bed, dresser and shaving mug, and he still drives the "ole tin can," his original, nondescript car, or maybe it's cur. His mother has been installed in a comfortable house, where Jack has his home portraits made. Mrs. Oakie is a "good scout," says Jack, and she's making him one of the finest scrap books of any player in the business. She sees everything that is published about Jack, and that is considerable right now.

No serious romances for him yet. He beaued around Dorothy Mackaill for awhile, but Dorothy is fickle and so is Jack. Lately the girl friend has been Gwen Lee. Jack and Gwen celebrate the same birthday, November twelfth. He couldn't attend Gwen's celebration on that date, because he had to work. He's only twenty-six, but there has been a lot of theatrical experience crowded into the last six or seven years.

If he has such a thing as a favorite flower, it's ham and eggs.

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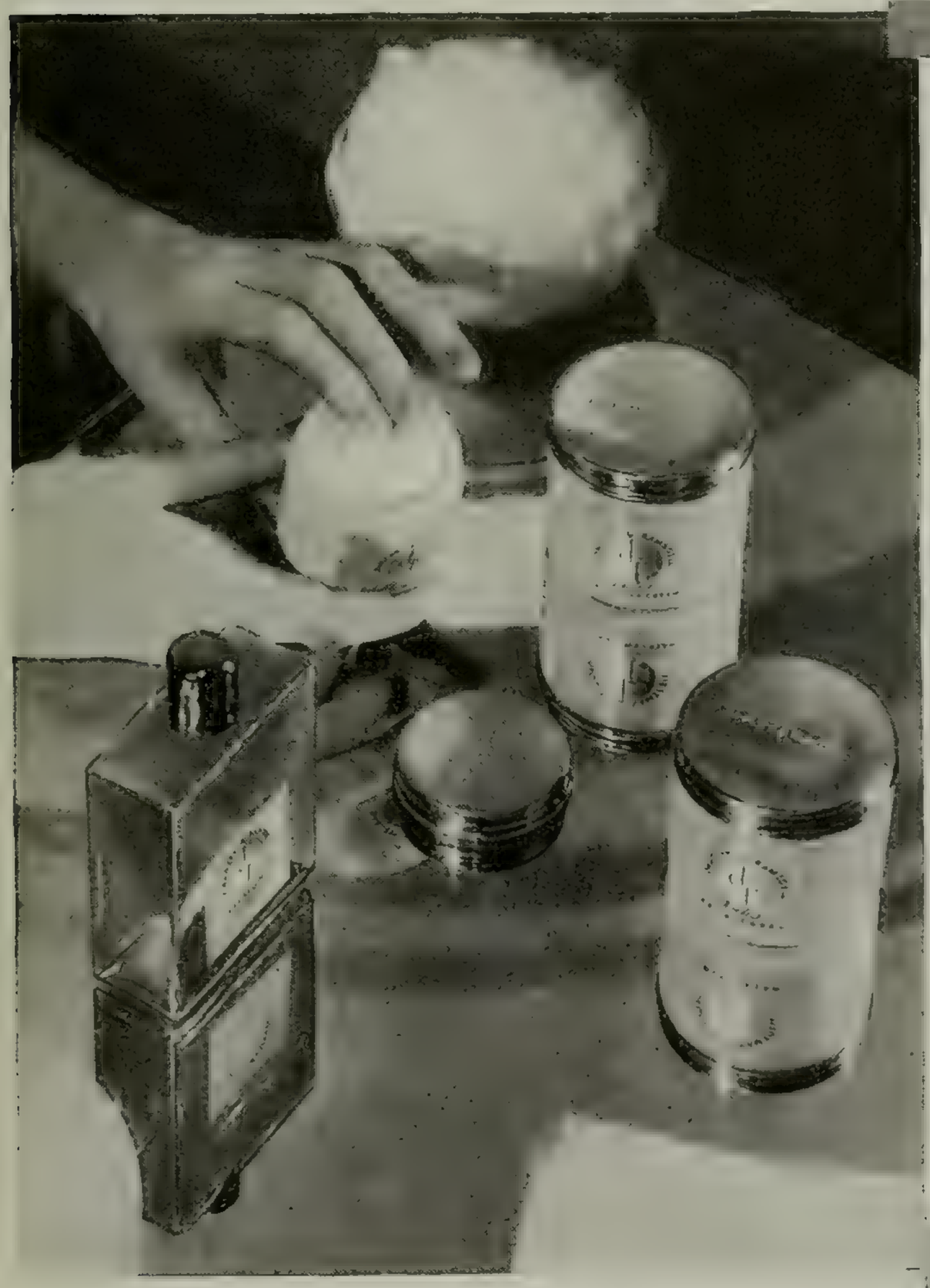

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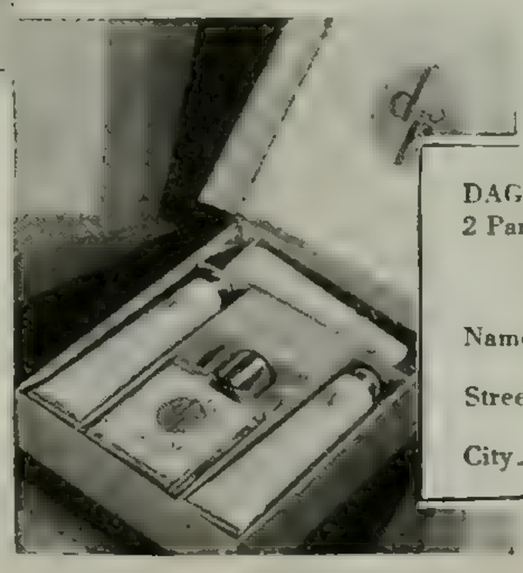

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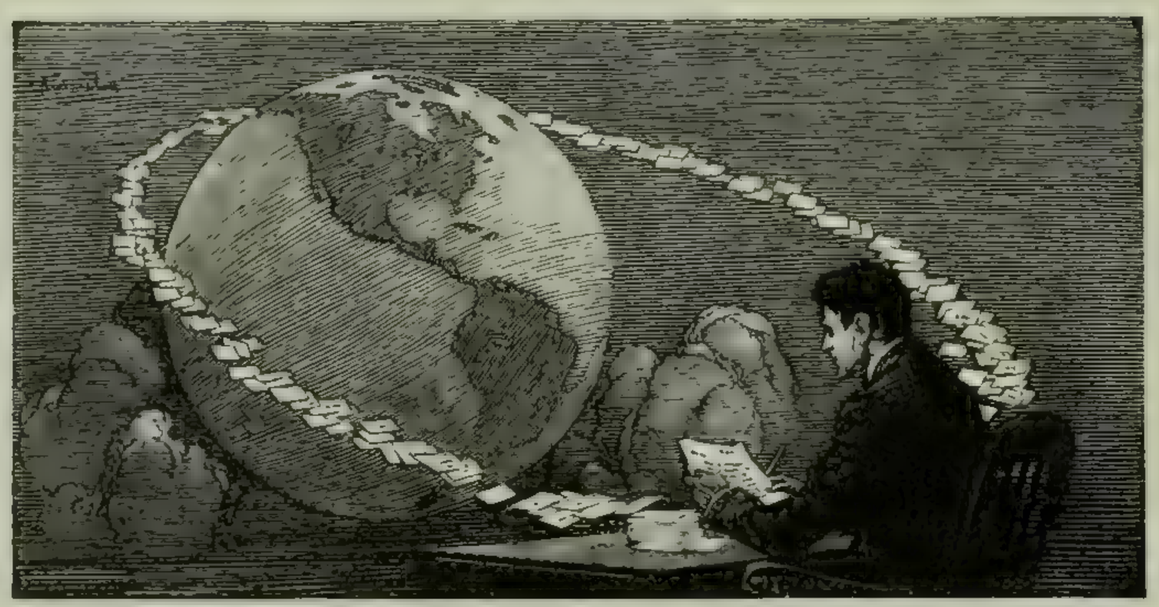
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 110 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

ANNE M. O'BRIEN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—On behalf of you and fifty million other palpitating females, I beg to announce that the young man who played *Biff* in "So This Is College" and the American in "Three Live Ghosts" is Robert Montgomery. He seems to be the hero of the hour.

PATSY R.—Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick, who is probably getting lots of fan mail intended for John McCormack, the Irish tenor. John, the warbler, recently made his first talkie, "Song o' My Heart." You must see that one.

V. LARSON, CADILLAC, MICH.—That breezy young go-getter who played *Freddie Gilmore* in "Honky Tonk" is George Duryea. He's 26 years old, 6 feet tall, black-haired and blue-eyed—and he blushes if you say anything nice to him. Dorothy Lee is the cute little trick who made a hit as *Dolly* in "Rio Rita." She was born in Hollywood about seventeen years ago and came into the limelight with Fred Waring's orchestra. Watch for her in "Radio Revels."

E. S., LORAIN, OHIO.—The much-beloved Wally Reid died Jan. 18, 1923. Many young men have been groomed to fill his place, but none has succeeded. Irving Thalberg, M-G-M's little Napoleon, is Norma Shearer's one and only matrimonial venture. That good-looking lad is William Bow to you, sir, but Cousin Bill to Clara. The neighbors in Union Hill, N. J., had no idea that little Gussie Apfel would turn into Lila Lee.

MARY CAMERON, HOT SPRINGS, VA.—Charles Farrell and Charles Morton have both played opposite Janet Gaynor—but unless that makes them blood brothers they're not related. Dick Barthelmess calls Mary Hay "ex-wife" and Jessica Sargent "wife." The leading man in "Girl Overboard" signs checks Fred Mackaye.

FONZ BERRY, ATLANTA, GA.—If you want to put up a bronze tablet at Ralph Graves' birthplace the spot is Cleveland, Ohio, and the date June 9, 1900. He's 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is married to Virginia Goodwin. Arthur Lake was born in 1905 and has reached an altitude of 6 feet since then.

JEANNE LOUISE STEPHENSON, GOSHEN, IND.—You just bet Bebe Daniels really sang in "Rio Rita." That voice of Bebe's brought her back with a bang. Her birth certificate gives January 14, 1901, as the Big Day and she's 5 feet, 3½ inches tall. The much-envied lady who calls herself Mrs. John Boles used to be Marcelite Dobbs. Billy Haines and Polly Moran were only gagging about that engagement.

LAWRENCE PILCHER, MONTREAL, CANADA.—The junior Fairbanks tips the scales at 150 and you'd have to be more than 6 feet tall to eat pie off his head. Richard Talmadge is 33 years old, 5 feet, 9 inches tall, and weighs 175 pounds. His fans are wailing because he hasn't made a picture since "The Bachelor Club," in 1928.

M. C., MCCOMB, MISS.—Mona Maris, who knows how to pronounce Buenos Aires because she was born there, played opposite Warner Baxter in "Romance of Rio Grande." Jack Pickford used to be known as Mary Pickford's kid brother. Nick Lucas is an Italian, but he was born in Newark, N. J., just the same.

N. C. C., DENVER, COLO.—Guess we'll have to get out a Gaynor-Farrell issue. Half the questions this month seem to be about Janet and Charlie. Janet made her very first appearance in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 6, 1906, and although it's 23 years since then, she's still in the 5-foot, 96-pound bantam-weight class. Charlie got four years head start and grew to 6 feet 2, and 170 pounds. Onset Bay, Mass., is his home town. Both have brown eyes, but the Farrell thatch is brown, while the Gaynor locks are a rich auburn.

L. W., SPRINGFIELD, PA.—After being the recipient of the kiss in Garbo's picture of that name, lucky Lew Ayres drew the coveted lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Barry Norton has signed a contract with Paramount, so you may hope to see him again soon. Unless, of course, they confine him to foreign versions.

CATHERINE WAYMIRE, ENGLEWOOD, OHIO.—The picture "Sally, Irene and Mary," was made in 1925, with Connie Bennett as *Sally*, Joan Crawford as *Irene* and Sally O'Neil as *Mary*. Just try to get 'em all into one picture now! The little girl in "The Dummy" is known to her playmates as Vondell Darr. Jackie Coogan is all grown up and attending Hollywood openings now.

HATHE ESTABROOKS, SANFORD, ME.—Gary Cooper contributed a brief but memorable bit to "Wings" as *Cadet White*. He made such an impression that—well, look at him now!

P. D. Q., OXFORD, ALA.—Where else would Jack Oakie be born but in Missouri? Sedalia, if you're a demon for detail. It all happened on November 12, 1903. The boy grew older and is now 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His hair is sandy, his eyes are blue and his face is funny—but how they love it! Mary Nolan, on the other hand, has anything but a funny face. She's beauteous, blonde and blue-eyed and has been that way ever since December 18, 1905.

HELEN ALLEN, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Doris Kenyon, who sings in seven languages when she isn't making pictures or being Mrs. Milton Sills, played the part of Clive Brook's wife in "Interference."

RANDI MOLVER, PETERSBURG, ALASKA.—How could Billie Dove's parents guess, on May 14, 1903, that their red-faced infant would grow up to be one of the loveliest stars of a then unknown art? Billie is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She and her director husband, Irvin Willat, have agreed to disagree. Ramon Novarro is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and a confirmed bachelor.

M. F. R., NEWPORT, R. I.—Syd Chaplin doesn't make pictures any more. He's in England. His brother, Charlie, makes about one a decade. Joan Crawford goes Western in her next, "Montana Moon."

MILDRED SHEETZ, SHELBYVILLE, KY.—"The Big Party," which sounds like the sequel to a certain Bow epic, is Sue Carol's latest. On January 17, 1902, the folks in Malmo, Sweden, held a fiesta—or the Swedish equivalent—to celebrate the arrival of Nils Asther. Another big event took place on November 19, 1906—the very first birthday of Nancy Carroll. Nancy is married to Jack Kirkland, who scribbles things for stage and screen.

FREDA DIAMOND, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Greta Gustafsson, who will figure in the history books as Garbo, the Great, has never married. Neither has Marion Davies, who arrived in this world as Marion Douras. Betty Compson's name is just that unless you want to call her Mrs. James Cruze. Imogene Wilson changed her luck when she changed her name to Mary Nolan. She's single. Janet Gaynor became Mrs. Lydell Peck not long ago. And Bill Powell went back to bachelorhood when he and Eileen Wilson got a divorce.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Clearer, healthier skin!

MY CREAM AND MY METHOD CAN BRING IT SWIFTLY

BY *Frances Ingram*

LEARN FROM MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

NO longer do beautiful women doubt that one face cream can be very, very different from all the rest. They have discovered my Milkweed Cream! They know the benefits it brings that other creams cannot!

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3 THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

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5 THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

KATHERYN QUARLES, EAST POINT, GA.—Frederic March will be 32 years old Aug. 31 if my arithmetic is correct, since his birthdate is 1898. He's married to Florence Eldridge, a Broadway actress now in films, too. Mary Brian is 22 and unmarried as yet, but a lot of young men have hopes.

CHARLES GORDON, TRENTON, N. J.—It is being rumored by some of our best rumorers that Lois Moran and Mickey Neilan (the former Mr. Blanche Sweet) are ca-razy about each other. Lois, who was born on March 11, 1909, has blonde hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet, 1½ inches in height and stays around 118 pounds. Joseph Wagstaff left his home town, Detroit, Mich., to go on the stage and thence into movies. He has black hair and eyes, is married and there's a young Wagstaff to call him father.

NINA RAINES, WINTON, NEW ZEALAND.—So you go for the Brooklyn Bonfire and the Kansas Kollegian? Clara's name is Clara Gordon Bow and she was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Buddy's is Charles Rogers; he was born in Olathe, Kansas, 25 years ago; he's still single and he likes June Collyer.

BETTY WARD, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—That very snappy little girl who took the part of *Bee* in "Sunny Side Up" was Marjorie White, and I'm keeping an eye on her.

A. C. G., CHARLESTON, W. VA.—John Gilbert is 32 years old. Whoever told you Mary Pickford was 70 was just 34 years wrong. Vilma Banky is married to Rod LaRocque and likes it.

MARGUERITE, WINNIPEG, CANADA.—Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla was born in Zara Dalmazia, Italy, 33 years ago. He's 5 feet, 11 inches tall and is at present making a huge hit in a New York stage play called "Strictly Dishonorable." Paul Lukas used to spell his name Lukacs back in Budapest, Hungary.

ADLEY LANDRY, PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—"Marianne" gave Lawrence Gray his first big phonoplay rôle and he scored mightily. Raymond Hackett was born in New York City, July 15, 1904. He's 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 146 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and his latest picture is "Footlights and Fools." Raquel Torres is 21 years old, Audrey Ferris 20, and H. B. Warner 52.

ANN MITCHELL, GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—Welcome back! The lead in "Hard to Get" was played by Edmund Burns, who was born in Philadelphia in 1892, entered pictures in 1918 and has black hair and grey eyes. Ronald Colman's latest is "Condemned."

A. K., MEXICO, ME.—Anita Page's mother is English and her father Spanish-French. Tom Mix was born near El Paso, Tex. That personable young man who played the chauffeur in "The Single Standard" is Robert Castle, who was brought over from Germany just before Hollywood went talkie. Edward Nugent was the young reporter in "The Bellamy Trial."

MRS. JOHN UTSHEK, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Yep—Charles Bickford really has red hair—and when I say red I don't mean auburn. He's 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 185 pounds and is married. It wouldn't surprise me if Olive Borden and George O'Brien looked up a minister soon. Norman Kerry was Patsy Ruth Miller's boy friend in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Bill Haines and Anita Page played together in "Telling the World" and "Speedway." Their latest is "Navy Blues."

R. W., NORMAN, OKLA.—Wrong, my dear. Ruth Chatterton *did* play in "Sins of the Fathers." She was elegant, too.

LILY O'BRIEN, LUFKIN, TEX.—Conrad Nagel heroed in that big IT epic "Three Weeks," and Mme. Glyn made him paste his ears back. The war picture you're thinking of was "The New Commandment," with Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon. Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert emoted together in "The Wife of the Centaur."

I. BRYDEN, VANCOUVER, B. C.—Hold on—here's the Oakie pedigree. Jack was born in Sedalia, Mo., 26 years ago. He's now 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and sandy hair. He takes Gwen Lee out when she isn't engaged to Charlie Kaley.

C. D. C., WILMINGTON, DEL.—Arthur Lake played the part of *Speed* in "The Air Circus" and suffered over his Phantom Sweetheart in "On with the Show." David Rollins was *Buddy* in "The Air Circus." Arthur is 24, hails from Corbin, Ky., is 6 feet tall, single and has light hair and blue eyes. David was born in Kansas City, Mo., is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, has black hair and blue eyes and is a hardened old bachelor of twenty summers.

JULIET FOLEY, OAK PARK, ILL.—Lovely Ann Harding is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. Have you seen her in "Her Private Affair"?

M. D., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I suspect you of knowing more about Clive Brook already than I do—but here you are: he was born June 1, 1891, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and has gre eyes. His wife's name is Mildred Evelyn. You'll find a story on him in the March, 1928, PHOTOPLAY, and you'll see him next in "The Laughing Lady."

VERA ATWOOD, ONTARIO, CANADA.—Sorry I've been slighting you, Vera. I'm really very fond of Canadians except that they ask more questions than anyone else. Here are a few of your compatriots: Pauline Garon, Walter Huston, Barbara Kent, the Pickfords, Walter Pidgeon, Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer, Fay Wray and Mack Sennett.

ERNESTINA HOFFMAN, DETROIT, MICH.—Bill Haines, wise-cracker on and off, made his first big success in "Brown of Harvard," so now he's doing a talkie called "The Girl Said No," in which Leila Hyams heroines. And Anita Page, who's been teamed with Bill lately, has been cast opposite Buster Keaton in "Free and Easy." Ruth Lee Taylor was born Jan. 13, 1907. If she hadn't left her home town, Grand Rapids, Mich., you'd almost be neighbors.

MRS. G. L., NEWARK, N. J.—On the level, I tried to answer your letter sooner. Norma Shearer had long hair in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

K. G., BARDSTOWN, KY.—"The Plastic Age" was filmed in 1926 and in the leads were Donald Keith and Clara Bow, who was then going places with Gilbert Roland.

MRS. R. C. SOMMERS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Remember Winifred Bryson, who used to play vamps? She's the wife of Warner Baxter, who hails from Columbus, Ohio.

ANXIOUS ANN, TOLEDO, OHIO.—Alexander Gray is a widower in his early thirties and he plays the piano and sings and, I shouldn't be surprised, could yodel, too.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

He told me that I was his Mystery Girl

Posed by Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., First National stars

I had found the secret of allure in this thrilling, elusive fragrance

IT WAS while we were dancing together that Larry gazed down at me earnestly and exclaimed:

"What *is* it about you that is so different from other girls? Something haunting—indefinable. You are my Mystery Girl."

Of course a "Mystery Girl" could only smile—as mysteriously as possible. But *I* knew what it was that made Larry feel that way—the subtle "something" that he found elusive, charming, individual.

For too long before I knew him I had missed the secret of allure. No one ever tried to dance an entire evening with me, or whispered exciting things in my ear.

Then one day—about the time I first met Larry—I found a perfectly enchanting perfume. So deliciously fragrant, so delightfully elusive, as to make one seem altogether distinctive and charming. It provided the illusion of something thrilling, mysterious, which had been missing in my personality.

Almost at once I found myself enjoying a new popularity with men. And then came Larry, calling me his "Mystery Girl." The spell of my magic perfume was complete.

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And—there's a touch of perfume in the cake—just a subtle dab for your eyes. Of course smart women here and abroad are enthusiastic about Cake Winx. The fashionable New York stores sell more and more of these silvery compacts every month.

You may prefer Liquid Winx

Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof and tearproof. It is far more popular than any other liquid preparation. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

For Lovely Lashes

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

M. M. J., WAUPUN, WIS.—Tenth Avenue, New York, was home and playground to Nancy LaHiff, whom you know as Nancy Carroll. Clara Bow burned up Brooklyn before they gave her the movies to play with. And Buddy Rogers was Olathe, Kansas' boy friend before he was America's.

L. E. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Sure I'll settle your argument. I'll settle any argument—from a distance. Loretta Young was born January 6, 1913. You both lose. You can see Sally Starr in "The Woman Racket" and in "Not So Dumb."

MARY BROWN, MOLINE, ILL.—Will Rogers, who made gum-chewing a recognized art, used to play in Westerns. Like many other talkie stars, he has a B. S. degree. (Before Sound.)

D. A. M. N., WASHINGTON, D. C.—That most recent heart throb, Robert Montgomery, began his devastating career on May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. He wasn't such a fluent talker, then. Gertrude Astor, who held all feminine altitude records in the movies before 6-foot Jobyna Howland came along, is 5 feet, 7½ inches tall and weighs 138 pounds.

BERTHA V. DREKA, WILMINGTON, DEL.—Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro emoted opposite one another in "Across to Singapore." The leading lady in "Redskin" was Gladys Belmont. The first 100% talking picture was titled "Lights of New York"—and little did we think—!

JOYCE AND CONNIE STARR.—Edmund Lowe has been married to Lilyan Tashman for some time and plans to stay that way. Eddie's 36 years old. When Judge Heermance of New York City writes to his beautiful daughter, Dorothea, he addresses the letters to June Collyer. Master David Rollins will not attain to what is optimistically known as "man's estate" until September 1930—but he's old enough to be engaged to Dixie Lee.

MRS. L. N., FREDERICK, OKLA.—Dorothy Mackaill played the blind girl in "Mighty Lak' a Rose"—but if you read Dottie's views on matrimony in the March PHOTOPLAY you know she's anything but blind.

MRS. A. H. GOOD, UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—Frank Borzage, who directed "Lucky Star", ought to be called Lucky because he has two PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL Winners to his credit, "Humoresque" and "7th Heaven." William Desmond had nothing to do with the picture.

HELEN KANE, OMAHA, NEB.—Betty Compson uses her own name in pictures but in private life she is Mrs. James Cruze. Jean Arthur went to school under the name of Gladys Greene, while Anita Page used the family name, Pomares. Arthur Lake, who reaches 6 feet, is four times older than his height. Can you multiply? Philippe De Lacy was born on July 25, 1917. He is growing so fast that I cannot give you his exact height.

MARY E. RUTTER, LAWRENCE, KANS.—That "furrin" accent Ivan Lebedeff used in "Street Girl" was genuine. He left his home and fireside in Lithuania and landed in America in 1925.

CURIOSITY, ROWAYTON, CONN.—Monte really should be called *Mountain* Blue because he reaches 6 feet, 3 inches in altitude. Rudy Vallée's *Connecticut Yankee* appeared with him in "The Vagabond Lover." Gary Cooper's next phonoplay will be "The Texan." As far as I know he and Lupe are still just engaged. Who said the Great Garbo refused to learn the English language? She speaks it in her first talkie, "Anna Christie," and will also speak it in her next picture "Romance." Malcolm McGregor was born on October 13, 1896.

DOROTHY, EVERETT, WASH.—In his home town, Westbrook, Maine, Rudy Vallée was known as Hubert Prior Vallée. Heigh-ho everybody! He croons over WEAF on Thursdays from 8 to 9 and on Saturdays from 12 to 1 midnight.

ERMA WILLIAMS, WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.—Gather 'round all you other fans, while I give Erma the low-down on Stanley Smith. How the girls have fallen for him! Stan was born in Kansas City, Mo., on January 6, 1907, is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Before making his début in the talkies he appeared on the stage in such well known plays as "Kiki" and "What Price Glory." His latest talkie is "Honey." Paramount is lending him to M-G-M for "Good News." Now, girls, don't say I'm not a first class *detectuf*.

ISABEL MARY H., FLINT, MICH.—The last time I heard of Sessue Hayakawa he was in vaudeville, heading towards Hollywood and the talkies. Ronald Colman, who is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, was born on February 29, 1891. Anna Q. Nilsson is still trying to recover from an injury received when she was thrown from her horse about a year ago. Hurry up, Anna, your fans are clamoring for a picture.

E. L., BOISE, IDAHO.—Al Jolson entered this ol' world on May 26, 1886, under the title of Asa Yoelson. As soon as he decides on a story, a title and a theme song he will make another picture. MAMMMMY!

BERTHA LAMBERT, BENSON, ARIZ.—Can you guess Mona Maris' nationality if I tell you she was born in Buenos Aires? Barbara La Marr came forth from Richmond, Va., and was of French and Spanish extraction. "The Bad One" is the title of Dolores Del Rio's next phonoplay. She claims 5 feet, 4½ inches as her height. Gloria Swanson made her first bow to the world from Chicago, Ill. You'll be proud when you hear that Virginia Lee Corbin and Lloyd Hughes both hail from Arizona.

EMELIE FONTAINE, BUTTE, MONT.—Although 24 years on this earth, Barry Norton still remains a bachelor. Myrna Loy, who was born in Helena, Montana, on August 2, 1905, insists on using her own name in pictures.

A. P., NEW YORK.—Henry Daniel, who is best known for his work on the English stage, played opposite Ina Claire in "The Awful Truth." His most notable stage appearances were in "Déclasse," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Return Journey," and "The Play's the Thing." As a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, he toured nearly every country in the world during the war.

IRENE WARD, DETROIT, MICH.—No, indeed, Anita and Paul Page are not related. Anita's real monicker is Pomares. John Boles was born on October 27, 1899, and Clara Bow on July 29, 1905. John was married in 1917 and has two daughters.

M. S., SNELLING, CALIF.—Elise Bartlett, well known stage favorite, is the wife of Joseph Schildkraut. 'Tis rumored they won't be one much longer.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"

ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth

▼

SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

A LITTLE WORRIED, a little embarrassed, but determined to hear the truth, you are sitting in the examining room of a great dermatologist. A light overhead searches out each tiny wrinkle; a microscope studies the texture of your face. Questions tumble over each other: "What's wrong with my skin? Must I look old?"

The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin and dulls the complexion. Dissolve out all the embedded dirt and normal circulation will be restored. Remember: doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist and named by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made in this country only to the private order of notable women. Write now for generous free sample.

Apply Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you *know* your face is perfectly clean.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe... no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient...nothing to wipe away. Hinze Ambrosia, Incorporated, Dept. 5-G, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-G, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▼ **8 ounces $1.75** ▼ **16 ounces $3.00**

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

Where to use FROSTILLA

Hands and arms: when chapped, red, rough. A minute's massage ... presto! Hands become patrician white and soft.

Ankles and legs: when blotched, coarsened, irritated from exposure. Also, after a depilatory. A few drops of Frostilla quickly restore smooth loveliness.

Face and neck: —when dry, reddened, wind-burned. Before and after all exposure. Makes your face powder cling.

35c., 50c., $1. everywhere. 10c. handy size at 5 & 10c. stores. Mail orders filled by The Frostilla Co., Department 65—Elmira, New York.

* * *

FROSTILLA is a friendly guardian against all exposure. It keeps the most weather-abused or water-abused skin smooth, soft and healthy. Have a bottle handy. Use it often.

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

The Best Records *from* New Pictures

By
Maurice Fenton

Dennis King, whose recording of "The Vagabond King" music is reviewed here this month

DENNIS KING'S singing in "The Vagabond King," Paramount's big all-Technicolor operetta, is interesting the screen fans and the record-players just now.

These are the new "Vagabond King" discs available—

If I Were King	**Dennis King**	**Victor**
Only a Rose	**Richard Crooks**	**Victor**

On the other side of the first, King sings "Nichavo," from "Paramount on Parade." The Crooks record is excellent. He is a tenor.

However, if you want some good "Vagabond King" recording, have your dealer dig out a double-faced record made by Victor several years ago, when the operetta was the stage rage.

On one side, Dennis King and chorus sing "The Song of the Vagabonds," on the other Carolyn Thomson, of the stage production, sings "Only a Rose." A big seventy-five cents' worth—if you can get it.

THE LOVE PARADE

Paris, Stay the Same		
You've Got That Thing (from "Fifty Million Frenchmen")		
Nobody's Using It Now	**Maurice Chevalier**	
My Love Parade	**Maurice Chevalier**	**Victor**

At last the magnetic Chevalier hits the wax—four times, and hard. These records are well worth your time and money.

SPRING IS HERE

Have a Little Faith in Me	**Waring's Pennsylvanians**	**Victor**
	Lombardo's Canadians	**Columbia**
Cryin' for the Carolines	**Waring's Pennsylvanians**	**Victor**
	Ruth Etting (vocal)	**Columbia**

Good, light numbers, particularly "Cryin' for the Carolines," which is one of the biggest hits of the spring.

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Singing a Vagabond Song	**Irving Kaufman (vocal)**	**Columbia**
	Shilkret's Orchestra	**Victor**
With You	**Johnny Marvin (vocal)**	**Victor**
	Lombardo's Canadians	**Columbia**
There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie	**Irving Kaufman (vocal)**	**Columbia**
	Lombardo's Canadians	**Victor**

These are grand pieces by Irving Berlin for the first talkie to star Harry Richman, who will no doubt get around to recording his own music soon. One of the best numbers, "Puttin' on the Ritz," is not yet represented.

SONG OF THE WEST

The One Girl	**John Boles**	**Victor**
West Wind	**John Boles**	**Victor**

This is John Boles' first record of his movie music, and the fans will hop to it! His tenor records well, and he'll do better when he gets used to the wax. The numbers are from his latest screen operetta. The first, particularly, is a beauty.

BE YOURSELF

When a Woman Loves a Man	**Fanny Brice**	
Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love	**Fanny Brice**	

Fanny, the great comedienne, is certainly welcome back to the records. These two excellent numbers are from her latest United Artists picture, and are sung as only she can sing them.

POINTED HEELS

I Have to Have You	**Helen Kane**	**Victor**
	Sunshine Boys	**Columbia**
Ain'tcha	**Helen Kane**	**Victor**

The Boop-a-doop girl again, doing two songs from her latest Paramount singie. If you are a Kane addict you will need this for your album.

LOVE COMES ALONG

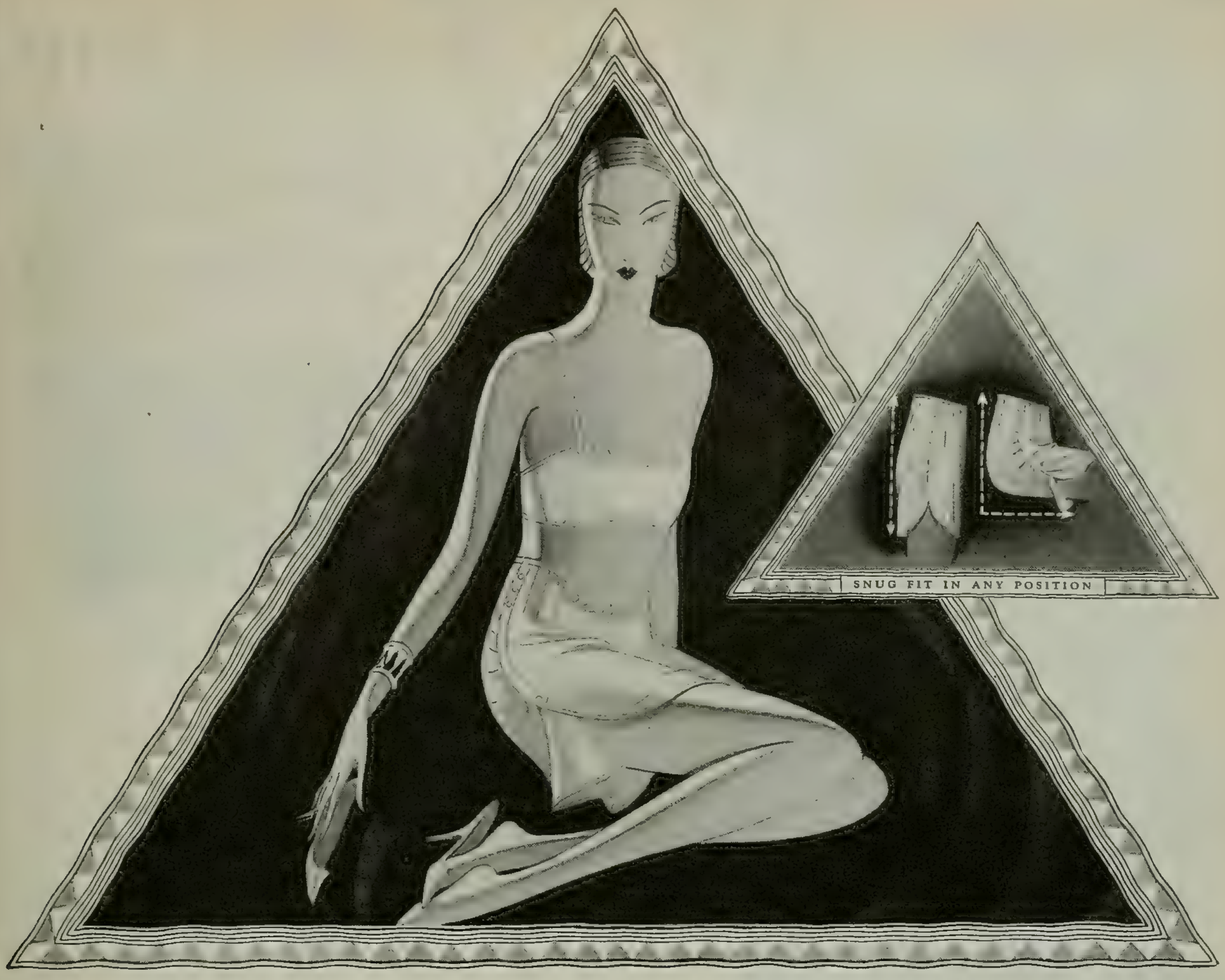
Until Love Comes Along	**Nat Shilkret's Band**	**Victor**
	Lee Morse and Band	**Columbia**

This is the hit number from the latest Bebe Daniels picture. The Victor platter has Shilkret's well known band, while Miss Lee Morse croons the other, accompanied by her Blue Grass Boys. A Victor Herbertian waltz.

HIT THE DECK

Keepin' Myself for You	**Paul Specht's Band**	**Columbia**
	Belle Mann and Hi-Hatters	**Victor**

This is one of the numbers interpolated into the Youmans' score of "Hit the Deck," filmed by Radio with Jack Oakie featured. Both are dance records, with Belle Mann recording a patter refrain on the Victor disc.

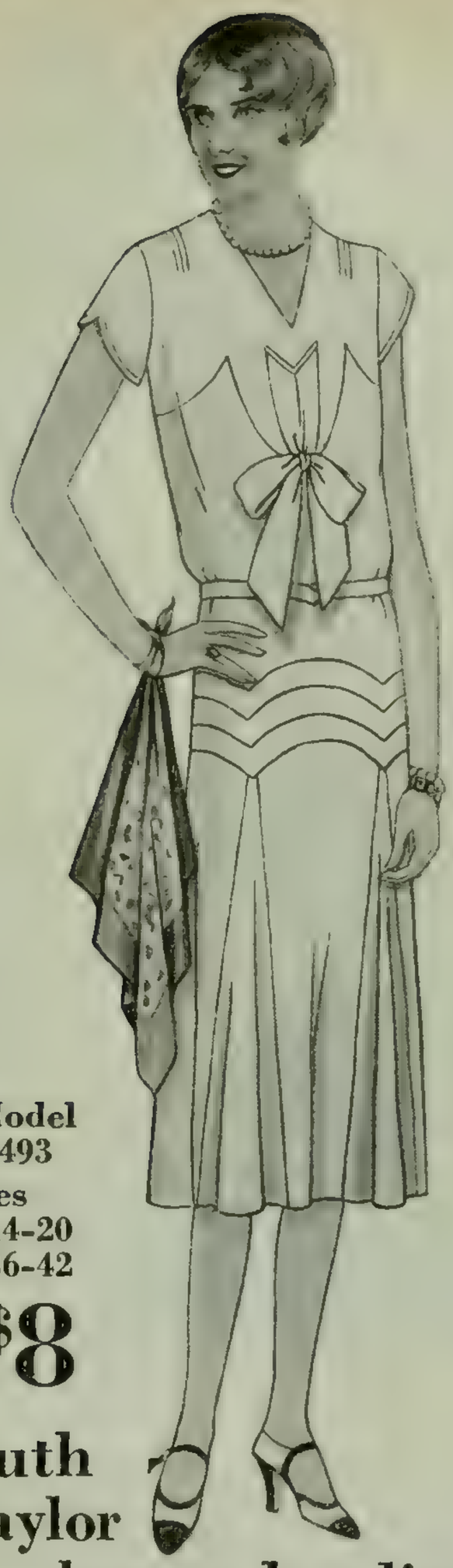


We dramatize a tuck

We have taken the ugly bagginess out of women's underdress with a clever tuck—a tuck which gives extra length and roundness to the back of the garment without unnecessary fullness. The result is a snug fit, in no matter what position the body may be. Greater freedom! Enhanced beauty! Eliminates bunchy fullness. Lasts longer because it is anatomically right. A smart and complete line, for every underdress need. We have dramatized a tuck—and the women of America have welcomed it enthusiastically. That's the reason for the remarkable Kickernick success. The garment of the hour! Made by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Don't buy any underdress until you have seen Kickernick. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet today.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS



Model 493
Sizes 14-20 36-42
$8

Ruth Taylor knows her lines

This clever little star is a devotee of lines whether she is picking a $500 coat or an $8 simple frock like this typical Hubrite Informal Frock of Ruff-Weave pure silk—original design, correct proportions for each size, careful finish. Ruth Taylor says you must be sure to notice the new short sleeve, the flaring godets, the ingenious bow tie. Comes in misty pastel shades—Danube blue, jonquil, orchid, azalea pink, lettuce green or gardenia white.

This and other lovely Hubrite Informal Frocks ranging from $2 to $12 are shown in such leading stores as

Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston
The Ernst Kern Co., Detroit
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester
Jacoby Bros., Inc., Los Angeles

PHOTOPLAY readers out of reach of local Hubrite stores are invited to send direct to Boston for the charming model shown, or for our *FREE Summer Style Folder P-5*

HUBRITE
Informal Frocks
INCORPORATED
104 Shawmut Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

Girls! Want a trip *to* Hollywood?

Columbia Pictures promises you one if you are chosen "Miss Columbia"

Margaret Livingston, Evelyn Brent and Dorothy Revier. These stars will entertain "Miss Columbia" during her week in Hollywood

THE Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking "Miss Columbia" among the girls of America.

The winner will receive a round trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid; a week's contract at $250, and will pose for a new opening trailer which will introduce every Columbia picture to the screen.

PHOTOPLAY is cooperating with Columbia and with twelve other national magazines to find the lucky "Miss Columbia."

Our winning girl will be known as "Miss Photoplay," and will receive, as her semi-final prize, a Majestic Radio set.

From the thirteen winners "Miss Columbia" will be chosen, and the fun will be on!

What Miss Columbia Will Win—

A round trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid.
A week's contract at the Columbia Studios in Hollywood, at $250.
Her face and figure on the opening trailer of every Columbia picture.
Lavish entertainment on the Coast by the executives and stars of Columbia pictures.

Here Are the Rules—

Send your photograph, with measurements and other information requested in the advertisement elsewhere in this issue, to—
The "Miss Columbia" Editor, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
This magazine's winner will be chosen by our editorial staff and two Columbia executives.
She will receive a Majestic Radio set, and be known as "Miss Photoplay."
The contest closes at midnight, May 25, 1930.

A ROYAL greeting and grand entertainment await "Miss Columbia" in Hollywood. She will be received by the Columbia forces, headed by Harry Cohn, vice-president.

Among the stars who will entertain her and show her the sights are Evelyn Brent, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Margaret Livingston, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Revier and many others.

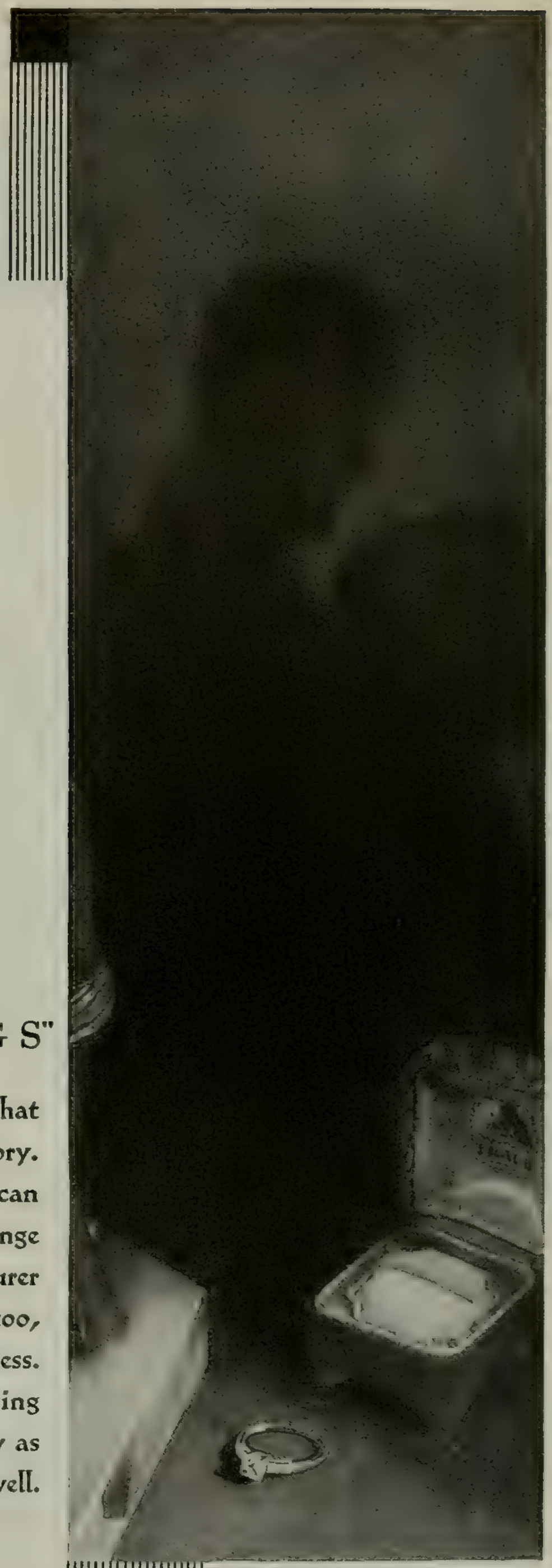
The company promises that she will not have a dull moment. She will be filmed by "Screen Snapshots," the film fan magazine.

This is your chance to see Hollywood from the inside. And your opportunity to be seen on the screen wherever Columbia Pictures are shown.

Enter now. Send your picture, and the information requested to us, and become "Miss Photoplay."

If we know our girls, she'll be "Miss Columbia," too!

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Girlhood's Crowning Glory

THE "RING OF RINGS"

You cannot choose with too much care the ring that is to keep this moment forever precious in memory. Only by insisting upon rings "Styled by Traub" can you be sure that you are getting Genuine Orange Blossom . . . by the world's leading manufacturer of engagement and wedding rings. You will find, too, that flawless beauty costs no more than commonness. For the better jewelers everywhere are displaying smart new Orange Blossom designs, priced as low as $12 . . . and a complete line of Traub gift rings as well.

Our delightful booklet "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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(200) © T. M. Co., 1930

Rings Styled by TRAUB

More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled, priced as low as $12—all readily identified by this tag.

TRAUB

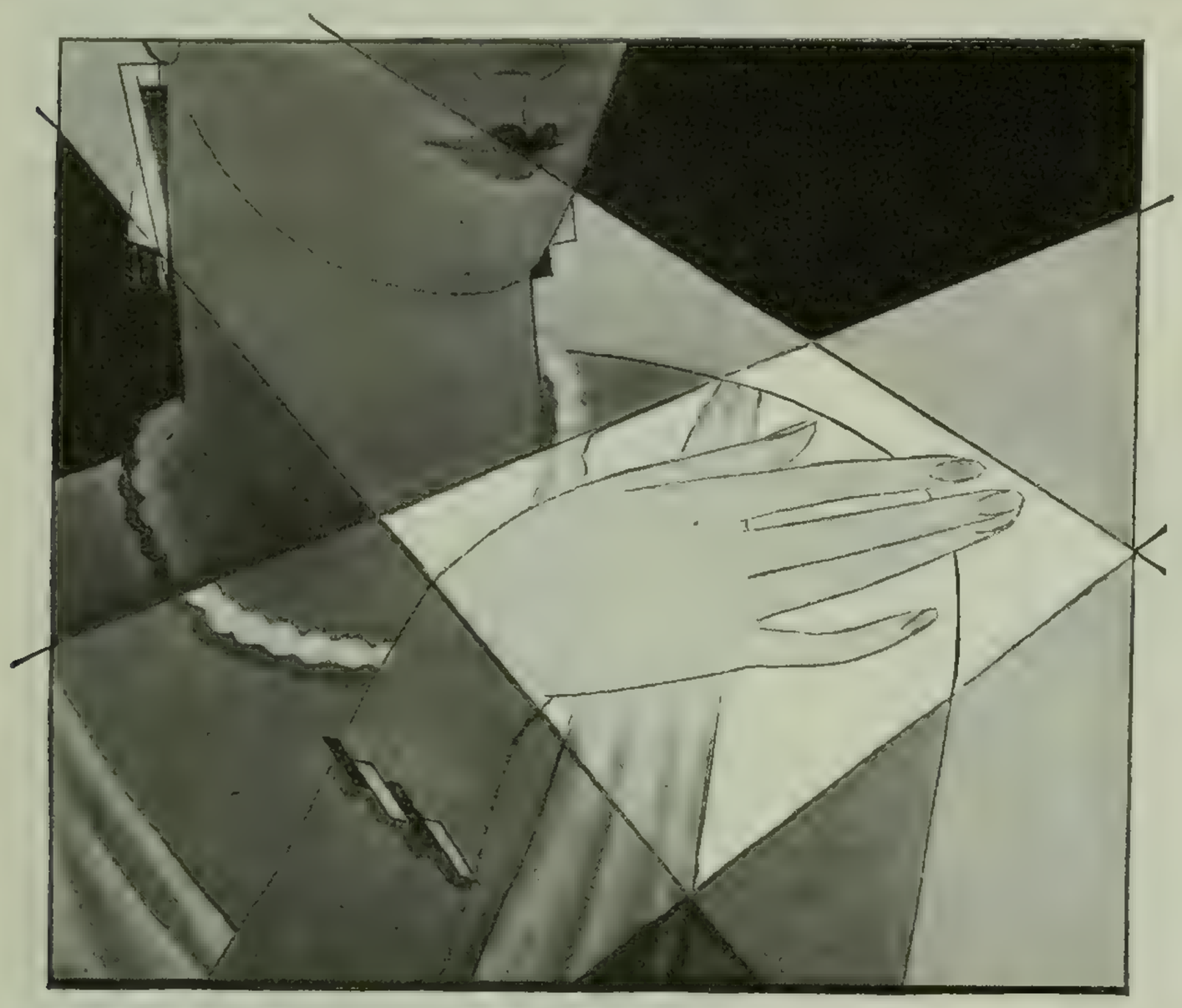
The Only Genuine Orange Blossom Rings

No ring without this trade-mark is Genuine Orange Blossom

TRADE ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OR SUNLIGHT



Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

Correct Nail Color is Vital to Charm

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine them carefully. Glazo will have exactly the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

* * *

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under varying lights. With Glazo your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ50
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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GLAZO

The Dunce's Cap

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

scarce until she was offered a little contract with the old FBO company as the foil for the Western stars, Tom Tyler and Art Acord. Her salary was small, her rôles ineffective, but at least she was earning a living. At least she had her feet on the first rung of the ladder. She was not a complete failure—nor yet a coward.

And then, almost overnight, the talkies descended upon Hollywood and Sharon found herself singing and dancing in "Fox Movietone Follies," and when she read the critical reviews, she discovered that her number, "That's You, Baby" had been the hit of the show. "Sunny Side Up" came next and then "Happy Days." Sharon was a success in the land of the cinema.

Not long ago she met Buddy Rogers on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Remember, Buddy, our days at old Alma Mater?" said Sharon. "You were the prize pupil. And I was the little stupid at the foot of the class. The one that wore the dunce cap."

The old Rogers gallantry came to the fore.

"That was another day, Sharon," he answered. "It seems to me that you're way up near the head now, yourself."

And true enough, Sharon was. The little girl who knocked off the dunce cap went happily on her way to the Fox lot—there to make good again in "In Love with Love!"

Billie's début. Honest and truly, this is La Belle Dove, as she looked in her first picture, "Youth to Youth," made on the old Metro lot in Hollywood

Select your theatre *by* EAR TEST

Hear talking pictures that sound NATURAL *. . . in theatres which show this sign*

Nowadays it is not enough for a theatre to give you the best talking pictures. It must reproduce dialogue and other sound with utmost clearness—in short, it must pass your EAR TEST.

Go to theatres equipped by Western Electric and you make sure of ear entertainment. This apparatus gives its satisfying results because it was made by the world's leading experts in Sound transmission, the makers of your telephone.

Look for the Western Electric sign in the lobby. Enjoy the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their personality and art. Hear talking pictures at their best.

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

TANGEE

The Magic Lipstick!

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whether you are fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red.

For Tangee is like a lovely glow from within, a blush entirely without thickness or greasy smear . . . permanent, natural color which you cannot smear or rub away.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, heals and protects. And it outlasts several of the usual lipsticks. *Ask for TANGEE and be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*

Tangee Lipstick, Crême Rouge, Face Powder, Night Cream, Day Cream, each $1.00. Rouge Compact, 75¢. Tangee Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.00.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P-5

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
Harry Green
Paul Guertzman
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Carlotta King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Nina Mae McKinney
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
Sammy Cohen
William Collier, Sr.
June Collyer
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Stuart Erwin
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene
Lola Lane
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Ruth Elder
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kolk
Natalie Kingston
Beth Laemmle
Allen Lane
Laura La Plante
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
James Murray
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Sisters G
Glenn Tryon
Paul Whiteman
Barbara Worth

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Jeanette Loff
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris
Al Jolson
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Lillian Gish
John Holland
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez
Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker
William Collier, Jr.
Jack Egan
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt
Ralph Ince
Margaret Livingston
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Marie Saxon
Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe
LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase
Oliver Hardy
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denny
Eddie Dowling
Jacqueline Logan
Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

DOES YOUR RECREATION REDOUBLE YOUR CIGARETTES?

. . SHOOT FOR "HAPPY-MOUTH" IN SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

When you're taking time out from your worries . . . does your cigarette appetite increase? Then let it increase on Spud. Let it increase through a mouth and throat that are always moist, cool and comfortable. That's the way you stay with Spud...mouth-happy . . . right through 2 packs a day, if that's your smoking mood!

Spud's 16% cooler smoke heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It keeps your tobacco senses constantly alive to Spud's choice leaf and blend. For new thousands daily, it is making Spud the grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

If the young wife knows

(knows ALL the facts)

Only then she has no need for this booklet

ONLY the young wife who has tried to get true information knows how much *misinformation* her intimates have about feminine hygiene. How many theories they hold to be facts. How wrong some of these theories are, even dangerous.

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows *all* the facts, she should read the Zonite booklet. Then she can be sure.

Zonite is safe and powerful

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics! They have worried women for years! Until recently no other germicides were powerful enough for feminine hygiene! Is it any wonder that doctors and trained nurses would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid? But Zonite is different. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And Zonite is safe. It can never cause scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

Send coupon for booklet

All the facts about feminine hygiene are clearly given in this honest, frank booklet. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, tender feet or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
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Name .....
(*Please print name*)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SO THIS IS COLLEGE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "Happy Days.") The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. (*Nov.*)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (*March*)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (*April*)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (*Jan.*)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (*March*)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (*April*)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (*April*)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. (*Dec.*)

SWEETIE—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. (*Dec.*)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (*March*)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. (*Nov.*)

TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. (*Dec.*)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (*April*)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (*Feb.*)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (*Dec.*)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (*March*)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. (*Nov.*)

THIS MAD WORLD—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. (*Nov.*)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. (*Jan.*)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. (*Nov.*)

THREE LOVES—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (*Dec.*)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. (*Jan.*)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (*March*)

TONIGHT AT TWELVE—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. (*Nov.*)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! (*Dec.*)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (*April*)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (*March*)

UNTAMED—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (*Dec.*)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (*April*)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (*Jan.*)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (*Jan.*)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (*Feb.*)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (*March*)

WELCOME DANGER—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (*Dec.*)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty senoritas. Same old Western plot. (*April*)

WHY LEAVE HOME—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." (*Nov.*)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (*March*)

WOMAN RACKET, THE—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (*March*)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (*Dec.*)

WRECKER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (*Nov.*)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (*Dec.*)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Black net gown by Bonwit Teller & Co.
Huge tulle fan by Lord & Taylor.
Complexion by Armand!

clothes are more
alluring now....

complexions must be too!

BACK to feminine fashions! Back to luscious curves and alluring outlines. Never have women had greater opportunities to make themselves utterly irresistible! But with the new clothes, come the new complexions—

Today the skin must be ALIVE

—warmly, vividly, lusciously alive, with soft, tempting texture. And a new *tone* is in vogue—rich, mellow, like real pearls. All this demands a new kind of skin care, of course . . . deep, thorough cleansing with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love this dainty application that wipes away so freely, leaving such refreshing cleanness.

Then that soft, pearly finish

And here's the magic of the New Complexion. Armand Cold Cream Powder! You use it in a different way—and get amazingly different results! Rub it first into a clean puff—then smooth it, blend it well into the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and then behold the soft, fair finish! Best of all, this powder *holds*. Your lovely looks are lasting!

Try these two today—Armand Cleansing Cream and Armand Cold Cream Powder—and let your skin keep step with style! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

Armand Cold Cream Powder, your *choice of becoming new shades*, $1. *Armand Cleansing Cream*, 50c *and* $1.25.

ARMAND

CLEANSING CREAM — COLD CREAM POWDER

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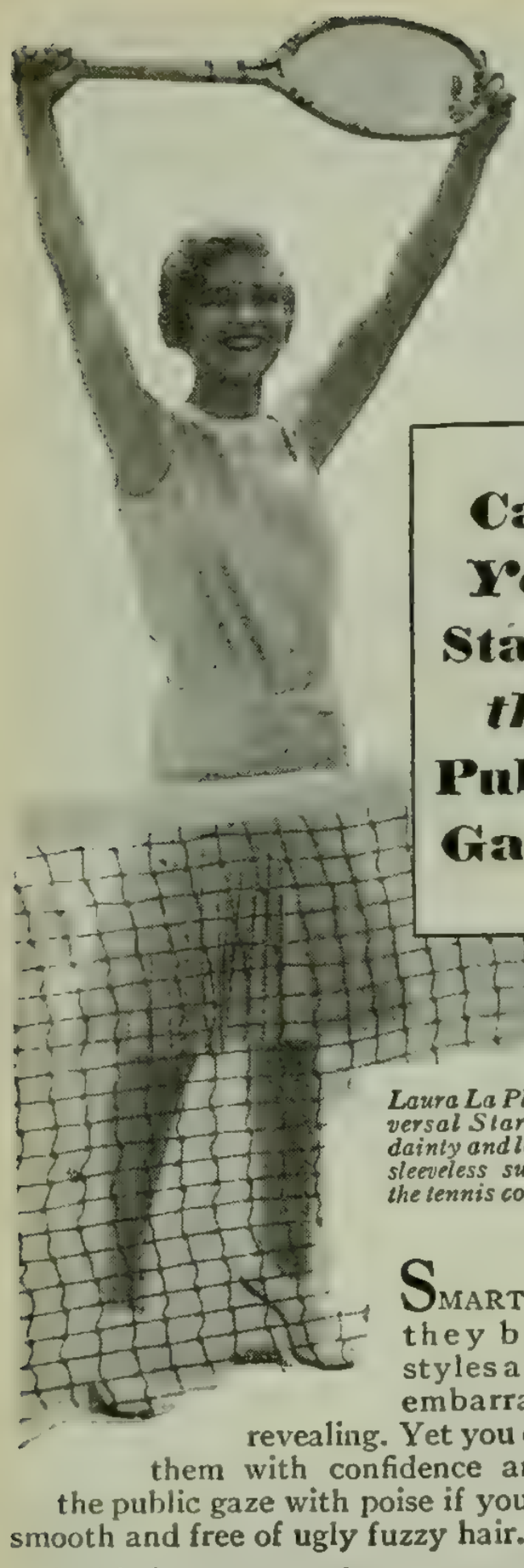

Can You Stand *the* Public Gaze!

Laura La Plante, Universal Star, appears dainty and lovely in the sleeveless sun style of the tennis court.

SMART though they be, sun-styles are often embarrassingly revealing. Yet you can wear them with confidence and meet the public gaze with poise if your skin is smooth and free of ugly fuzzy hair.

And it is so easy to keep your under-arm devoid of superfluous hair when you use Del-a-tone Cream. Insures cleanliness, so essential to personal daintiness. Easy to use as cold cream, it removes hair safely and surely in 3 minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the *first* and *only white* cream hair-remover.

Faintly-fragrant, Del-a-tone Cream is the most convenient *modern* way to remove hair from fore-arms, legs, back of neck and face as well as from under-arm. Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

DEL-A-TONE

The only *white* cream hair-remover

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 85, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record peak—four times greater than any previous year.

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 85, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

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Street.....

City.....

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

JEAN HARLOW ("Hell's Angels," United Artists) is one newcomer to the screen who didn't desert the stage for the films. She came straight from Chicago society. Howard Hughes was looking for a leading woman for his air picture, to replace Greta Nissen in the talking version. Ben Lyon introduced him to Jean Harlow. She got the job without a struggle.

EDDIE BUZZELL ("Little Johnny Jones," First National) came from the musical comedy stage, where for a good many years he has been a featured comic, with singing and dancing thrown in. His last venture in that line was "Lady Fingers," which he also helped write. He is the husband of Ona Munson, one of the prettiest and best musical show dancers.

NOEL FRANCIS ("The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted," Fox) is a real Ziegfeld girl captured by talking pictures. Not only is her beauty up to the best Ziegfeld tradition—she can sing and dance elegantly and has a nice speaking voice. Fox discovered her on the New York stage, gave her a test, immediately signed her on the dotted line, and shipped her West.

GEORGE BARRAUD ("The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," M-G-M) made a great hit in this brilliant talkie. Born in London, Barraud had ten years of stage experience before he was lured by the films, beginning as understudy to Sir Gerald Du Maurier. He made his American picture début in "Flaming Youth," and is now in great demand among the companies.

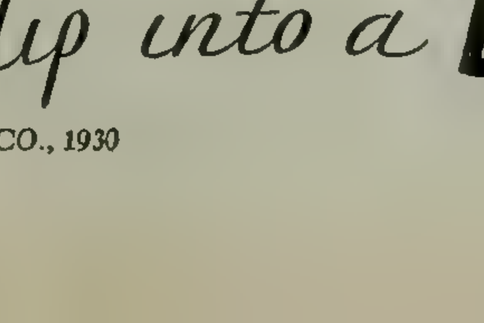
ETHELIND TERRY ("Lord Byron of Broadway," M-G-M) has for some years been one of the noted beauties and best prima donnas on the New York music stage. She came to notice in the first "Music Box Revue," and her last big assignment on the Great White Way was the prima donna rôle in "Rio Rita," sung on the screen so notably by Bebe Daniels.

WILLIAM COLLIER, SR. ("Harmony at Home," Fox) is one of the grand veterans of the American stage. He was for years a star of comedy and the musical stage. He was already famous in the Weber and Fields period, and has kept busy and popular throughout the years. He is the step-father of that young picture veteran, William Collier, Jr. Hail Willie!

NANCE O'NEIL ("His Glorious Night," M-G-M) is another veteran of the speaking stage—long a star in her own right, in emotional rôles of the great days. She appeared in silent pictures about fifteen years ago, often with her husband and leading man, Alfred Hickman. Now she is dignifying the talkies with her fine voice and superb poise.

WALTER CATLETT ("Happy Days," Fox) comes to pictures with a brilliant stage career behind him, as one of the theater's leading comedians. He came to nation-wide note in "Sally," in support of Marilyn Miller—the Ziegfeld smash which ran for years, and has since been seen in innumerable musical shows. He made good with a bang at Fox.

So much—so very much—depends upon so little—so very little . . . in a bathing suit! Perhaps that's why Hollywood, both on and off the screen, disports itself in Bradleys. For Bradley styles and Bradley colors rule the waves and the ways of the smart sporting world.



In these two beautiful books (one for men and boys; one for all the family) are shown many of the host of new Bradley styles. Your dealer has a free copy for you. Or write to Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

Slip into a **BRADLEY** *and out-of-doors*

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"You, too, can have glorious WAVY HAIR!"

"Really, my dear, you'll be surprised how easy it is to do your own finger waving. All you need is VANKAI, the marvelous new wave-setting fluid. Simply moisten your hair with it. Then pull and press waves into shape with fingers and comb. Let your hair dry. That's all. And you have a head of light, fluffy, lustrous curls that stay put exactly as you want them, that combing or damp weather won't remove. My hair used to be very unruly but now I manage it easily, thanks to VANKAI."

VANKAI contains no wax or grease, is not sticky and produces a well-set wave without that stiff, artificial look. It is fast drying and leaves no residue in the scalp. Nor does it discolor blonde or gray hair. Also ideal for resetting permanents. Used by over 30,000 Leading Beauty Shops. A single trial will convince you. Get VANKAI at any toilet goods counter—$1.00 for an 8 oz. bottle. Or send coupon and 15c for a large sized trial bottle. Briar Products Co., Chicago.

BRIAR ROSE
VANKAI
WAVING FLUID

WAVY HAIR FOR 15c!
Briar Products Company, Dept. P. P. 5
1612-14 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me a TRIAL SIZE bottle of VANKAI WAVING FLUID for which I enclose 15c to pay cost of mailing.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THE advertising pages of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1920, show how madly the motion picture, silent type, was rushing toward its highest development in peppery style.

Here's an ad for "The Virgin of Stamboul," the Universal picture that made Priscilla Dean a really big star. (Press Agent Harry Reichenbach planted a group of fake Turks in a New York hotel, and filled the newspapers with free stories on the princess missing from a harem and at large in America. The first hugely successful movie hoax.)

Pathe takes a page to tell about its serials. Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth"; Pearl White in "The Black Secret"; Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack."

Cosmopolitan Productions devotes a whole page to the films of Miss Marion Davies, notably "The Dark Star," from the Robert W. Chambers novel. And D. W. Griffith blazons the advent of "The Idol Dancer," the South

Elaine Hammerstein was a big star in 1920. She was being heavily billed by the then-famous Selznick company

Sea picture that marked the last screen appearance of clever, sparkling little Clarine Seymour.

Selznick Pictures advertised its four stars—Clive Thomas, Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore and Elaine Hammerstein.

Big days loomed for the grown-up movies.

IN two pages of pictures we tell the story of Griffith's new Eastern studio at Mamaroneck, New York—now a famous shrine of the motion picture.

The Old Master had bought what was once the summer home of millionaire Henry M. Flagler, once John D. Rockefeller associate and later the great developer of Florida as a winter resort. A rambling, old-timey place with forty-seven rooms, it was remodelled by Griffith into dressing rooms, shops and offices, and a studio was built behind it. Here some of Griffith's finest work was done, and many of the rich old rooms formed interior sets for his pictures.

OUR roto picture gallery this month . . . a panorama of faces . . . Juanita Hansen, first a beach beauty and in 1920 becoming known as a serial queen and candidate for the throne Pearl White was vacating . . . Wanda Hawley, then coming toward Paramount stardom . . . Rosemary Theby, vamp and leading woman, who started with old Vitagraph . . . Jack Holt, former villain, but now headed toward leading rôles and eventual stardom . . . Madge Kennedy, then prominent in films, but in 1930 again a stage star of great magnitude . . . and a very young picture of a very young French girl . . . one Renee Adoree . . . "The Big Parade" was still years from its starting point in the brain of King Vidor.

A SCREEN star finds her voice—eight years before the talkies!

The learned Burns Mantle writes a piece on Dorothy Dalton, the famous Ince film lure who has just made a sensation on the New York stage in the leading rôle of "Aphrodite," the noted Morris Gest spectacle.

She liked the stage, said the beauteous Dalton, but she preferred the good old sunlit stages of California.

WHOA! Here's a story that has a familiar ring!

It's called "Jazzing Up the Fashions," and says that motion picture stars are not content to follow the fashions—they introduce them.

We said the same thing all through 1929, pointing to the fact that the despised Hollywood line, with its empire effect, had at last been taken up by Paris and made the style law of the world.

Ten years ago Hollywood was already telling the girls what to wear and how to wear it.

THE Shadow Stage leads off this month, with Burns Mantle's review of "Why Change Your Wife?" latest of Cecil De Mille's flashing, sexy specials.

Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels have the three leads, and Mantle says that De Mille has developed "the technique of the torso" to its highest point in Gloria's personal revelations. In fact, Burns calls it the month's sex best sellers.

THIS is the month of "River's End," Mickey Neilan's beautiful picture starring Lewis Stone and Marjorie Daw. . . . "The Paliser Case," with Pauline Frederick . . . Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers." . . . Ethel Clayton in "The Thirteenth Commandment." . . . Seena Owen declares, in an interview, that the camera is cruel to her . . . Elliott Dexter, after a year's serious illness, is back to the screen again, well and chipper . . . Theda Bara, her screen vamping days over, is on the stage starring in "The Blue Flame"—and what a piece of work *that* was! . . . Griffith has just paid $175,000 for the screen rights to "Way Down East." . . . Ina Claire announces that for a year she has been the wife of James Whittaker, Chicago newspaper man.

GLAMOROUS Gaby Deslys is dead, and she's worth a story this month.

The famous revue star, whose name was linked with that of dethroned King Manuel of Portugal, once made a Famous Players picture with her husband, Harry Pilcer.

So she gets a few lines of small type in PHOTOPLAY—that beautiful woman endowed, by her press agents, with all the lure and charm of historic sirens.

ALICE JOYCE, formerly Mrs. Tom Moore, has married James Regan, son of the proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, famous Gotham hostelry . . . Mary Pickford has divorced Owen Moore in Nevada . . . Elsie Ferguson has just gone back to the speaking stage . . . Chic Sale is making a picture . . . The mother of Carol Dempster dies in Hollywood. Carol, working at Griffith's Eastern studio, rushes West . . . Louise Huff, formerly Mrs. Edgar Jones, is now Mrs. Edwin A. Stillman . . . Vivian Martin is to have her own company . . . Leo Delaney, old Vitagraph star in the days of Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, dies in New York during flu epidemic.

April Showers by CHERAMY

380. RUE St HONORÉ
PARIS

Paris brings you three after-bathing necessities that preserve the vitality, energy and exhilaration of your morning shower

Eau de Cologne 30¢ to $3.75 the flacon
Talc 25¢... Dusting Powder $1.00

Pat a few drops of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your just-bathed body. Thrill to its shock, its vigor, its stimulation. Your skin, your nerves, your very being are awakened, refreshed, revitalized—and prepared for the soothing, cooling touch of Cheramy's Talc or Dusting Powder, as you prefer—both of velvet texture, softly protective, petal smooth, and delicately fragrant with the seductive spell of Springtime in Paris—April Showers (Ondées d'Avril).

Banish "nerves" and Gain rich ENERGY

For jumpy nerves and fagged-out energy . . . when you sleep badly and awake tired . . . when there is nothing definite to tell the doctor except that you feel depressed and worn out . . .

Take FELLOWS' Syrup, the tonic which fights weakness. Two generations of physicians, here and abroad, have prescribed it for its wonderful recuperative benefits. You can actually feel it doing you good. Appetite improves. "Nerves" and neurasthenia disappear. Youthful energy revives. New interest in living is kindled.

In a straightforward way, FELLOWS' Syrup supplies the vital mineral salts and dynamic ingredients which help Nature to repair and rebuild. You will feel a mental and physical "pick-up," with the first few doses you take. Your family doctor is doubtless among those who prescribe FELLOWS' regularly. Your neighborhood druggist has it for you.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

pendulum. Let the hands and arms hang limp.

"Scatter bits of paper around the room. With knees held tightly together and legs rigid, pick up the papers without bending knees, relaxing after each effort. This is an improvement over the usual toe-touching, bending exercise, as it makes you move about and relax and grow rigid in turn."

Miss Hempel recommends the following simple stretching exercise.

"Stand in front of a long mirror, heels together, the lower part of your body rigid. Then with a round swinging movement of the upper body, reach toward the ceiling. Now raise on tiptoe, and stretch and stretch, without overstraining. Go back to normal position, without relaxing completely. This leaves your shoulders well back, head up, and abdomen held in."

Next on Miss Hempel's list of necessary exercises are those that keep the knees supple. She says:

"Walk from the hips, not from the knees, if you would be graceful. Watch men and women on the street. You will notice that most men swing rhythmically from the hips, while women often move from the knees. That's what gives some of them a pitter-patter walk.

"Walking upstairs and downstairs is the best exercise for keeping the knees flexible. Running in place is a partial substitute for stair-climbing."

Miss Hempel adds that exercises performed indoors are apt to seem like work, and whenever possible she substitutes outdoor sports for them. She particularly stresses the value of swimming, skating and riding. Her last comment was this:

"Women must dance. Regardless of all this talk about 'dancing mothers,' they are apt to be healthy, happy, active women, the type who make *good* mothers."

CINDERELLA:

The stage is an exacting, difficult profession, with many heartaches and disappointments. There are always some who struggle along indefinitely in obscure rôles, hoping for recognition. When it is slow in coming, love of the work for its own sake is the actress' compensation.

You have already proved that you have talent and you are constantly developing it. Try to be patient, and I am sure you will be given other opportunities. You have set yourself a high goal, and it can't be won easily. Just fight back depression and that sense of futility and keep on forging ahead.

MARY L. L.:

These colors should be becoming to you: golden brown, tan, rose-beige, pale blue, navy blue, blue-gray, plum, flesh pink, soft rose, black if relieved with cream or white at the neck; all-white, or black and white.

MRS. E.:

You say you can't spare time to use creams and lotions or to bother with make-up. You wouldn't think of leaving your teeth unbrushed and your hair uncombed, yet they take some of your time every day. Your complexion requires care, too, and even if your time is limited you surely can set aside ten minutes out of the whole day. From your description I think your skin needs stimulation.

HELEN J.:

Brilliantly painted fingernails are coming into style, but no one can foretell how great their vogue will be. Yes, I have heard about painted teeth, but while I have seen painted fingernails, black and red enameled teeth haven't flashed before my amazed eyes as yet! But there's no telling what we women will do!

CLARA AND ELLEN:

You're both right! In order to be truly charming, one must be thoroughly sincere. And sincerity gives a rare charm of its own. "Personality plus," as you call it, is a desirable quality only when it has a foundation of sincerity, not when it is an evanescent quality that fades upon closer acquaintance. So don't be jealous of this girl who seems so lavishly endowed. Charm that "wears well" will serve you better in the long run. And that depends on something more than a sparkling laugh and a ready tongue.

ELEANOR S. J.:

Gwen Lee, Alice Joyce and Lilyan Tashman are just your height—five feet, seven, and they wear their clothes beautifully. To be as tall as you are, and rounded but slender, is a real gift of the gods this season. Just think of all the short, dumpy girls, struggling with higher-waisted, form-fitted styles, who would be willing to change figures with you, if they only could!

JESSIE:

The last time we interviewed Joan Crawford she said her favorite colors for evening are pastel shades, or all-black; and for street wear, gray, tan or brown. They're hardly the colors one would expect the rollicking Joan to choose, but they are all becoming to a girl with her coloring. If you are so much like her, why don't you try on clothes in some of these shades and see if you like them?

D. L. R.:

If your ears protrude slightly, I don't think you can do much about it except to draw your hair down instead of exposing your ears. Unless they are really unsightly I don't think you need to change your style of hairdressing since you prefer your hair behind your ears.

VIRGIE:

Pale pink and soft rose are going to be among the favored colors this summer, and you can wear them beautifully. All pastel shades should be becoming to you. You can also wear white, most browns, dark and light blues, and blue-gray. Light greens are all right, but beware of those with an olive tinge.

MARIAN:

If the man you like has become interested in a girl he met at your home, I don't believe there is anything you can do about it except to continue being friendly to both of them. Because he has been attracted to this other girl does not necessarily mean that he has lost interest in you. And it is really flattering to have our friends like one another. It shows that we have used good judgment in arranging for their meeting.

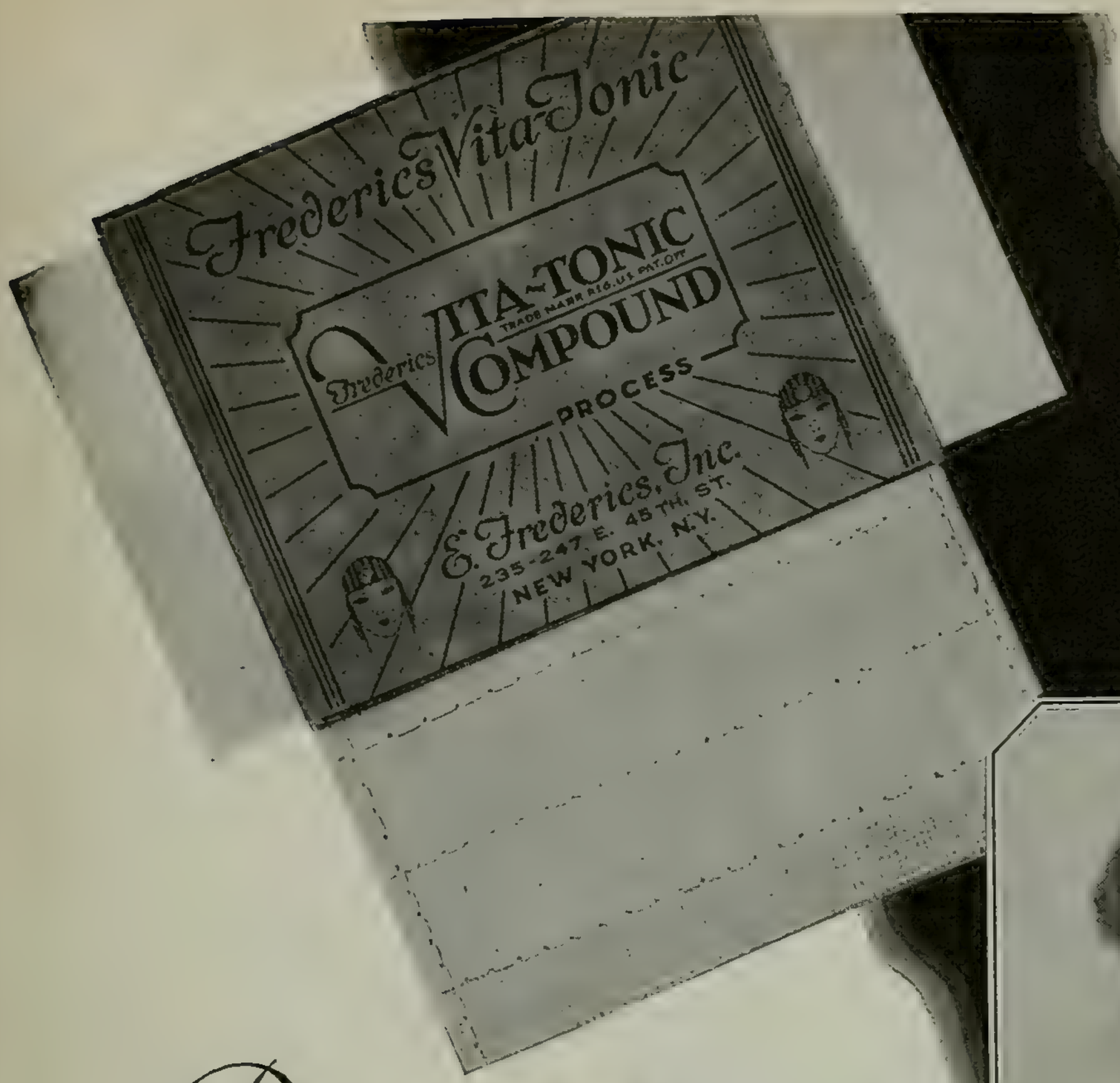
If this man were really in love with you it would not matter how many other girls he might meet. And if he is not, you wouldn't want to try to hold him.

CONSTANTINOPLE:

Use a darker shade of powder than you describe, as this will even up the color of your face and neck and give you the smooth olive complexion you desire.

You can wear dark reds, most shades of brown and tan, soft blues and navy, orchid, palest pink, and cream and ivory white.

You are not overweight. And don't fret about your large mouth. One of the nicest looking girls I know has an unusually large mouth and when, in speaking about her, someone comments on the size of her mouth, someone else in the group always answers: "Yes, but isn't she attractive!" You are fortunate in having even, white teeth.



LOOK FOR
THIS WRAPPER

This Frederics Vita Tonic Compound holds the secret of the gorgeous Vita Tonic permanent wave —the wave that is enthusiastically praised by Hollywood's Lovely Screen Stars.

Beautiful CATHERINE DALE OWEN *Shares Her Secret*

No matter where you may have seen this enchanting blue-eyed screen star, you cannot forget her soft, natural Vita Tonic Waves . . . their breath-taking beauty . . their youthful radiance! "Insist on a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic Wave," says beautiful Catherine Dale Owen, "it is the modern way of placing appealing charm and loveliness into the hair." To be sure, however, that you are getting a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic, ask to see the name "Frederics Vita Tonic" on each wrapper used on every wound tress of hair. Let us send you our interesting booklet, which tells how to take care of your wave, together with one of Frederics Vita Tonic wrappers. Take this wrapper to your hairdresser when going for a permanent, see that she uses no harmful imitations on your hair.

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HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Our simple, scientific Questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. It may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students and graduates are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings.

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will quickly develop your ability to earn money. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send TODAY for Questionnaire!

Just fill out and mail the coupon, stating your age and occupation. There is no cost or obligation to you.

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Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name .....

Age..... *Present Occupation*.....

Address .....

.....

News! Views! Gossip! *of* Stars *and* Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

UNLESS all the signs fail, and such things have been known to happen in Hollywood, Reginald Denny is in line for an amazing comeback to his former great popularity.

He has been signed for the leading male rôle in De Mille's new operetta, "Madame Satan," and a De Mille assignment is not to be sneezed at. Not even in hay fever season. Denny is also rumored for the rôle of *Danilo* in the phonoplay revival of "The Merry Widow" at the same studio. It was the same rôle that provided John Gilbert with one of his greatest characterizations in the silent days.

Denny, rather to the surprise of everybody, possesses a beautiful singing voice, and has had training in light opera during his stage days. He also appeared in "The Merry Widow" on the stage.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, one of the most exclusive of the Hollywood hostesses, gave a small dinner party not so long ago. Wm. Powell was invited, but a previous engagement made his acceptance for dinner impossible. He came later, bringing along Ronald Colman.

In no time at all the Griffith doorbell began to ring. Guests, dozens of guests, came pouring in. Most of them Corinne didn't know at all. She bore up as well as she could under the circumstances, asked them their names, and introduced them to Gloria Swanson and the rest of her important invited guests. Later, after the excitement died down, she saw Powell and Colman sort of snickering in a corner.

When pinned down to it they admitted that they had attended a party earlier in the evening. Since it was just a little dull they invited everybody to drop in on Corinne. Such is social life in Hollywood, and such is a practical joke according to Powell and Colman.

CLARA BERANGER, the writer, passed a plate of gorgeous looking little cakes to some friends.

"The woman who makes these cakes," she said, "supports three children by her efforts. I've only been able to support one writing scenarios."

THAT smart guy in Baltimore who offered to post $10,000 for a one-round bout between Jack Gilbert and Jim Tully is probably sobbing as if his little heart would break. There are going to be no more return engagements, for Jack and Jim have kissed and made up.

It happened at the home of Herman Mankiewicz. Jack arrived at the party. Jim was there. Jack walked over, shook hands with Jim and Jim said he was sorry. Apparently that's that. The newspapers said that Hollywood was agog over the whole affair. But Hollywood is always being agog about something.

THE nerve-shattering memory of the air crash that killed ten men over the Pacific last winter recently stopped work for a day on a First National picture!

Its director was Howard Hawks. His brother, Kenneth, was one of those killed in the tragedy.

The First National script called for a ship to be bombed by a plane. The bomb was to be exploded by electricity as the plane dove.

But the bomb went off too soon. The swooping plane was caught in a hailstorm of debris. Only by rare skill did the stunt flyer—Lieut. E. H. Robinson—bring down his plane safely.

Howard Hawks saw it all. Still shaken by the horrible death of his brother, Kenneth, he was completely unnerved. Work was off for the day.

MAE MURRAY'S screen career is ending in a storm of temperament, court actions and general frustration.

She has filed suit against Tiffany for $1,750,000 damages, charging breach of contract and injury to her professional reputation. Bee-stung Mae contends that in making "Peacock Alley," her first talkie of a projected series of eight, Tiffany failed to use "any degree of skill." As a result, her "unique and extraordinary" talents were not properly exploited, and she was subjected to "ridicule and humiliation."

Phil Goldstone, general manager of the Tiffany film studio, tells a different tale.

"I don't know why Miss Murray is suing us," he says. "We gave her every break. We hired a special director from Paramount, gave her the leading man she wanted and allowed her to dictate the story treatment.

"The cameraman exhausted every possibility in trying to make a forty-year-old woman look like sweet sixteen. We had her for two more pictures. I had a nice story in which she would be a sophisticated woman of the world, but she yelled because the rôle called for a woman of middle age.

"Finally we bought up the contract, apparently to her satisfaction. I wouldn't hire Mae Murray again if she were the only actress in Hollywood. There's no room for temperament in the movies now, with so many talented boys and girls willing to work for reasonable money."

So that's that. Poor Mae! Trying to be 1919 in 1930!

YOU remember Fay Lanphier, California beauty acclaimed "Miss America" at the national pulchritude pageant at Altantic City, 1925, and chosen for the title rôle in the Paramount picture "The American Venus." Probably the most-publicized beauty that ever emerged winner from a contest her fame was almost as brief as a butterfly's moment in the sun.

Now Miss Lanphier has suddenly reappeared in Hollywood, found working as a stenographer in the studio where once she seemed destined for an outstanding picture career.

A few weeks ago she came down from her home in San Francisco, following the closing of a beauty shop in which she was interested. Unable to find a part, though casting directors were kindly attentive, she turned to typing at Paramount to be on hand when opportunity should call.

The first script given her to copy on her new job was that of "True to the Navy," starring Clara Bow, and directed by Frank Tuttle. It is an odd trick of fate that Tuttle was one of the judges to select Fay for her part in "The American Venus," nearly five years ago. Also, he directed her in the picture, in which appeared Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ernest Torrence, and Esther Ralston.

Well, Fay is no quitter. She likes her present work, has no hard luck story, and all she asks is that she be given a break. A spirit like that deserves success. Let's hope that this time a picture career won't elude her.

IT isn't very nice to mention it but the high point of the entertainment of the Mayfair Club dance was provided quite unintentionally by one of the Sisters G.

The two sisters, imported from Germany by Universal for a specialty in "The King of Jazz Revue," were guest dancers at the Mayfair

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

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inconspicuous

NEW!
MODESS COMPACT—
EQUALLY EFFICIENT
BUT THINNER
BY HALF

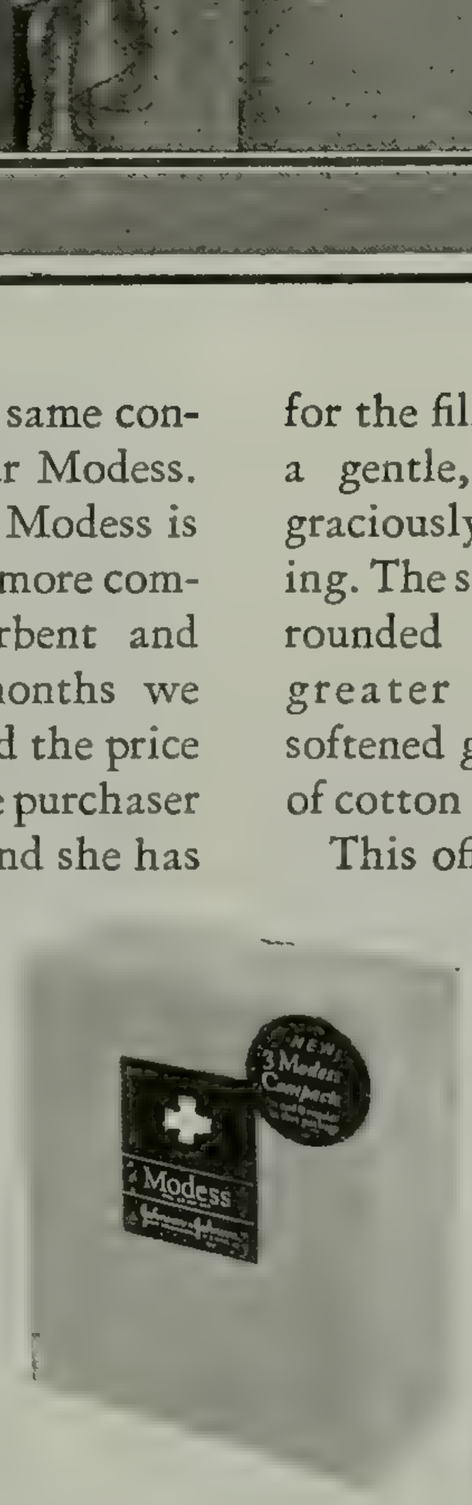
THOUSANDS of women have suggested something of the sort—a thinner Modess with the same superlative softness and high absorbency which have made regular Modess so acceptable. Modess Compact has exactly the same amount of material as regular Modess and is just as comfortable, but it has been slightly compressed so that it takes up only half the room—a real convenience for week-end case or pocketbook. Its inconspicuousness commends it for the snug silhouette.

In every box of Modess with seal in upper right corner you will find three Modess Compact in a special wrap, and nine regular Modess. Use Modess Compact with the same confidence you have in regular Modess.

Every woman who tries Modess is convinced that it is softer, more comfortable, amazingly absorbent and not clumsy. For eight months we have been offering to refund the price unless Modess impresses the purchaser as being better than the kind she has been using. Thousands have tried Modess on the strength of that offer. . . . Two women have asked us to return their money.

The secret of Modess superiority is a remarkable new substance used for the filler. It is not in layers but is a gentle, fluffy mass like cotton, graciously soft, pliant and conforming. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded and ends are tapered for greater comfort. The specially softened gauze is meshed with a film of cotton to prevent irritation.

This offer is particularly addressed to you if you have not tried Modess. Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address, and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the money.



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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HAIR so LOVELY

in 12 Seconds

Here's the way smart women are now keeping their hair soft, lustrous, free from unsightly dandruff and always perfectly dressed.

Each morning they brush a little of this wonderful, greaseless formula into the hair. The effect is marvelous.

This preparation—a blend of vegetable ingredients—restores the natural oil-balance to the scalp. It quickly makes the hair soft, yet so very easy to dress. It brings out the natural lustre and gleam. It dissolves dandruff and keeps the hair clean.

Sets a Wave Keeps Hair Soft, Smooth and Lustrous

If your hair is stringy or dull; if it is unruly; if it is dry, brittle or falling out . . . ask your druggist for Hair Groom—Liquid or Paste. In 12 seconds a day it will keep your hair lustrous, beautiful and healthy. It will keep it perfectly coiffed. Get Hair Groom today.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. PH-5-8
578 Madison Ave., New York City **FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

FEMININE CURVES are the VOGUE

DOROTHY DWAN, Pathe motion picture star, exemplifies the beauty of the truly feminine form.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM
this New, Easy Way

FLAT chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue. Just TRY my wonderful CREAM and special developing instruction!

FREE **Write today** Send only $1.00 for liberal jar of DEVELOPING CREAM (in plain wrapper) and I will include FREE my special Figure Moulding Exercises and complete advice. Take advantage of this big offer — write AT ONCE!

NANCY LEE, Dept. PP-5
Physical Culture Institute
853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

News! Views! Gossip! *of* Stars *and* Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120]

party. In the more strenuous part of their dance routine one of the Gs lost her dancing trunks. She carried off the situation with magnificent aplomb, and finished the dance.

Another near casualty occurred when the lady end of an adagio team almost missed her partner in one of those sensational whirls. More dignified entertainment was provided by Oscar Straus, the famous Venetian composer of light operas. He played his own composition, the "My Hero" number from "The Chocolate Soldier." And then the orchestra came in on the chorus. You couldn't hear Mr. Straus after that.

C. B. DE MILLE may go in for sensational high life in his motion pictures of society folks, but it does not extend to his family.

His daughter, Cecelia, was married quietly to Francis Edgar Calvin, Los Angeles business man. That is, it was quiet considering the ballyhoo surrounding the usual Hollywood wedding. The bridesmaids were all local society girls, and there wasn't a famous profile among the ushers. Not even many members of the colony were invited to the church.

Decorations were chaste Easter lilies against a background of wood ferns, and tall altar candles. You'd expect orchids and kleig lights at least from the director of lavish spectacles.

NEATEST trick of the year! Edmund Breon, an English actor brought to this country to appear in Ronald Colman's picture "Raffles," played a whole game of cricket without ever removing the monocle from his eye.

FINANCIAL-LEGAL Items: Clarence Badger, director, fined $1,000 for kidding Uncle Sam about income taxes. . . . Baclanova sued for $1,052 by landlady who says the actress did that much worth to curtains, upholstery, furniture, dishes, pictures, walls and floors. . . . Natacha Rambova, one-time Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, sues Mae Murray for $1,562 for clothes sold C. O. D. . . . Anita Senay, nurse, says Molly O'Day has been owing her $42 since 1928 . . . a lot of people suing Buck Jones for salaries.

THEY'RE just children at heart, after all, these glittering stars. It takes so little to send them into stitches of mirth. Vincent Barnett is at it again. Barnett is the chap who, in the guise of a waiter or sometimes a guest, attends parties and insults people. Of course, his fee comes high—something like one hundred dollars a night.

Not long ago he appeared at the birthday dinner party given Carl Laemmle, Sr., by Carl, Jr. He began by doubting that Carl, Sr., was only sixty-three. "You look years older than that," he told the Universal producer. A little later he criticized the way the studio was run—"too many supervisors." Carl, Jr., said that a supervisor's job was to help a director make mistakes. "Your directors don't need any help," said the bogus guest. "They're too proficient now."

He also attended a dinner given by a Paramount executive. He started in on George Bancroft. "You are certainly lucky to get all the rôles you do, because you can really only play yourself."

Ina Claire's turn came, too. He told Ina that he had heard of her in Germany. "I had no idea my fame had gone that far," said Ina, much pleased. "Your fame?" he asked. "What do you do? I have only heard of you as the wife of Jack Gilbert." Ina was a good sport and laughed.

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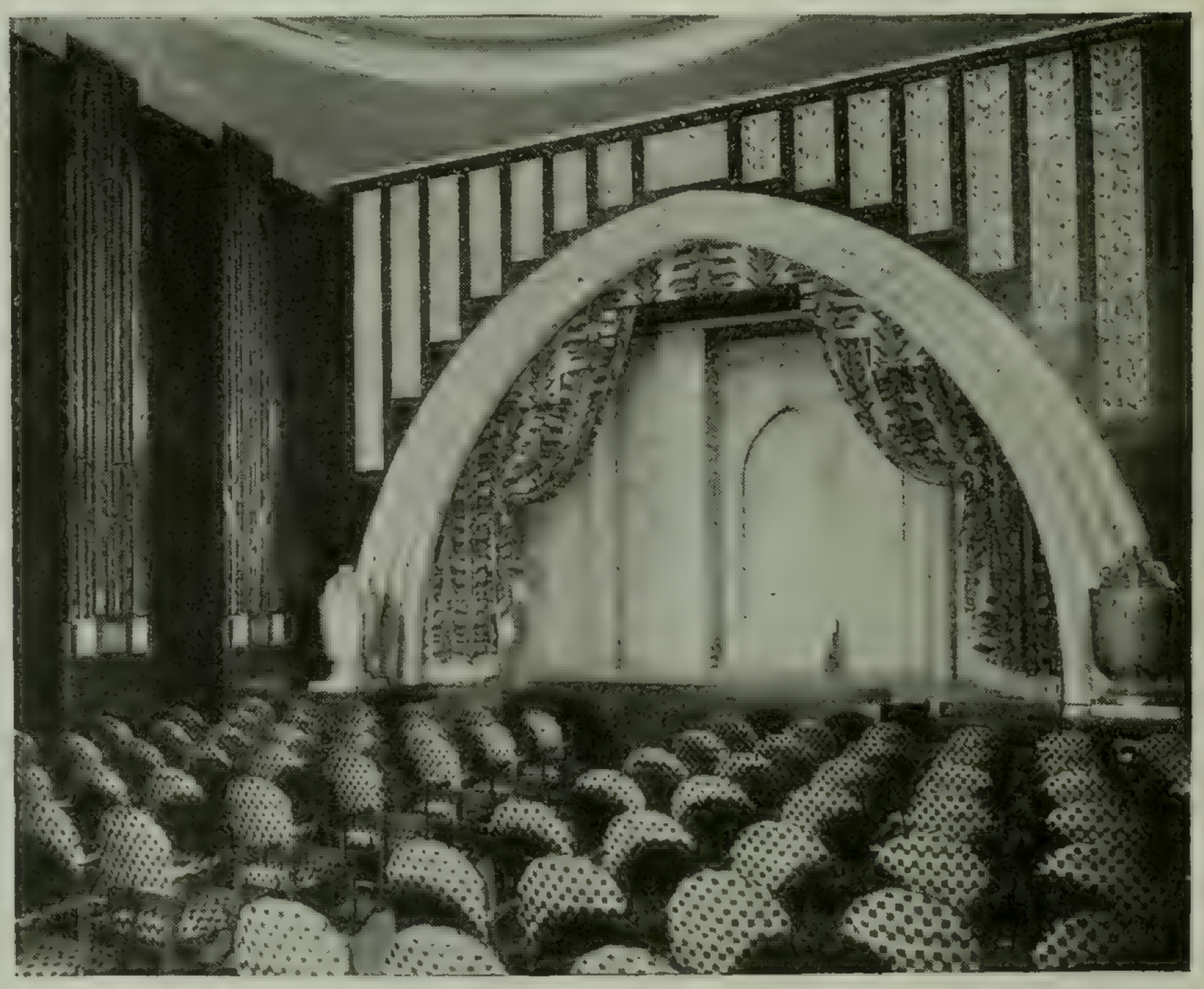


"The Theater in the Clouds," on the fiftieth floor of the Chanin Building, New York. One of the most beautiful little theaters in America, seating 200, with auditorium and lounge decorated in striking modernistic style. It is fully equipped for stage performances and talking pictures. A group of wealthy New York socialites are planning to use it several times a week for advance showings of notable motion pictures

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

We are looking for Miss Columbia

Read the Rules of this Remarkable Opportunity

1—Columbia Pictures Corporation is seeking a girl, residing in the United States, to portray the role of Miss Columbia. To this girl, chosen by judges announced herewith, Columbia Pictures Corporation will award a contract for one week's services at the Columbia Hollywood Studios. All expenses for the week will be paid by Columbia Pictures, and an additional payment of $250 in cash will be made for such services.

2—Miss Columbia will be asked to pose for a motion picture to be used in conjunction with all Columbia production, features and shorts, such motion picture being known as a curtain leader.

3—Should the voice of Miss Columbia be deemed suitable, she will be permitted to make this motion picture a "talking" motion picture.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in this search for Miss Columbia. If you enter the contest through that magazine, you will be entitled to compete for the elimination prize as well as for the Miss Columbia role. The elimination prize, the beautiful Majestic Radio pictured on this page, will be awarded through the magazine to its choice made from among all the contestants who enter into the contest through the magazine. The editorial staff of the magazine and two executives of Columbia Pictures will act as judges for this semi-final choice.

5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to

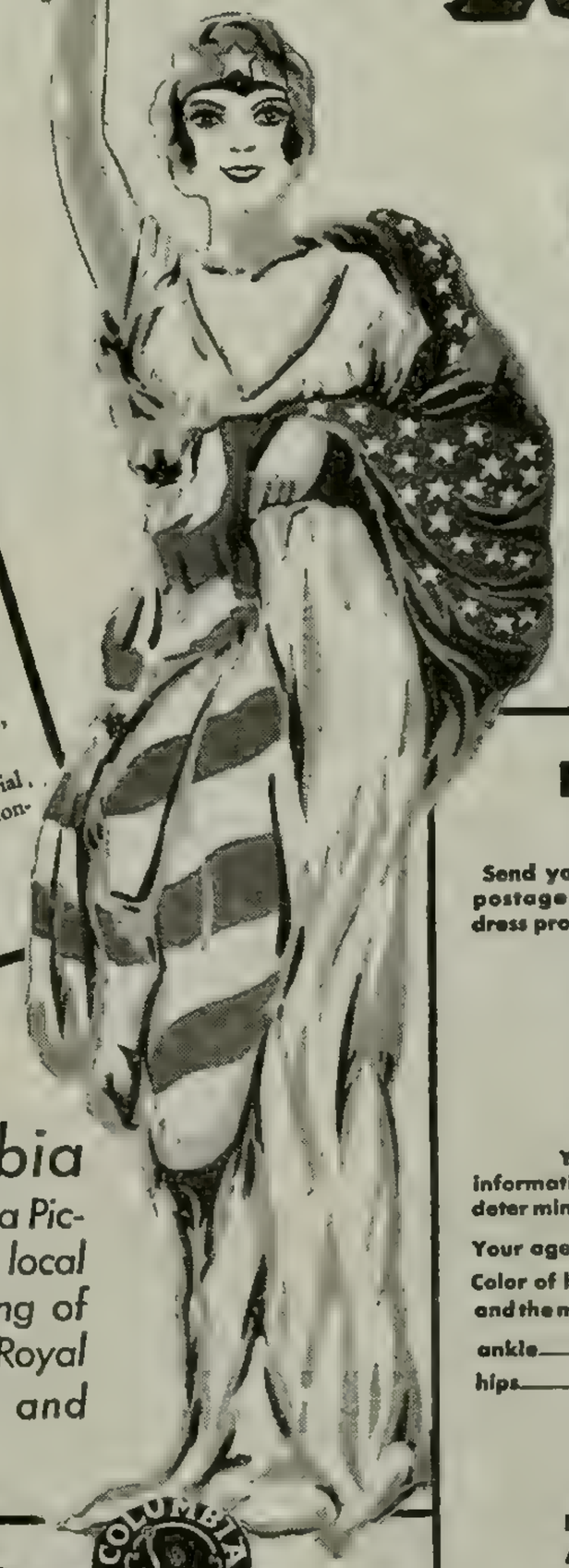
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest and in the Miss Columbia Contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

7—No photographs or other material submitted for the purpose of these contests will be returned unless sufficient postage is included for such return.

Would you like to take the place of Miss Revier, beautiful Columbia star, at this Majestic radio? We are giving you a wonderful opportunity to do so. Read the rules of this contest carefully



There's a $250.00 Movie Contract waiting for Her!

Follow These Directions

Send your photograph (or photographs) postage prepaid, with your name and address prominently lettered on the back to Miss Columbia

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
221 West 57th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

You must also submit the following information, which will be considered in determining the winning girl:

Your age____ Weight____ Height____
Color of hair____ Color of eyes____
and the measurements of your
ankle____ calf____ thigh____
hips____ waist____ bust____
shoulders____ neck____

Print, do not write, your
Name____
Address____
City____ State____

(This coupon is for your convenience only. You may use this, or copy it on any piece of paper. Neatness is desirable.)

Miss Columbia breathes the spirit of Columbia Pictures. See them often . . . Ask your local theatre manager to show Flight, Song of Love, The Melody Man, Vengeance, A Royal Romance, Broadway Scandals . . and other Columbia productions

COLUMBIA Pictures for Better Entertainment

3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more *"expression"* comes into your eyes that very instant!

Then . . . darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. *Instantly* they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant . . . and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.

Insist on genuine Maybelline products and your satisfaction is assured — Obtain at all toilet goods counters.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER
EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

Truly A FEMININE PROBLEM SOLVED

YOU'VE always wanted "STAYETTE". The new, dainty, lingerie pin, so absolutely effective in keeping all shoulder straps in place. Relieves that usual mental annoyance. Insures complete comfort and physical poise. Invisible under your sheerest gown.

Instantly attached no sewing

10¢ per set

At Woolworth, and other Chain and Dept. stores, or on receipt of 10 cents.

STAYETTE LINGERIE PIN

Blessing Novelty Co., Inc., 303 4th Ave., New York

News! Views! Gossip! *of* Stars *and* Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

IT'S a lazy star, these days, who hasn't a side racket or two. Here are a few of them:

Gary Cooper supplies America's beefsteak from dude ranches in Arizona and Montana. Edmund Lowe has 1,200 acres in grapes. Louise Dresser owns a garage in Hollywood.

Lois Weber has hers invested in real estate. So has Betty Compson. Alexander Gray teaches singing on the side. Barthelmess swaps Hollywood business property. Director William Beaudine has a car-washing property. Mary Pickford is a collector of preferred stocks.

And of course Noah Beery's trout farm is famous. They say he keeps the fish so hungry that they have been known to leap five feet out of the tank to bite at a particularly pretty fly.

AND Arthur Caesar has this legend printed across the bottom of his checks, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

IF any of you are planning to spend a summer vacation at Gary Cooper's dude ranch, the Seven Bar Nine in Montana, you might as well know the worst. Start saving right now.

The rates are very picturesque. For a guest cottage one person must spend to the tune of $150 per week. Rates are a little more reasonable for two, $250 per week. In case you would care to sleep in a tent it's a mere $125 per week. If you take along your chauffeur, valet or maid, they will cost you exactly $75 per week.

POLA NEGRI—what! you don't know who Pola Negri is? Why, she used to be a moving picture actress for Paramount or somebody, wasn't she?—well, anyway, Pola Negri is now a "patron of the arts," according to a European press notice.

She financed a Polish ballet (which is NOT a jazz shoe-shining emporium!) of four men and four girls. It cost Pola $3,000. Results yet unreported.

POOR Bob Armstrong! They just won't let him be an author or a fireman or an entomologist or a prestidigitator or even a song-writer on the screen! They just insist on—well, when he was signed for the lead in "Dumb Belles in Ermine," the script called for the leading man to be an author.

"Hooroo," chortled Bob, "now I can stop being a prize fighter in every picture!"

Then they rewrote it.

In the new script Bob is—yes, you guessed it—a prize fighter.

Oh, well; just wait till he gets old and bewhiskered.

WHO is the beautiful star who when asked to characterize Ernst Lubitsch briefly replied:

"He tells naughty stories and is good to his wife?"

AFTER her rôle of the sodden, old derelict of the wharves in "Anna Christie," Marie Dressler was given the opportunity to be very elegant as a regal queen in "One Romantic Night."

Strangely enough, though, Marie's greatest successes for years have been as congenial drunks. She used to sing inebriate songs during her old musical comedy days. It seems that not many women could do them with the proper *savoir-faire*, or whatever lady drunks are supposed to have.

Not long ago in "Dangerous Females" Marie was a riot as a spinster who imbibed too freely of blackberry cordial. The greatest success of her whole career came as the drunken, humorously pathetic *Marthy* in "Anna Christie." After that Marie will probably be a screen "souse" from now on.

JACK OAKIE, "Skeets" Gallagher and Leon Errol appear together in a number in the Paramount Revue. Their skit comprises one of those "silly" songs delivered in a marked syncopated rhythm.

The first time the scene was taken Errol forgot the words when half way through. Gallagher stopped too. But not Jack Oakie. He went on ad-libbing, and keeping in perfect rhythm.

"Hurray for Mr. Lasky
Hurray for Mr. Kent,
And hurray for dear, old Paramint."

The director laughed so hard that he couldn't say "cut."

OLD CAL will never believe another story about the hardships of a location camp!

The Universal publicity department sent out long stories about the strict military regime at their camp for "All Quiet on the Western Front." The boys in the company would sleep in tents, and live the life of soldiers at the front. There was to be no monkey business. Absolutely not.

But a little investigation found the director, and the leading players, Lewis Ayres, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Scott Kolk and Owen Davis, Jr., living quite comfortably in a nearby hotel!

The rooms were all prettied up with white enamel furniture with fancy flowers appliqued on the bedsteads, and with shower baths. The showers, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the appliqued flowers on the beds.

According to a story from the Fox studio, the George O'Brien company is snowbound in Oregon, enduring many hardships. Old Cal wagers they have caviar and pistachio ice cream for breakfast.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, in San Francisco as the headline attraction at the Auto Show, collapsed.

"Influenza," diagnosed Dr. Frank A. Kinglow. "He'll be all right, but that thing in his lung isn't doing him any good."

"What thing?" asked the reporters.

"That piece of shrapnel he picked up in the war."

THERE'S a knife-throwing scene in "Radio Revels" where a gypsy's blade pierces Bert Wheeler's silk hat. When they shot it, they rigged up invisible wires along which the knife slid to guide it through the hat. Mitchell Lewis was the thrower.

The very first time they tried it, something went wrong, and the wire sagged. Zip! went the knife through the hat all right, and also through Wheeler's scalp! It took bandages and a lot of salve—verbal and otherwise—to make Wheeler able to go on for a retake.

"Good thing it didn't hit his foot," commented Bob Woolsey, "instead of his head. THIS way it wasn't serious."

JACK OAKIE pulled the big disappearing act at Paramount recently. Studio officials were contemplating dragging lakes and calling emergency hospitals.

The young star has been trying to get a release from his personal contract to Wesley Ruggles, his discoverer. A personal agent told Jack that the only way to bring Ruggles to terms was to walk out. Jack "walked" and went down to San Diego for a holiday.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The studio officials finally located him, and are arranging to buy off his contract with the private individual. Under the "split" terms of his old contract Jack was reported to be earning only $200 per week, although he is one of the most popular drawing cards on the screen today.

MARY and Doug on their last trip abroad. Everywhere, crowds. No privacy. "Isn't this tiresome?" said one to the other. "It is. Wish we could go some place where people don't know us," said the other to one. Then, by luck, they hit a small village in the German hinterland, where nobody seemed to recognize them, and they were left very much alone.

"Isn't this wonderful?" said one to the other. "Yes, isn't it?" said the other to one.

And the next day, they hurried out of the little village to some place where people would recognize them.

HOLLYWOOD studio used a radio station not so long ago to broadcast a call for a child actor to play *Oliver Twist*.

Next day, eighty-five kids, with an army of relatives, stormed the studio.

RUTH CHATTERTON does a dialect character in "Sarah and Son"—you may have seen it. She plays the rôle of a German-born hoofer who becomes, eventually, a grand opera star.

Her dialect is one of the wonders of the picture. Here's the explanation: Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink coached her.

ALISTER MacDONALD—son of England's prime minister—visited Hollywood to study the talking pictures. He says he'd be a producer if he weren't already an architect.

He's a silent, well poised young man with a little black goatee. Yes, he's been having a marvelous time in Hollywood. Yes, he's met a lot of the picture stars. No, he wasn't disillusioned in them. What? Oh, heah now, he wasn't mentioning any names. What? Oh, he couldn't tell right out whom he had met.

But he did add that Americans must learn to enunciate more plainly for the talkies and he thinks that the producers should give their patrons a more balanced meal of entertainment. Not so much dancing from girls without any clothes on and a few more pictures like "Chang" (which his father liked immensely) and "Disraeli."

DON'T believe that Crawford girl is domestic? Why, you should be spanked and sent to bed without your supper. She spends all her spare minutes making hooked rugs and cross-stitch whatnots for the backs of chairs.

The other day the workmen at the store where she has the rugs stretched ruined one. It had taken her six weeks to make it. But was she downhearted? Not by fifty-thousand stitches. She began on another the next day.

LOS ANGELES Glass Manufacturer Goes Simple:

Has agents trying to sell new kind of glass to movie stars. The glass is amber tinted. Used in automobiles, it permits occupants to look out, but outsiders can't see in. Manufacturer figures it'll appeal to the shy, retiring stars.

The darned fool!

LITTLE Tommy Clifford, who made such a hit in the John McCormack picture, "Song O' My Heart," is being required to read Gaelic aloud for one hour each day in an effort to preserve his delightful Irish brogue.

THEY'RE calling Lupe Velez Miss Gus Edwards now. The Mexican hell-cat has gone into the protégé business in a big way. Two

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact that it deodorizes, are other reasons you will like Kotex.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. This is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material that is used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. This is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you utmost security.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

3 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Easy to Make ★ Windows Glisten!

WHEN next you clean windows, try Energine—a tablespoonful or two to a gallon of clean warm water. See how quickly the dull glass sparkles.

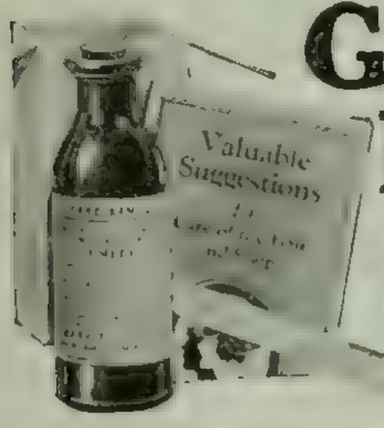
No soap or powder needed. No muss! Just a soft, clean cloth wrung out of the Energine-treated water. A gentle rub or two with a dry cloth—and they're crystal clear—sparkling!

Energine cleans quickly, thoroughly. Dries instantly! *At all Druggists*

You soon become an expert in cleaning with Energine by following simple directions on label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

World's Largest Seller

LEAVES NO ODOR
ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID



GRAY HAIR GONE

TEST BOTTLE FREE

Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE. This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes — black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

TEST IT FREE **3,000,000 women have used it successfully. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for *Test Package*.**

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2411 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
Name .....
Street .....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

twelve-year-old tap dancers and a Spanish guitar player are under personal contract to her. Lupe is going to put them over in pictures. But until they make their fame and fortune Lupe has them at her house every night to amuse the guests who drop in.

Lupe has a quaint Mexican custom. When you enter the house she screams, "I hate you. Get out of my house." But when you want to leave she locks the door and throws the key away. You can't get out until she lets you out.

THERE are good and sufficient reasons why the stars guard so zealously their home addresses and telephone numbers.

Not long ago a woman writer included the Beverly Hills address of Corinne Griffith in her article. On the day the article appeared the doorbell began to ring. There were charity cases, real estate salesmen, and fans who just thought they'd drop in and say howdy to the Orchid One. The high point of the festivities arrived when an authentic maniac came stamping up the front walk.

He was all for setting the house on fire and murdering the inhabitants. The Beverly Hills *gendarmes* finally led him away, handcuffed. Corinne has been spending most of her time lately at Malibu Beach. There aren't any telephones or addresses.

RAMON NOVARRO is vacationing in Mexico. And when he gets back, so they say along the Boulevard, he's going to make "The Prisoner of Zenda" as his next after "The Singer of Seville."

WE'D thought that Dick Arlen had already achieved enough distinction in Hollywood. But it seems that we're wrong. He is the only man to our immediate knowledge who has ever spent the night in a bed in a maternity ward.

Dick was injured on the set when he did a realistic fisticuff scene in "The Light of the Western Stars." He was rushed to the closest hospital. Every bed was taken except one in the stork room. He took it and spent the night there. But a Masonic oath of silence seals his lips.

OUR friend Nick Stuart, recently juvenile lead with the Fox Company, is now doing two-reel talking pictures for Mack Sennett.

CAMILLA HORN—remember that adorable little German blonde who flashed so briefly across the Hollywood sky?—wants to come back from Germany.

Hollywood friends have letters from her in Berlin. "Maybe some time I come back," is the wistful line she pens. Her only chance is a foreign rôle—like they're giving Vilma Banky, for instance!—or a foreign version.

YOU will be delighted to know that June Elvidge, your favorite picture star of a few years ago, is now earning a comfortable living for herself as buyer for Russeks' New York store.

NOT so many years ago, Lois Weber was one of the most famous directors in the business. She was the first woman to win success in the field.

Only one woman since that time has attained real prominence, Dorothy Arzner. It has been a long time since Lois has brought her talents to the screen. She has taken over the management of a huge Los Angeles apartment house, in which she has a great deal of money invested.

Her first party in the swanky new place brought out scores of her motion picture friends

Prize Money For You!

Your chance to get the cash you may need for business, home expenses, pleasure, or luxuries.

PHOTOPLAY offers its readers $5,000 in Seventy prizes. Watch for the new Cut-Puzzle Contest which starts in the June issue.

You cut out the several parts of the faces of picture stars, reassemble and name them correctly. That's all!

The JUNE Issue
on sale at all newsstands May 15

NO mere busted-up romance is going to sour Buster West on Hollywood. Whether Virginia Cherrill will have him or no, Buster is NOT going back East. He has signed a long-term contract to stay in Hollywood for pictures instead of going to New York to join his dad in eccentric dancing.

Buster won the heart of the fair Virginia—Charlie Chaplin's new leading beauty—last year. But around Christmas time, Virginia wanted to know what was the sense of marrying if she and Buster couldn't agree even BEFORE marriage. So she gave him back his ring. Buster, good sport, gave her in return a $4,000 diamond bracelet as a Christmas present. They're still good friends.

JACKIE COOGAN has made his first talkie. It was just a short newsreel flash in which Jackie, long-panted now, introduced his kid brother.

TRAGEDY'S echo:

Mary Astor has sold her lovely home in the hills to Magazine Writer Fred McIsaac. The house was the one where Mary and her husband, Kenneth Hawks, were so happy, before death flamed out there over the Pacific.

Mary is working hard. Hollywood, eyes tear-moist, admires her courage and the spirit that prohibits Mary from parading her grief.

THERE'S no beating these actors for persistency. After Frank Gilmore, president of Equity, returned to New York without having done anything but get a lot of people excited, Will Hays went West and the actors went quietly to work to get what they wanted. A committee, headed by Conrad Nagel (Hollywood's official chairman), met the producers and a new standard contract was effected.

One of the biggest triumphs was that the actor is guaranteed a rest period of at least twelve hours after dismissal for the day before the actor can be called back for work. If any dispute arises it will be settled by a committee.

Other clauses prevent "doubling" except under exceptional conditions; require that the producer give the actor reasonable notice before termination of his employment; provide that if an actor is called back for retakes after six months and if his salary has increased in the meantime, the producer must pay at the higher rate; etc., etc.

It was a great day for the actor and what's more the producers didn't seem to feel badly about it. Everything was amiable and everybody is happy. And Will Hays received a lot of bouquets for his able management of the whole business.

ABOUT the first thing Estelle Taylor did when she got back to Hollywood from New York was to sign up with a vocal teacher. She's been vaudevilling back East, but evidently feels she needs more mi-mi-mi-ing for the larynx.

REMEMBER Kathleen Key, the girl who played Ramon Novarro's leading lady in the first picture he made in Hollywood and who was also his sister in "Ben Hur"?

For the last two years she has been in Paris. She is back in Hollywood, hoping for a break in the talkies.

CLINICAL memorandum No. X-67:

Noah Beery: Stricken at breakfast with appendicitis. Operation successfully performed, although gangrenous condition found. Condition critical for several days. Now okeh and virtually completely recovered.

BEFORE Marino Pomares had a movie star in the family he was an engineer, and sort of fancied making charts and diagrams. Mr. Pomares is the father of Anita Page now.

He has it all figured out how much more it costs a girl to live if she is in the movies than if she were doing something less spectacular. He has drawn a chart illustrating the relatively increased expenditures out of her earnings because she is in the movies. She must have better clothes, a finer home, and a hundred and one incidentals which would otherwise be unnecessary.

Anyway, it figures out something like this: Outside of the movies she would spend about fifty-three per cent of her salary, saving some forty-six per cent, which now goes to "expenses."

ARMIDA came into Howard Greer's shop the other day to buy some dresses. Her measurements were taken. She was exactly thirty-one inches around the hips.

Whereupon three of Greer's best mannequins took poison in a jealous rage.

FAME!—

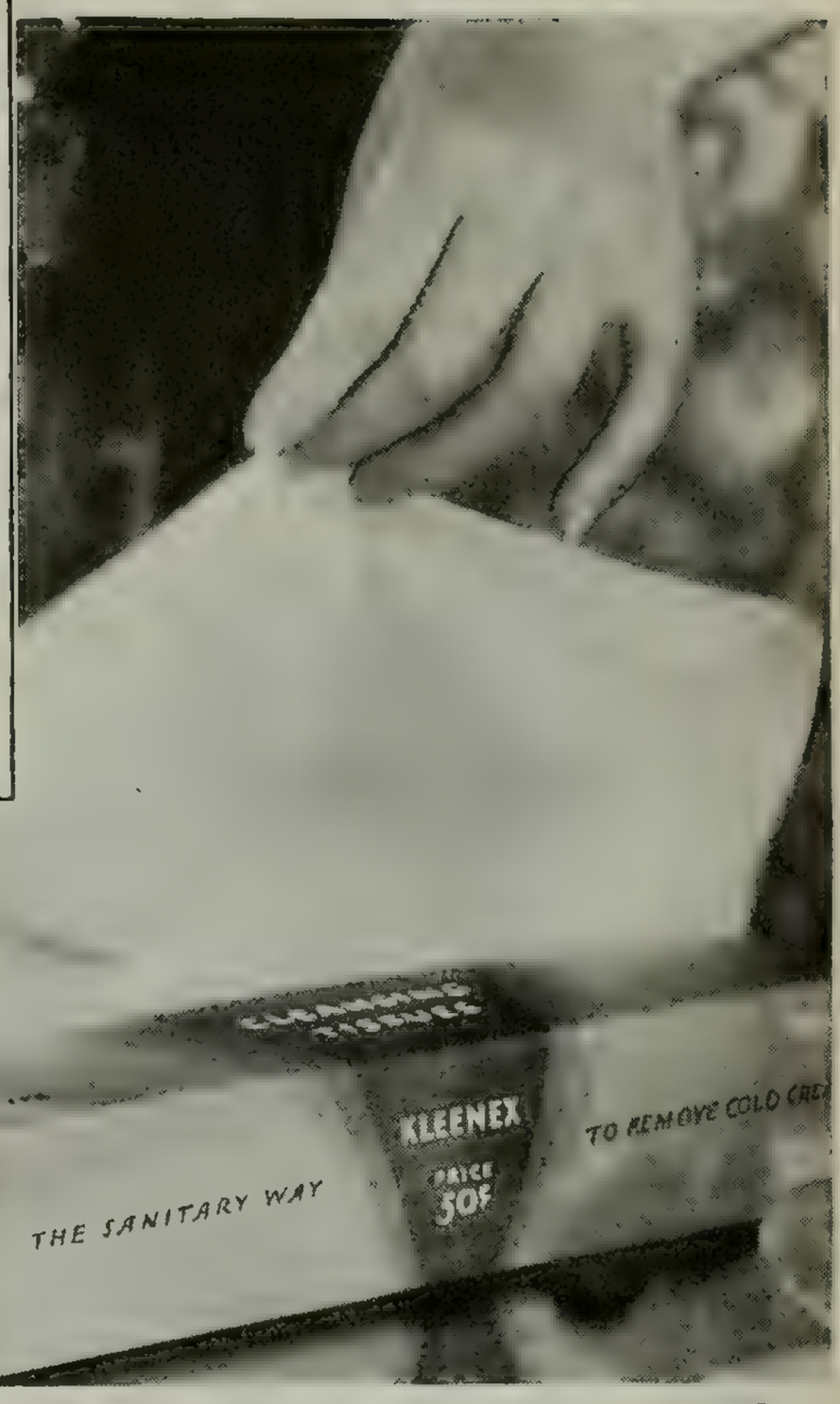
Rudolph Friml, the composer, went to a Hollywood bank to open an account with his first salary check from United Artists. The teller took the check, looked at it, and asked Friml to wait.

A moment or two later, the telephone rang in one of the U-A executive offices. At the other end was an official of the bank.

"Kleenex is so dainty for removing make-up! Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "Street Girl" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."



Kleenex comes in three safe, lovely tints—and white

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Bacteria, you know, start most complexion troubles, such as pimples and blackheads. And bacteria thrive on dirt.

There's still another way in which Kleenex protects your skin. Because of its amazing absorbency, Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary . . . the rubbing that beauty experts believe an important cause of large pores and wrinkles.

You'll find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. Use a fresh, clean tissue each time, then discard it. Thus you prevent infection . . . save laundry . . . and avoid reinfection from cold germs. Ask for Kleenex at drug and department stores.

Kleenex

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. PH-5

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Mother's Day

Sunday
May 11th

SAY IT WITH
FLOWERS

FLOWERS

PIN MONEY FOR OUR READERS

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you. Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dept. RE-5, 750 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... .....State.....

"Say," asked the banker, "we have a man over here with a check from you. His name's Fry-mil or something. Is he okeh?"

Which goes to show that he may be Friml some place, but in Hollywood, Rudolph is just another bank depositor.

PARADOX: King Vidor made money by paying more than he should for something.

Explanation: The California law provides that when one has been mulcted by a usurer, he may recover at law thrice the amount usuriously paid.

Vidor and his brother, C. S. Vidor, borrowed money for a studio construction job. The company they borrowed from charged them more than the legal rate of interest, they alleged in a subsequent suit. The court, after hearing the evidence, agreed that they had been overcharged $11,078.54, and awarded them damages in treble that amount—$33,235.

NOT all of the stars spend their evenings in orgies, whatever one of those things are. Neil Hamilton is going to night school. Of course he isn't studying Americanization or algebra, but he goes to school nevertheless.

He is enrolled in the navigation class at the University of Southern California. Ever since Neil bought his big sail boat he has wanted to know all about it, fore and aft, port and starboard. He's the only student in the class with a real, honest-to-gosh yacht to practice on.

WHEN Eric Von Stroheim attends a formal party he removes his top coat and his hat, but he keeps his cane flung nonchalantly over his arm all during the festivities.

JOAN CRAWFORD has the most unique set of jewelry in Hollywood. It's a three in one. Doug gave it to her and, what's more, designed it all himself—the old Cellini.

When Joan is being grand it's a diamond necklace with a stunning pendant, but the pendant comes off and becomes a pin and the necklace un-snaps and becomes two bracelets that can be worn with street and afternoon frocks.

MAYBE the fans have never heard of Fay Marbe. Well, Hollywood hadn't either until a few months ago, but she has taught these film stars things they never dreamed about publicity.

Fay is an American girl, but her triumphs have been made for the most part in Europe. She is a notable figure in Paris, London and Berlin. Now she is on the Camera Coast, and Old Cal will give you just one guess why she's here.

Some of her exploits are really quite fascinating, and the newspapers just ate 'em alive.

Her smile is insured for fifty thousand pounds. Each leg is insured for ten thousand pounds. That's old stuff after all.

One of her most famous exploits was a divorce party. She invited a lot of estranged wives to one party, and their ex-husbands to another. Then she assembled them all at a third place. You can imagine what happened. It was a nine-day European scandal.

She has entertained the ex-Kaiser in Doorn, and she was "insulted" by a nobleman in a London night club. Of course, in some way or other, these things were revealed to the press. Most annoying, too.

DOUG FAIRBANKS was escorting people about the United Artists lot. He greeted a newcomer, and there were introductions. One of them was a good-looking, effective young man. Doug introduced him like this—

"...and you know Commander Byrd, don't you all?"

Gasps. Astonishment. Stupefaction. Amazement. Oh, lots of words like that!

"Commander Byrd? Commander BYRD! —why, I thought Commander Byrd was snow-

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

and-iced in at the South Pole. Isn't he?" someone demanded.

"Oh, that fellow at the South Pole is really Lon Chaney," someone wise-cracked.

But then it was explained that the Commander Byrd presented by Doug is really Commander J. B-I-rd, formerly of the British royal air forces, and now a noted designer of racing airplanes. He's visiting Hollywood.

THE tragic death of ten men in the plane crash while filming "Such Men Are Dangerous" has at least a kindly aftermath.

The names of the eight Fox employees killed have been kept on the payroll for three months.

In addition, each bereaved family will get $5,000 insurance money, and a share of the $25,000 subscribed by Fox studio employees.

"FATTY" ARBUCKLE is finally on the very verge of the come-back threshold. After what happened, Fatty has tried almost everything—repenting, roadhouse-operating, divorcing, lunchroom-proprieting, vaudeville, silence, and so on.

Now it's just about certain that James Cruze, of "Covered Wagon" fame, will, on the strength of his life-long friendship for Arbuckle, direct the big boy in a series of comedies. They'll be two-reelers, like those in the old days. And talkie. And we will be tickled to see him!

IN the death of Lydia Yeamans Titus, Hollywood lost one of its most familiar and interesting characters.

The genial Mrs. Titus had appeared in innumerable pictures, and in support of most of the greatest stars. But her last days, interesting as they were, lacked the glamour of her earlier career when she was young and beautiful. It was Lydia Yeamens Titus who made "Sally in Our Alley" one of the most famous songs of a long-gone decade. King Edward VII of England heard her sing that favorite tune, and gave her a gold bar pin showing the first notes of the song in diamonds.

During the heyday of her prosperity Mrs. Titus gave $5,000 to the Actors' Fund for relief work. It was from this fund that she was cared for during her last days, together with the assistance of many loyal Hollywood friends.

One of her bequests was that her friend, Margaret Livingston, should receive the cherished bar pin.

THERE'S a depletion in the ranks of handsome, Hollywood juveniles. If it keeps up producers may have to start another of those "New Faces Contest" things.

The sheiks with the wavy hair and melting eyes are deserting Filmania to become gigolos. Gigolos are as familiar as plumbers in London and Paris, but now they have made an official appearance on the Pacific Coast, where men have been men for the most part heretofore.

One of the smartest of Santa Barbara hostelries, and that's pretty smart if you want to know, has installed the sleek boys as part of the necessary equipment.

Young actors in Hollywood have been offered jobs at fifty dollars a week and "expenses." With production quiet at the studios it sounded good to some of them. The requirements call for good looks, agreeable manners, an impressive wardrobe. And above all, he must be a mean *hombre* on the ballroom floor.

NOW that "Journey's End," the brilliant English war drama, will soon be seen on the screens of the world, there's a story to tell of its origin and the amazing profits it has garnered.

A little more than a year ago its author, R. C. Sheriff, was an obscure London clerk at thirty dollars a week. Now the play is bringing in twenty thousand a week in royalties, and is being played all over the world. At first, every London producer turned thumbs down on it. Another war drama—pooh!

It is still playing in London, New York, and at least three other American cities. The

"It used to be fun to go shopping"

"Why should I be so tired?"

TOO tired to go shopping! Too tired for the bridge invitation in the afternoon! Too tired *to feel* like getting dinner and to be a real pal to *him* in the evening!

The energy that gives zest to the day's activities must be protected. It arises from a well-cared-for body and from good health. Feminine hygiene is modern science's great safeguard. Do you know the facts about it?

For 40 years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon by women throughout the world for feminine hygiene. Likewise, for 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have depended on it at childbirth—when any possibility of infection or injury to tender tissues must be prevented. "Lysol" has been proved safe, *effective*.

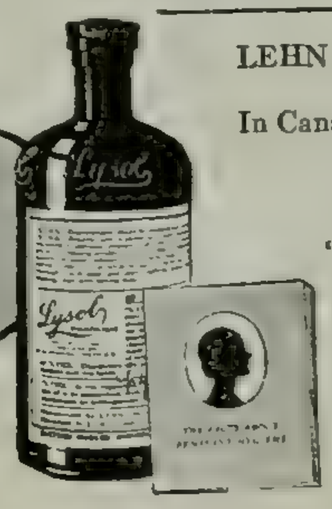
Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of so-called "non-poisonous" preparations. "Lysol" itself is *non-poisonous* when used in proper dilution. "Lysol" gives you many times more for your money because it is a *concentrated* germicide, while some of the so-called "non-poisonous" preparations contain 90% or more of water.

Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Specific rules and advice come with each bottle. Send for the booklet offered below. It is by a prominent woman physician and is for women. It is enlightening. And it is free.

* * *

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Lysol Disinfectant



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LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 405
Bloomfield, N. J.
In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited
9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8.

Please send me, free, *your booklet*,
"The Facts about Feminine Hygiene"

Name.....

Street .....

City..... State .....

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffiefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted ... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 665 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

Don't be an

EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

screen production of this saga of the trenches will be released during the spring.

THE winter Mayfair season started with a bang. Just everybody in the picture business was tripping the light fantastic. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who aren't seen out in public much, were there as host and hostess to a big party. Mary looked chic and sophisticated in a black sequin and tulle dress, and black slippers with red heels. She danced the first number with Johnny Mack Brown.

Also in her party were Charlie Farrell beauing Virginia Valli, and Dolores del Rio, very elegant, with Larry Kent. Jack Pickford and Doug arrived late. It was a very gay party.

At another table was Lilyan Tashman escorted by no less than four gentlemen, and the men didn't seem to mind at all. They were Eddie Lowe, Billy Haines, Jimmy Shields and Roger Davis. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills (Milton looking fit as a camping kit) were at the Will Hays' table.

It remained for Eric von Stroheim to pull the best gag of the evening. In lieu of place cards he had little novelties that bespoke the character of each of his guests, and at his own place was a can of film labeled, "The unfinished masterpiece. Reel 605."

Mabel Normand Says Good-Bye

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

and self-sacrificing women any one has ever known. She was a great woman and a great character."

MABEL'S illness was of long standing. When I first knew her fifteen years ago, she was suffering from tuberculosis; but so brave was her spirit that she tossed off the threat with a gay indifference.

In later years, this malady was aggravated by grave troubles and worries. Mabel was the *Patsy* who got the blame for what other people did. She suffered humiliation and disgrace in silence when she could have set herself right—by "telling on" some one else.

There was the case of the chauffeur who adored Mabel so devotedly, that he shot a man whom Mabel knew but slightly, but whom the half-crazed boy thought was bringing bad company to her harem-scarem, topsy-turvey house.

There was the William Desmond Taylor case of which Mabel honestly knew nothing; but which brought down odium and club lady resolutions upon her.

As usual in such cases, Mabel's bitterest critics were often those who owed her most of money and kindness and tolerant charity.

She realized that she had to die and met the issue bravely and without whimpering. One of her last messages was to me; when she asked me to tell the public through PHOTOPLAY Magazine of her love and appreciation. "They have been dear to me, and sweet and kind," she said.

The affection between Lew Cody and Mabel Normand that resulted in their early morning marriage has never been understood. But to one who knew them both intimately, it was a sweet story.

They had been devoted friends for years. Theirs was a comradeship of laughter—laughing at life, laughing at and with each other, laughing off troubles.

LEW loved Mabel, and Mabel adored Lew. No woman could have helped loving a man who brought such happiness and sunshine into a life over which death was even then trying to cast a shadow.

Even at the last, she did not lose her thirst for life.

So weak she could scarcely talk, she took up the telephone to ask eager questions of a war correspondent friend of mine who had just come back from a Mexican revolution.

Mabel Normand in her early days at Keystone. At the left, Ford Sterling is inspecting the slipper, while the Old Master, Mack Sennett, does one of his Dutch scowls. Few pictures remain of Sennett in character in his acting days

What the air raids were like; tell her about the Mexican girl who fought in the trenches; and what became of the dog who ran up and down on the top of a fire-swept trench?

He told her about a tramp aviator who had a steel extension in his leg which he used to loosen and tighten up with a screw driver he carried for the purpose. Mabel laughed. "You are a liar," her voice came gasping over the 'phone. Impudent to the last.

Mabel has gone from us, but like Chevalier Bayard—without fear and without reproach, she goes boldly forward.

Exit—Corinne Griffith

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

living. At thirteen the Griffin (that is her real name) fortunes were on the wane. Just as in the old-fashioned melodramas, a sheriff came and foreclosed the mortgage on the "homestead." Her mother and she came to California, and Corinne tried to sell her own paintings of Santa Monica sunsets from door to door. She got her first chance in the films by winning a beauty contest in a beach ballroom.

And now the beauty contest winner is one of the most dignified, most sought after hostesses in the colony. You cannot imagine that the shadow of hardship ever crossed her life. One of her greatest charms is the fact that she does not care to talk about her beauty. She believes that education is the greatest thing a woman can possess—to be able to talk on many subjects.

"You have to have so much more in pictures now. A director no longer can tell you what to do and how to do it. It must come from within yourself. You can't make as many pictures. I was doing too many. I was supposed to make four in three years. Instead I turned out three in a little more than one year.

"I made a great deal of money, but a star must carry the picture—that is part of the star business. With dialogue to be written, and lines to learn, you can't turn pictures out like automobiles. With talkies, I don't feel that I know what is good for me. I would never tell a producer that I must do this or I mustn't do that. How can I be sure that I am right?

"IT has been my ambition to portray the life of the Empress Josephine. To me she is one of the most fascinating characters in all history. If I produce it, I will go to France and work under the auspices of the government. I wouldn't finance it myself. I'd never put a nickel of my money in one of my own pictures or in anybody else's.

"I've had other offers to make pictures in this country since I left First National. I don't want to consider them. I'm going to have a good time. I no longer have to worry about money. I don't mean that I have an immense fortune, but it is enough to do the things I want to do. I saw too much poverty as a child not to save money while I was making it."

This summer Corinne and Walter Morosco, her husband and business manager of her productions, will live at Malibu Beach.

The big house in Beverly Hills will be sold. It is one of the showplaces of the colony, and it is filled with magnificent old furniture and art objects, brought from Paris and Italian cities.

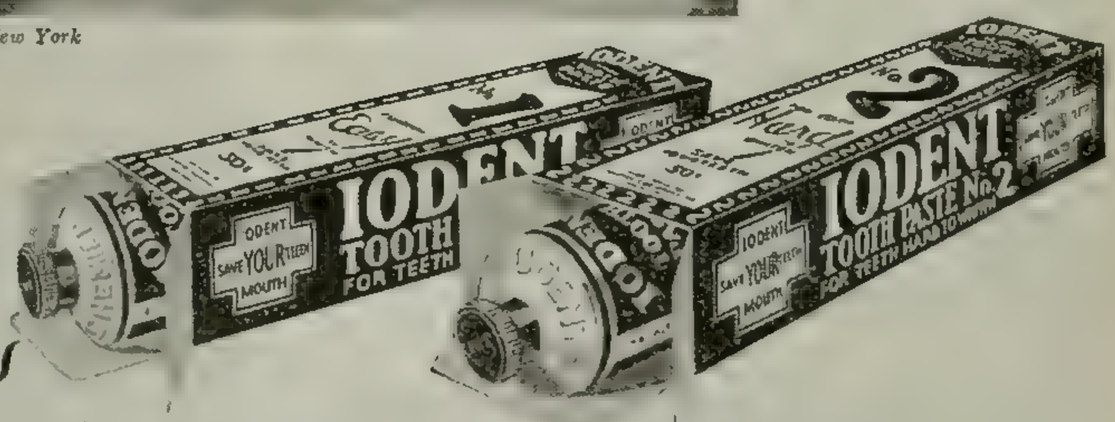
In the future the Moroscos will live six months in Europe and six months at the Malibu cottage. Corinne has the right chateau selected, near enough Paris for convenience—remote enough for atmosphere unchanged by the centuries.

One picture is waiting for release, "Back Pay." Then the Orchid Lady is going to collect some back pay on her own—the good times and the broad education she missed as a child.

Even
HARD-TO-WHITEN TEETH
sparkle with Lustrous Beauty

Evening dress and wrap by Hickson, Inc., New York

Jewels, silks, hair, eyes, teeth—all owe much of their charm to natural brilliancy



...When this special tooth paste is used REGULARLY

Remember how white and lustrous your teeth *used* to be—before time or tobacco smoke had dulled their brightness? This natural brilliancy is still there; and like tarnished silver, the enamel will instantly respond to proper cleaning.

Iodent No. 2—in the big blue tube—is specially compounded to do this work *safely* and *swiftly*.

When brushing with No. 2, you will notice that there is no explosion of useless froth in the mouth—no suggestion of harsh abrasives. The No. 2 texture is firm, yet soft. It shapes itself to the teeth and clings till it thoroughly cleans.

Iodent is the *only* dentifrice in the world that is made in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth. Iodent Chemical Company—Detroit.

IODENT *No.* 1 for Teeth Easy to Whiten is also ideally adapted for children's tiny teeth and tender gums

IODENT *No.* 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

Freckles Vanish!

Tells How to Rid Your Complexion of These Ugly, Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

LEARN TO WRITE FOR THIS MONEY-MAKING MARKET

• • •

Today the field for short stories. photoplays and newspaper articles is broader than ever. Editors are eager for material—for first-rate stories—stories with the professional touch. • The Palmer Institute of Authorship has definitely proved by its hundreds of successful graduate writers that it can take men and women who *wish* to write—who have the initiative to apply themselves to writing—and can build up their creative efforts and train them to sell their work for cash. • Many prominent authors such as Katharine Newlin Burt. Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, indorse Palmer Courses. Mail the coupon for complete information.

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I am interested in:
☐ Fiction Writing ☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesmen will call.

She Raised the Roof

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

At fifteen she was a feature in vaudeville—sparkling, laughing, and forever singing.

It was a thousand to one shot that Broadway would get her, and it wasn't long! Winnie Lightner stepped out of a sickly show called "Delmar's Revels," and in pranced Lil! Weakling though the show was, and all run down with box-office anaemia, the Roth kid stood out like a boil on teacher's nose, and it wasn't long till she was snapped up by the big leagues of the show world.

Well, then it was easy.

Earl Carroll signed her for his "Vanities." The opera opened on a sticky night in August, and even then Lillian stuck out.

She got wonderful notices in all the papers, and when that show struck out for the tall and uncut, Miss Roth went up ten or twelve flights and joined Mr. Ziegfeld's roof show, where not even the star-spangled Chevalier dimmed the glory of her chest tones.

And then, children, Mr. Lasky got psychic, packed her off to Hollywood and gave her to us in long lengths of sizzling celluloid.

The rest you almost know. Playing opposite Lupino Lane, she was one of the gay spots of "The Love Parade."

Again the path of the merry little singing girl paralleled that of the great French revue star!

Lillian Roth was a vaudeville trouper when she was eight. Here she is shown with little sister Ann, five. The team of tiny tots sang and danced wherever the Gerry Society would let them get away with it. Lillian is now an ace Paramount songstress in "The Vagabond King"

She moved into "The Vagabond King," playing a dramatic rôle, and playing it all over the screen.

In addition, she has one of the great numbers of that tuneful Friml show, and how she sings it is our business!

And there'll be many other good parts, and songs to sing, before Hollywood sees and hears the last of this sunny child.

Of course, she's in "Honey"—in fact, she's a lot of "Honey."

LILLIAN photographs older than she looks, and a good deal taller. Out West she lives with her mother and sister—works hard, and has a good time.

Oh yes, there's a boy-friend lurking.

He's a broker, not connected with the industry.

He may be some day—that is, by marriage!

Seeing Clara Bow

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

was dribbling orange juice over my chin and down the coverlet.

I closed my eyes and dreamed happily

Other men may write deathless songs, explore undiscovered lands, shake hands with Jack Dempsey or Greta Garbo.

But I can die happily now, and it probably won't be long.

But I have seen Clara Bow!

P.S. Mother is still missing. She was last reported passing Albany and heading directly for the state of Coma.

If you will kindly return her to the PHOTOPLAY office, no questions will be asked, and no reward paid.

"I Knew Them When—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

discovery of Betty Bronson. He will tell you with a perfectly straight face that his pictures put her over in a big way. She had gone to him for a sitting, it is true, but Sir James M. Barrie and Herbert Brenon selected her for the rôle of "Peter Pan" that brought her success.

There is hardly a magazine writer who doesn't claim a share in the success of a star. "If it hadn't been for me and the good publicity I gave him when he was just beginning, he wouldn't be where he is today."

PUBLICITY has put many an actor over. It has never kept him at the top. A magazine story may do a star a certain amount of good. Very seldom does it land a contract.

A certain writer lays claim to Gary Cooper's success. It is also her story that when the Cooper family first arrived in Hollywood, she lent Mrs. Cooper her best clothes. Gary's mother towers a head over the writer and tips the scales at some fifteen or twenty pounds more.

The garments were made entirely of elastic if Mrs. Cooper ever wore them. Once the writer was cornered and admitted that the loan had consisted of one evening wrap.

Well, in my school days I've lent evening wraps to girls whose names I don't even remember.

If they ever came around offering me their undying gratitude, I'd catch the next boat for Tahiti.

But the complaints continue. "Carmel Myers snubbed me just after I did that great story on her."

when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Posed by
June Collyer
Paramount Star

THIS IS THE
RONSON *Perfu-Mist*

THE PERFU-MIST is the necessary accessory for your handbag—instantly ready to renew your perfume as handily and often as your compact renews your complexion!

Each filling holds a hundred applications of your favorite perfume. *Press,* PRESTO—and out it floats in a delicate mist, the *correct* and *economical* way to use precious extracts.

Beautiful Purse and Boudoir Models to match your costume or scheme of decoration.

Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J. *In Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

"THE PERFECT PURSE-SIZE PERFUME SPRAY"

$5 and up wherever perfumes or accessories are sold

before *after*

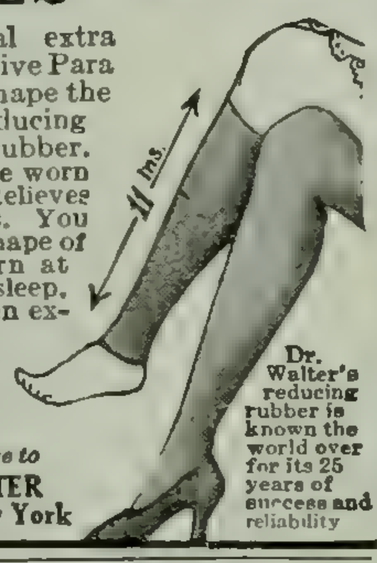
Give your eyes "*It*"

Your eyes will have "IT"—the power to *compel*—the ability to say what your lips dare not — if glorified with Delica-Brow, the instant eye beautifier!

It makes eyes sparkle with new life, framing them in long, silken, sweeping lashes. Waterproof. Smartproof. Let your eyes have "IT". Ask for Delica-Brow at your favorite toilet counter today. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake. Sample sent free upon request. Address Delica-Brow, Chicago.

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. Made of pure Para rubber. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose. Relieves swelling and varicose veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.



Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York

Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

—that youthful contour

so essential to the new fashions, is quickly accomplished with this new and patented brassiere. With amazing deftness it moulds the bust into natural, youthful lines. A delightful, undetectable creation of flesh-colored silk. Allows perfect freedom. Available also in lace, voile, batiste, crepes, etc. At all the better shops; or write to any of the following offices for full particulars.

KESTOS, 108 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

140 Geary Street, San Francisco 315 Fourth Avenue, New York
165 Luckie St., N.W., Atlanta Santa Fe Bldg., Dallas

KESTOS BRASSIERE
Registered Patent No. 1,681,119

"Do you think Joan Crawford thanked me for that nice interview I did? I saw her at the Roosevelt the other night and she didn't even nod."

Heigho-ho and lack-a-day. You'll pardon that yawn.

I, personally, get embarrassed and start looking for my umbrella when a star thanks me for a story.

A local newspaper reporter would not print a line of copy about Ruth Taylor because she did not remember him the second time she saw him!

Raquel Torres' discovery is claimed by a publicity man. He declares that he marveled at her beauty when she was an usher at the Chinese Theater. Maybe he did. Didn't we all?

But Raquel went all by herself to see Hunt Stromberg when he was interviewing candidates for the lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas."

Many "I Knew Them Whens" come from the old home town. One night Buddy Rogers attended a preview of his in Santa Monica. A large lady walked down the aisle and shouted, "I want to speak to Buddy Rogers."

BUDDY looked up. "Well, well," she said, "if it isn't little Buddy. I used to live next door to your aunt in Olathe, Kansas, and you were a little boy and used to come over to see her and eat cookies. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I'm glad to see you again and I wonder if you could get us into the studio, if me and the kids came over some day."

The ex-chorus girls have a bad time of it. An interviewer took a good slap at Nancy Carroll because she couldn't place her. They had worked in the chorus together. So had fifty other girls. Joan Crawford is always being besieged by loving friends from the chorus whom she can't remember. They go away and sign up with the "I Knew Them When."

Clive Brook is beset by so-called friends and acquaintances from England, and everybody who leaves their "r's" and "g's" dangling in space knew Dorothy Sebastian when she lived in Alabama.

There are, of course, cases where the stars have shown little gratitude for kindnesses. But, for the most part, the film folk are more than appreciative of what help they've had.

Johnny Mack Brown owes and pays a great

Marion Davies seems to be frightened by one of the new "horseless carriages." This is the way she looks as the Floradora girl in the new picture, "The Gay 90's"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

debt to George Fawcett, who taught him to act and helped him over those trying days when he first came to Hollywood.

Hugh Trevor can't mention his career without giving all the credit to Richard Dix. In every Corinne Griffith picture you'll discover some rôle being played by a character actress named Ann Schaeffer. It is a friendship born in the early days, when Corinne was a struggling bit player. Ann befriended her, took her into her own dressing room and taught her how to make-up.

Now that Corinne is a star she remembers Ann by using her in every picture where it is at all possible.

BUT every assistant director who ever took an extra girl from the wardrobe to the set and every cameraman who ever told a bit player that she was using too dark a grease paint, claims the discovery of a great star.

Half the stories of star ingratitude are false. The other half aren't worth the telling. The star has become a personage, is easily recognized.

You may forget the little boy who sat next to you at school who is now a garage mechanic, but you won't forget that pretty Lillian Bohney who is now Billie Dove.

Come to Hollywood and join the "I Knew Them When!"

Nine Points of the Law

By Berton Braley

Nancy Carroll's prettier far
Than you'll ever be, my dear;
Gary Cooper, movie star,
Knocks me for a goal, it's clear.
But sweet Nancy can't be mine,
Gary isn't meant for thee,
So I think it's mighty fine
I've GOT you, and you've GOT me!

Almost any movie queen
Makes your beauty seem but fair,
And the male stars of the screen
Make me look like Camembert;
But though both of us may act
Goofy when the Stars we view,
THAT'S a dream—and THIS is fact,
You've GOT me, and I've GOT you!

Should Bill Haines give you the eye
You undoubtedly would ditch me,
And I'd leave you high and dry
Should Anita Page bewitch me.
But they won't—and that is that!
And it's better, you'll agree
That we know where we are at,
I've GOT you, and you've GOT me!

Hands that Sparkle
on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says:—

"THE manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us improved products. Among these is the new liquid polish women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"*First*, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure. *Second*, the natural gleam lasts for days. *Third*, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail. *Fourth*, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care of the nails is simple. Scrub them in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*
Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the nails.*
Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under nail tip to enhance the polish.

A generous size bottle of *the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover* costs only 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. OQ5, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

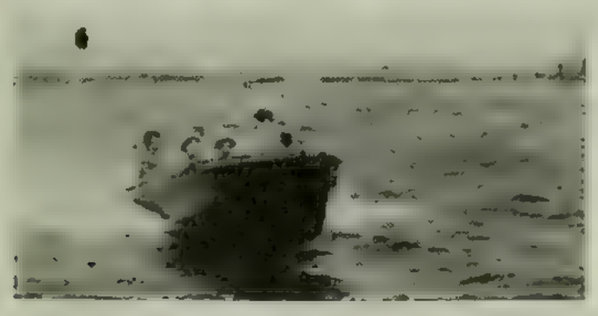
So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ .. perfumed of course

DOES MOTORING MAKE YOUR EYES SMART?

If so, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* when you get home. It instantly ends irritation; banishes the tired, heavy feeling, and clears up the unsightly bloodshot condition that often follows exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Many persons use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes *always* clear and bright. 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



CAST OFF IN THIS BOAT, AND UNROLL A WIDE, WHITE WAKE

HERE'S a stout boat—this "Old Town." She rides the water like a sea-gull—cuts along like a shark. Never shivers or vibrates—she's built extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas has no seams to open up, and therefore won't ever need caulking. Ideal for heavy loads, but wonderfully light and well-balanced.

Free catalog shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood, outboard family boats; canvas-covered, square-stern boats with sponsons; rowboats; dinghies; speedy step-planes; and all types of canoes. Write. Old Town Canoe Co., 125 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

I have always enjoyed his pictures because of his sparkling personality. Wouldn't he need a snappy, boyish voice to go with such a personality? In my estimation, Jack has never had a really human part to portray since "The Big Parade."

I refuse to believe they can break Gilbert with one talkie. If he will only keep faith in himself and fight for better pictures, I am sure he will succeed in talkies just as he did in the silents. He fought through to the top there and he will again.

FRON DERRY

Elma, Wash.

I'm up in arms, after reading Katherine Albert's sketch of John Gilbert. He has given the public good, clean pictures, wonderful acting, and very little of the unclean gossip of many of the movie stars.

Talkie voice or no, we are with you. If your future pictures must be silent, let 'em be silent. One good silent Gilbert picture is worth many silly ones with poor acting, even with golden voices.

EFFIE V. LONG

Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A.

We want John Gilbert, whether silent or talking, for he is the greatest movie actor that ever lived.

SUSANA GHARRIER

You're O. K., Mr. Oakie!

Baton Rouge, La.

I want Jack Oakie to know (and the best way to tell him is through PHOTOPLAY) that I'm for him, first, last and always. He's got more IT than a hundred John Gilberts.

TOOTSIE INGRAM

The Voice with the Guile

Hope Hull, Ala.

Greta Garbo's acting in "Anna Christie" exceeds anything she has previously accomplished and proves her marvelous versatility, for she is as different from the pale, fragile heroines in "Love," and "Wild Orchids" as East from West.

Her voice is deep, rich and resonant, exceeding our most sanguine expectations. The voice of a Viking's daughter, inherited from generations of seamen who spoke against the roar of the sea, and made themselves heard.

MIRIAM B. RICHARDSON

Dallas, Tex.

"Anna Christie" was a marked disappointment to one who had anticipated the advent of Greta's first talkie. Because of its sordid, colorless story it simply did not click, if entertainment was its purpose. What a waste of the artist's talent and charm! Why can't we have Greta Garbo in a more attractive vehicle? Clothes do not make the star, but a beautifully gowned Greta in a lovely setting at least satisfies our expectation of her.

And can't Hollywood furnish her a more suitable leading man? Why not John Gilbert?

IRENE FREEMAN

His Fate Is in Your Hands

Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Allow me to inform you that here we have no, or very little time, for "that flat-chested, anæmic, goldfish out of water" Garbo (as she was called by a correspondent). Garbo can do nothing but wrong; Billie Dove and Joan Crawford nothing but right!

THOMAS A. WILLINGTON

Dieting?

Cincinnati, Ohio

Joan Crawford is just about right. I would no more miss her pictures than I would miss my meals.

MISS C. WAGNER

Well, That Settles That!

Brockton, Mass.

All these people who are raising such a howl about "canned music" ought to get canned themselves. If you abhorrers of canned music want to be so particular about tonal quality,

Looking down into the lighted well of a talkie set from the light gallery. Under the battery of arcs, far below, Jack Oakie and Zelma O'Neal are singing "I'm in Training for You" in "Paramount on Parade"

kindly go to some opera house or music hall. But *please* lay off the present form of music making in talking pictures. Personally, I think it's swell.

ELMER H. SWANSON

Off with Their Mustachios!

Montreal, Can.

Oh, how I hate a mustachio! I really don't know why I go to a show and waste my money so. Our leading men—they make me sore. My æsthetic feelings are hurt to the core. Gilbert's mustache, four inches or more, straddles his face till it's a hirsute disgrace, whenever he grins (this he does most of the time, and I'm not saying this just to make a rhyme). I really could stick him full of pins!

There's Rod LaRocque—used to look like a man, till he grew a third eyebrow, according to plan. Nils Asther, who came over the seas, has also succumbed to this strange disease. Many people there be who agree that they'd love to see Colman without his mustachio. His profile would then be superb. Douglas, Sr., before he grew IT, made with me a very big hit. Too bad—it's sad! We must count our blessings, let's see—Novarro, Buddy, Barthelmess, all three—handsome, clean-shaven as can be. Thank heaven, say we!

CONSTANCE MARGARET BROOKS

Stick to Your Singing, Rudy

Seattle, Wash.

Why must people who excel in some other line of entertainment be starred in motion pictures? A case in point is "The Vagabond Lover," but Rudy's really pleasing voice does not justify making him a resistless wooer. He might have been featured as a singer and band leader, and some more seasoned actor allowed to do the emoting.

This is by no means the only picture which attempts to make emotional actors out of musical entertainers, but it is the most recent disappointment.

CHET GRIGGS

Savannah Goes Vallée

Savannah, Ga.

Charles Rogers in "Illusion" was at the theater for one night only. Rogers is great and everybody wanted to see "Illusion"—but Rudy Vallée was to sing at the same time the movie was on. What happened? Every radio in town was hearing Rudy, while Buddy acted for twenty students.

VALERIE ROTHCHILDE

More! More!

Wheeling, W. Va.

I have recently seen Gary Cooper in "Seven Days' Leave." To me it represents a new era in entertainment. Congratulations to Paramount for giving us this picture, which puts to shame many more pretentious and spectacular films.

CALDER B. VAUGHAN

With Love and Kisses

Devonshire, England

Very great appreciation has been felt here in England for the excellent review you gave "Blackmail," as it again proves that if our studios make a film that is good, you are only too glad to praise it. It is a great spirit.

I have been a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY for five years, mainly because I can always rely upon what you say before choosing my movies.

OLIVE S. BESSELL

Any Relation to Wild Willie?

Montreal, Can.

What is there in Clara Bow that everybody likes? She has a good voice and is pretty, but she must be careful about her weight. Joan

FOOT SAVER SHOES

fit the need, the mode and the foot

FEET that have walked not wisely but too well through the paths of fatigue, take a fresh lease on life with Foot Savers ...Twitching muscles sink into lissome calm. Taut, tired lines relax into supple grace. Pain and pressure vanish... It is as though the weary foot stretched limberly and sighed with relief, "It's good to be free again!"...But Foot Saver's talents are not limited to the patented inbuilt construction, so firmly and comfortably supporting the arch. A flair for chic is theirs, as well, and the deftest way imaginable of suggesting ankle-slimness!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio! *The Spring style book radiates with Foot Saver modes that speak with a beguiling Paris accent. Tell us where to send it!*

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 416 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

P5-30

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

"It's miraculous the way you keep them so clean and white!"

PERHAPS you've said that very thing to some friend whose white kid slippers attracted your attention. Actually, white kid slippers *can* always look as clean and fresh, as snowy white as the day you bought them if you use Cinderella Kid White. It keeps them delicate, too, and *prevents* yellowing. That's all-important, isn't it? Try it and see!

At the Better Shoe Stores

Cinderella
Kid White

Made by
Everett & Barron Co.
Providence, R. I.

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New Beauty INSTANTLY

Colorless Skins take on Rose-Petal Softness, and the Bloom of Youth!

The first light application of this marvelous French cosmetic brings a noticeable change! Beautiful complexions become even *more* lovely! Sallow, clouded skins take on a petal-like texture and a clear, rich, irresistible coloring. Consistent use quickly banishes pimples, blackheads, and other blemishes. Combines properties of powder, cleanser, antiseptic, and astringent. Easily and quickly applied from the novel Fairystone package. Price, 50 cents, from leading beauty shops, drug and department stores, or direct. Try it today.

Send this advertisement, and 10c to cover mailing, for Free Trial of this magic working cosmetic. Another dime also brings sample of Fairystone Rouge.

Package FREE forthecostof malling and wrapping

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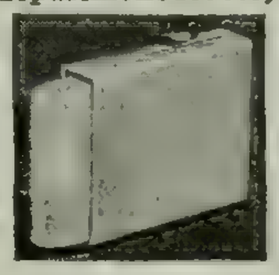
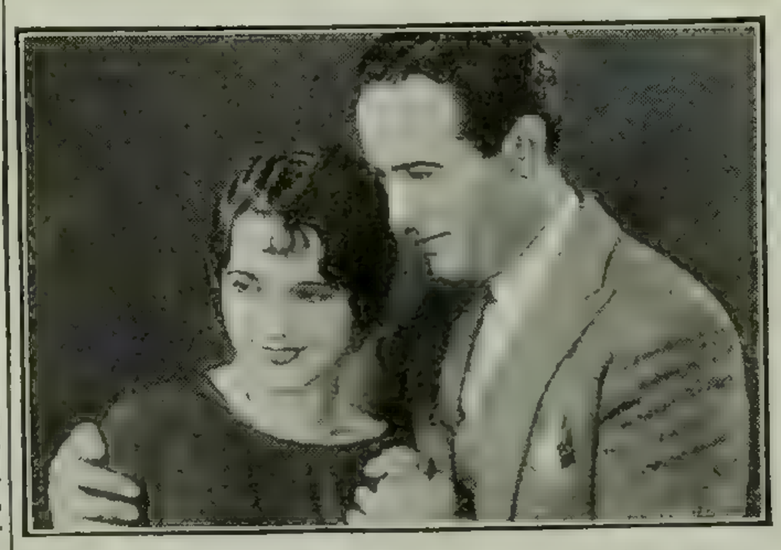
625 Polk Bldg. Detroit



The Girl the Men Admire



TO be attractive to men you must have a clear skin—rich red blood coursing through your veins.

If you have thin, pale blood, if you are weak, listless—lack smartness—what can be done? Plenty! Take **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** for your blood and stomach. Your druggist has it in tablets or liquid, whichever you prefer.

You will become admired by men when you regain your rosebud complexion, clear skin—free from pimples, steady nerves, sparkling eyes, and that pleasing personality which radiates from a perfectly healthy woman.

Write the Staff of the Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice. It is free and strictly confidential.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.00 Canada; $3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Use the convenient Subscription Blank on Page 140.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Crawford was very good in "Untamed" but why don't they use a suitable man? Robert Montgomery is too young for her.

W. HAINES

We Are Thinking This Over

Chateau St. Louis, Que., Can.

Shirley F. Moxom's letter in the March issue, "A Cry for Quarter," is one of the best. Thousands of fans send quarters for pictures of the favorites—and get nothing. Where do the quarters go? After I saw Marian Nixon in "The Rainbow Man" I sent one dollar for her picture, and did not get it. From now on I do what all the other bozos should do—I don't write and send money for my favorites' pictures. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY sell them? Then we would be sure to get them.

J. POULIOT

More About Those Photographs

Meggeets, S. Car.

Teach Nils Asther to talk, as you did Garbo, if you must. But just give him back to us in another film soon, under any conditions. Why, he is the answer to every maiden's prayer for a "screen sweetheart." And I can say all this after sending five quarters for a picture of him, without a single answer. Could there be greater loyalty or sincerity?

N. S.

Going Up, Eddie!

Hyattsville, Md.

Edward Everett Horton deserves a big bouquet for his fine work in "The Aviator." He is a marvelous comedian, and oh, those funny expressions of his!

PAULINE L. REELEY

Just Try to Do It

The nicest thing about a regular musical show is that performers will return—if sufficiently applauded. The worst thing about "The Broadway Melody" and "Show Boat" was that I had to see the former three times to hear enough of the theme song, and the latter four times to hear Helen Morgan and see "East Lynn" enough to satisfy me.

Couldn't producers arrange encores for the high spots in their productions, and leave it to the applause of the audience as to whether or not they should be run? Think of the advertising possibilities! "Twelve encores in New York for Dolly Dollé singing 'Whoopee'!!!"

ELEANOR MCARDLE

Posies for "Wild Mark"

Valley City, N. D.

Three cheers for Mark Busby! That boy certainly knows his typewriter. He could make an income tax report sound like a fairy tale. Please encourage him to keep on writing reports of evenings spent with various stars. Those are an evening's entertainment for anyone

ESTELLE LARSEN

Foster-Dick

David City, Nebr.

Richard Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods" portrays the real emotions of a foster son. He refuses to be glad when it is proved he is but the foster son of the man who had so tenderly reared him from infancy. For that moment of the play I bring the thanks of every foster parent and every adopted child who sees this picture.

FLORELLA OWEN

Give Gaynor Drama!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why should a charming little star like Janet Gaynor be asked to do a silly, stupid picture like "Sunny Side Up"? Why make her sing?

Could anything have been lovelier than "7th Heaven" or "Street Angel"?

Let us have more of this variety of plays and less revues. Give us good actors in good plays and don't ask them to sing and dance when they have no talent for either.

MILDRED HOYT

On the Other Hand—

Baltimore, Md.

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing that inimitable couple, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in "Sunny Side Up." As usual, it was delicious. Stick together, Janet and Charlie. You were created for one another—in pictures, of course.

MRS. LEROY A. SCHMIDT

Would It Be Charlie?

Taft, Calif.

What's the matter with Charlie Chaplin? Can't he break away from his slouchy, baggy clothes, his dinky mustache, and give us something new? Let's see him dressed up as a City Swell, a Sheik or a Romeo for once, and see the real Charlie.

DOLLIE HAYS

Power for Lita

Dallas, Texas

Just finished reading about Lita Gray Chaplin in PHOTOPLAY and I think she's wonderful. I admire her spunk. More power to you, Lita!

DORIS ARMSTRONG

What Is Love?

Ashland, Pa.

I was very interested in Dorothy Mackaill's "Second Thoughts on Matrimony" in the March PHOTOPLAY. I think too many stars marry each other and really aren't in love, merely infatuated. It would be a good idea if some of Hollywood's lovely stars would take a trip between pictures, through states like New York, Pennsylvania, etc., and come in contact with the fans who really worship them. They would find ideal lovers, then.

RALPH MILLER

He's Bored

Kansas City, Mo.

I enjoyed "Wings," "The Big Parade," "The Broadway Melody" and other worthy progenitors of a lot of imitations, but I don't enjoy a steady fare of any type of entertainment. And this paucity of plot, absence of originality, theme bankruptcy, or whatever it may be called, is a terrific bore to those of us who look for the best in talkies.

J. B. SHANAHAN

The Modern Method

Columbus, Ohio

I am the mother of two rapidly developing young girls, thirteen and fifteen years of age.

I am not fearful of their future in this so-called "fast" age; neither am I resorting to old-fashioned discipline to enforce my idea of character forming.

My way has been easy, natural and very enjoyable to both girls, Dad and myself, by way of the "movies" and now the splendid "talkies."

Since early age they have attended movies of every sort, and learned from them every lesson a girl ought to know in order to stand squarely on both feet and rub shoulders with the world, which is a good old world notwithstanding.

LAURABEL BRACK

She Stayed to Pray

Milwaukee, Wis.

Let me confess that heretofore I have felt indifferent about the talkies. But last night

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO WIN $1000.00

OF COURSE, this contest has proved tremendously popular. Yes, we've received lots of entries. Some days the mail has been pretty heavy, we'll admit. But there's almost a whole month left; you still have plenty of time; a letter is easy to write; you have a splendid chance of winning; sit down right now and write us that letter!

Read the rules printed below. Notice that you can enter all or any of the three divisions of the contest. Remember, too, that no special literary talent is required. The judges are plain, ordinary human beings just like the rest of us . . . talking our language . . . living on our street . . . thinking and acting just like millions of fine, splendid people all over this country. Simply imagine yourself in any of the situations given and put down what you would say.

You may win $10 . . . $20 . . . $150 . . . $250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, $750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield. Mass.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

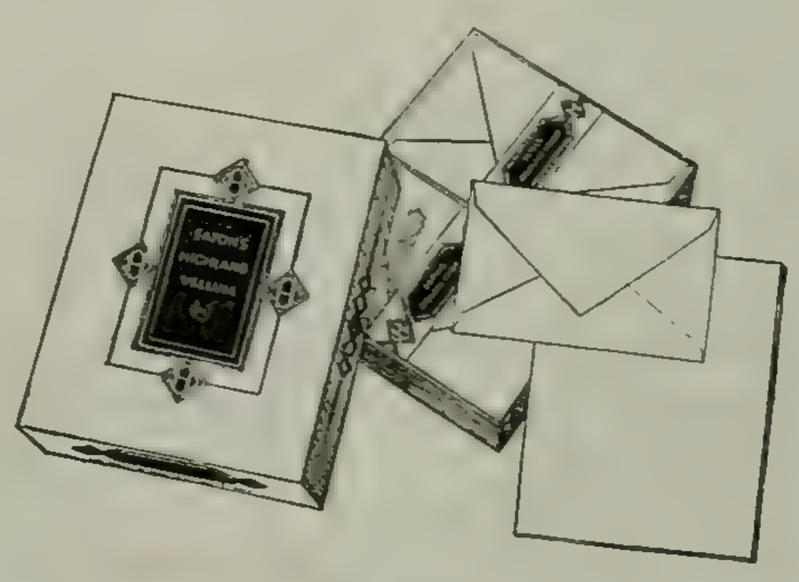
TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

What Do You Want To Know About The Pictures?

Is it a good picture?
Is it an All-Talkie, Part-Talkie—Silent or Sound?
Is it the kind of picture I would like?
Which one shall we see tonight?
Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
is truly the outstanding publication in the great field of motion pictures. Its stories, its special articles, its exclusive features and departments are absolutely different from anything to be found anywhere else.

Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by such authorities as Marquis Busby, Leonard Hall and Katherine Albert.

Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

PHOTOPLAY

SUPERB FICTION
by the Foremost Writers

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50 (Canada $3.00, Foreign $3.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for one year, effective with the next issue.

Send to .....

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5-PH-30

a theater in my city gave the blind folks a treat.

At first they sat in their seats rather pitifully, without much hope of enjoying the evening, but the picture hadn't been running ten minutes when they were smiling and applauding—and you never saw such happy people. The tap dancing went over big and they guffawed at the jokes and wisecracks. They merrily kept time with the music. After the performance they stood in the lobby making dates with their blind friends for more visits to the talkies. MRS. RAY V. FITZGERALD

Not So Dumb

Ensley, Ala.

The growing list of PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal pictures is a real argument against censorship. It is also a direct challenge to any critic who thinks that the average motion picture fan rates a moronic average in intellect.

The last Gold Medal picture, "Four Sons"—the story of a German mother's love for her four sons, and a picture chosen by the American public as the best picture of the year—is not only highly worthy of the medal, but is also very appropriately chosen at a time when all the world is beginning to realize the ruthlessness and futility of war, such as was depicted in "Four Sons."

No—there is no need for any long-faced censor or snooty highbrow to safeguard the morals and intelligence of the motion picture public.

MRS. RUTH CUNNIFF

Come Out of That Stove, Rudy!

San Pedro, Calif.

The canned music that goes with the talkies is often very irritating and many times ruins the picture altogether, for they can't keep the orchestra or instruments silent a minute. Often it is impossible to hear the dialogue because of the music. The canned music makes the pictures look ridiculous, too. For instance, suppose that there is a scene where a boy and a girl are flirting in the kitchen and at the same time the orchestra is playing. The audience can't see the orchestra, yet the music comes out by the same way as do the voices of the boy and the girl.

I have often wondered where in the dickens that orchestra is playing in that kitchen anyway, and why. The same feeling is created in every scene where the audience can't see the musicians, but the actors only. I know that the music is intended to be substituted for the organ or orchestra music that used to be played in movie houses before the talkies came, but it will not do for the reason I have already said, that the music comes out by the same loud speaker as do the voices of the actors, and the audience gets the impression that the music is part of the play.

So I would advise cutting out canned music altogether, except when it is a part of the play and the musicians can be seen by the audience.

A CRITICAL FAN

Manila, P. I.

To me, here in the Orient, the saddest thing is the "leper ship" that cruises among the many islands of the Philippine group every few months, collecting lepers—men, women and children who must go into exile at Culion. There is but one bright spot where the weariest can relax—and forget. That place is the movies.

There is surely no mission in life so beautifully worth while as to inspire hope, to give courage to "carry on" the fight for life—if the fight is hopeless, to give hours of surcease.

P. P. Poore

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Enough Is Too Much

New York City

Perhaps PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, being truly a power in the motion picture world, would take up the cudgels against a real bore.

Neighborhood movie houses devote at least half an hour of every program to excerpts from "Coming Attractions." They show what are unquestionably the big moments of the picture and have the stars in it make some really inane remarks. In my opinion it spoils the fun of actually seeing the picture.

These preliminary "ads" are shown at every performance for weeks before the picture arrives and it almost discourages the movie fan when he has to sit through the same rigmarole about four times.

Don't you think the theater owners are getting a little overzealous?

BELLE B. BERG

Fireman, Save My Child

Seattle, Wash.

Seems to me the crying need of the movies is someone to think of the needs of the children. With Mary Pickford grown up, Bill Hart's type extinct, and now Harold Lloyd gone in for gruesome dope films, it really seems we've no one we can depend upon for happy fun.

With apartment life so popular, children are sent to the movies to be out of the way. In the neighborhood theaters, it is very sad to see three-fourths of the attendance children, yet nothing for them but underworld and murder mysteries.

JULIET OLSEN

Extending a Hand

Hendersonville, N. C.

If more people wrote paragraphs similar to Cal York's about Alma Rubens in January's PHOTOPLAY there would be fewer narcotic addicts, fewer ruined careers, and less unhappiness. Alma Rubens should be highly commended for her courage and strength of character. To have conquered the addiction in five months is something to be justly proud of, and not only did she complete her cure, but, with self-confidence regained, she helped others back on their feet. Let's give this little girl a great big hand and welcome her back after her great triumph.

SYDIA S. BRACKETT

Chaney Talks!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

it. That's what held up the negotiations between him and M-G-M. Not Chaney's publicized aversion for dialogue films.

Chaney has been snooping around the sound rooms and the recording devices at the studio for weeks. He has been in the mixing rooms, not only watching the sound mixer do his stuff, but occasionally doing the mixing himself, and experimenting. He won't discuss the extent of those experiments, but everything he says about what he hopes to do and what he thinks can be done betrays the fact that he has been studying, studying, studying sound—and with the same devotion and intensity with which he has applied himself to the intricacies of facial and physical make-up.

Why, the man won't even admit that he has had voice tests made! He even goes so far as to deny it—and you can believe him, if you want to, when he says:

"No, I haven't taken a single sound test. I'm not going to. What's the good of them? I'm going to start shooting my first talkie without making a single test in advance."

He says he's not going to take voice culture, either. "It ruins voices," he snorts. "That's what is the matter with John Gilbert!"

She who is smooth of throat looks forever young

A SMOOTH young throat is one of the loveliest gifts—yours for the keeping. How wickedly foolish it is to let a crêpe-like texture give your throat cruel lines! A crêpy throat looks so dreadfully old, and an elderly throat makes even a young woman look middle-aged.

But it is a simple matter to keep your throat flawlessly smooth. It requires only a little daily care, scientific care especially planned to suit your type of skin.

The Dorothy Gray treatments for warding off crêpy throat, and correcting it, have for many years proved their success in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily give yourself these treatments at home, the same Dorothy Gray preparations used in the salons are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask or write for the booklet: "Your Dowry of Beauty." It gives you clear directions for all the Dorothy Gray home treatments.

The next time you go to Paris, you will find a new Dorothy Gray salon charmingly situated in a lovely old house at number 34, Avenue George V. Expertly staffed by skilled operators, the new Paris salon offers you the same Dorothy Gray treatments so justly famous in America.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building:

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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PARIS CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

Hot *from Paris!*

They're *hot*...these two new rouge shades, styled by Po-Go.

Cardinal answers the modern maiden's prayer, for extremely vivid, daring color. *Saumon* is the delicate tint for blondes.

For just 50c, Po-Go gives you the thrill of Paris-smartness. This smooth, blending, long-lasting, hand-made rouge is waiting for you right around the corner—in a box that tells you "I'm French!"

Or you can get Po-Go by mail. Send 50c to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565-5th Av., N.Y.C.

Po-Go ROUGE

Cardinal—newest, brightest shade. *Saumon*—most delicate, lightest tinge. *Ronce*, raspberry. *Brique*, medium. *Vif*, bright.

U. S. and Canada

Price **50c**

Made and Packaged in France

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ALWAYS a favorite with fashionable women (and their consorts!) . . . No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap. Its cooling lather protects as it cleanses . . . and soothes as it protects. Delicately fragrant; delightfully mild.

No. 4711 REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

White Rose Glycerine Soap

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MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc., 25 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Janet Gaynor's studio home. A corner of the living room of her bungalow dressing room, showing the nook where she snatches a bite of lunch

Day-Time Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

The ceilings are beamed. The hanging lamps of the living room are exact copies of old Spanish sun-dials, swung by chains, and the fireplace is raised a foot from the floor and its andirons are antiques of wrought iron in a sunflower pattern.

IN one corner is Jack's desk. It is of heavy Spanish leaf pattern and was copied from one in a museum in Madrid.

Other rare pieces in the room include a sixteenth century priest's cape, a panel from a Spanish shrine, an ancient tapestry and a carving of one of the Apostles.

The living room opens on a walled garden on one side, and on the other side of the entrance hall is the kitchen and butler's pantry.

The circular staircase leads to the apartment above. Here is a lounging room done in modernistic style with black and silver furniture and lip-stick red cushions and drapes. There is a sun balcony off this, and a dressing room and bath.

In many ways Jack's studio house is more gorgeous than his real home, perched atop one of Hollywood's highest hills.

The studio that has outdone itself in the matter of day-time homes is Fox. A new star is just an excuse for a new bungalow. The elaborate dressing room idea has cost a pretty penny.

It isn't the original outlay, it's what comes later.

When the new stars have bungalows that means that the old stand-bys like Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter have to be satisfied, too.

And are—expense notwithstanding.

THE bungalows of Will Rogers and John McCormack are the most spectacular.

His low adobe bungalow is a perfect setting for the rope-swinging, gum-chewing Will Rogers.

In its sandy garden one finds rare cacti brought from the desert just to make Will feel at home.

Inside there is a dressing room, lounging room, office, kitchenette and bath. The house is furnished in true California style.

WHEN John McCormack was signed, it was proper, of course, that his day-time home should be as smart as Rogers'. And it is. The studio officials ordered for him the finest type of thatched cottage (in order to meet the fire regulations, every straw used in the roof had to be shipped in a fire-proof solution) similar to those found in prosperous Irish hamlets. It makes John feel all *shillalah* and combines dressing room, rehearsal hall and office.

The most attractive room in the building is the living room studio. The raftered ceiling and walls are decorated to give the appearance of whitewash, and the drapes are of glazed English chintz in soft green, old red, yellow and mauve.

A linen rug in green and gold is thrown over the oak floor and there are also a couple of old-fashioned hooked rugs. The mahogany desk and bookcase are of the Georgian period, while the table back of the davenport is a Tudor copy, done in chestnut.

The end tables are of oak of the Jacobean type and the Farthingale chair is upholstered in blue and gold damask.

OF course, there is a grand piano and behind it is a Welsh dresser of cherry with its old English pewter, its Toby jug, its luster mug, etc.

On the walls throughout the cottage hang old English prints of hunting scenes.

There are but two bungalows on the First National lot.

One of them is Corinne Griffith's. It is a stucco house with living room, bedroom, dressing room, bath and kitchenette. The living room is luxurious.

Its predominating color is turquoise blue and many of its furnishings are in black and silver.

A cream colored carpet is laid to the baseboard.

The dressing room is equipped with long mirrors, perfectly lighted, and there are special closets for shoes, hats, dresses, etc.

THE other bungalow at First National might start a new studio war any day now. It was built originally for Colleen Moore.

It is Spanish stucco and boasts a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath and bedroom. Its feature is the amount of closet and cupboard space.

Almost one entire wall of the living room is given over to cupboards, while closets have been built in every available space.

The entrance is reached through a tiled courtyard in the corner of which is a fountain. The patio is roofed and enclosed by a wall.

When Colleen used it, it was beautifully furnished, but now it stands empty except for a few necessary pieces of furniture. Colleen's contract with First National expired and everyone wondered, "Who is going to get her bungalow?"

Would Billie Dove fall heir to it?

Or Dorothy Mackaill?

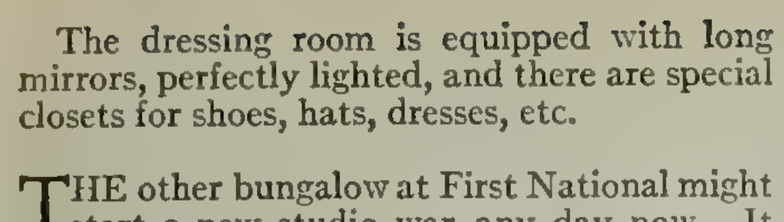
Or Alice White?

Or Richard Barthelmess?

When it is turned over to a star, look out for some fire works from the ones who don't get it. To keep everybody peaceful, Jack Warner is using it now for occasional conferences.

At present these are the most interesting day-time homes of the stars. Others may be built, but if it keeps up, they'll have to tear down the stages and the property rooms and wardrobe buildings at the studios to make room for them.

MAYBE some day the lots will be turned over to bungalows and everybody will stop work. Each new star demands a new bungalow and each old star thinks he is entitled to one. Where will it all end?



Vancouver, Canada

I do not believe I have ever shed a tear over a photoplay until I saw "Sorrell and Son."

For six years, I, a captain in the Canadian Service during the late war, have lived, with my son, a life so parallel to that of "Sorrell and Son" that I could not restrain the tears.

Six years ago, we left a home of tears, broken hearts and shattered ideals, and since then I have been mother and dad. I know how to wash neck and ears, sew on buttons, plan a birthday party, get him to bed, get him ready for school. And Saturday night (our night) we go to a movie show, and I am carried away from my daily work and home responsibilities.

Often have I wondered whether or not I am doing all I possibly can for my boy. Now I have found the answer, for "Sorrell and Son" gave me courage to go on, to hope for the future; and the assurance that I have done and still am doing all that is reasonably possible.

Like "Sorrell and Son," we have no secrets and are pals. My work is as yet only half completed, and although I aspire to the goal attained by Captain Sorrell, I may not reach it.

Should I do so, I will then be able to say, "My job is finished."

A. R. C.

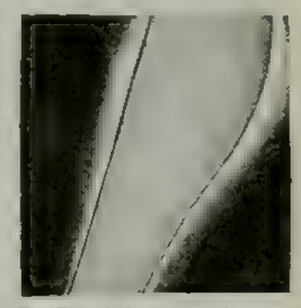
INA CLAIRE, *brilliant Pathé comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen.*

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.

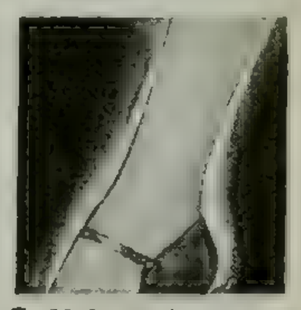
Startling difference in shapeliness *attained with this new hose*

The secret of shapely legs is no longer a secret. As you will quickly learn the first time you wear this newly improved Allen-A hosiery that has won the favor of Hollywood's most brilliant Stars . . . Three unique improvements (illustrated at right) account for the startling difference. First, this hosiery molds *creaselessly* to the knee. Second, it *accentuates* the natural curve of the leg. Third, it gives new *slenderness* to the ankle . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

1—*Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."*



2—*Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.*



3—*Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.*

Allen-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

It is easy to bleach

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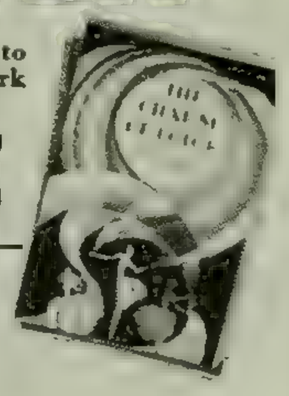

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"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE BENSON MURDER CASE—Paramount

ANOTHER elegant Van Dine mystery story with that master of suavity, Bill Powell, again as *Philo Vance.* Bill plays that rôle so convincingly that you find yourself asking who stole the money out of the milk bottle when you meet him on the street. This time a stock broker is murdered and everybody is suspected, but old man *Vance* skillfully gets his killer. See it.

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M

JUST one too many carbon copies of "The Broadway Melody" have been made, and this pleasant little singie is it. Charles King and Bessie Love again play tangled lovers behind the scenes, and the good old tale holds very little interest. But that pleasing team, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, together with George K. Arthur dig out some laughs, and because of their labors and the leads' charm, the film entertains.

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.

THIS is advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. The picture begins as a character study of a brutal German landowner in East Africa at the outbreak of the war, and ends as exciting melodrama, with British and German troops and revolting natives fighting madly. Jean Hersholt is brilliant as the brutal one and Eleanor Boardman negative as his ladylike wife. Ralph Forbes, very English, becomes a very Prussian major.

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox

JOLLY entertainment about two lads in love with a blonde, who finds she loves somebody else. Kenneth McKenna, Jason Robards and Regis Toomey as the trio, and Joan Bennett as the girl, bubble through this speedy comedy in fine style. Joan wears some lovely clothes, and can't she wear 'em?

THE MELODY MAN—Columbia

COLUMBIA has turned out a pleasant sentimental picture about the conflict between youth and old age. Though the film stars William Collier, Jr., and Alice Day, the better work is done by John Sainpolis. There is a pretty song, "Broken Dreams," which young Collier sings, and even a Technicolor sequence.

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.

WILL HAYS banned this story of the white man's deterioration in hot Africa from the American studios, but this literal filming of the stage play was made in London and shown in New York. It is a slow, badly recorded melodrama—with a few brilliant spots of acting and atmosphere. And there is nothing naughty about the scenes between *Tondeleyo,* native girl, and the white boys. One fine acting job, that of the late Leslie Faber. Not worth bootlegging.

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M

IF you don't know what a song writer's heart is like, see this picture. If you don't care, that's your business. Lawrence Gray—remember how grand he was in "Marianne"?—is the sharps-and-flats gentleman. "The Whole Darned Thing's for You" and "Leave It That Way" are hit numbers. There are two leading ladies—one of whom, Wynne Gibson, has everything it takes. You'll be seeing more of this kid.

Two very dear girl friends meet on the United Artists lot. A remarkably fine picture of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge as the two stars look today

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox

SURPRISE! That nice old grandmother and that sweet country girl are just mean old crooks after all. But the gang of thieves all get shot by machine guns and the boy and girl, admirably played by Robert Ames and Lila Lee, decide to go straight. For all that, the film's entertaining.

THE CHINA EXPRESS—Sovkino

WITH America alive with talkies, the film company subsidized by Russia's Soviet government continues to turn out silent melodramas, and this is one of its best. The action takes place on a fast train rushing through China, and it is hair-raising melodrama. A white man assaults a Chinese girl and is killed by her brother. Then come terrific racial battles between white and yellow people. Rough stuff, but exciting. *Silent.*

HIDEOUT—Universal

JAMES MURRAY, as the college racketeer, kept reminding us of Evelyn Brent—he glowered so. Here's the world's strangest conception of a college campus. There is a plot, but perhaps it's kinder not to mention it. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely, and does all she can, but it isn't enough to save this.

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners

OWING to a mediocre script and uninspired direction, what might have been a magnificent outdoor operetta, all-Technicolor, is pretty feeble. "The Song" is faint, in spite of excellent singing by John Boles and a vigorous tragi-comic performance by Joe E. Brown. Some of the Vincent Youmans music is gorgeous, but unexploited. Ambitious but dull.

A ROYAL ROMANCE—Columbia

YOU won't believe it but there's a mythical kingdom, a young American with an inheritance, a beautiful countess who kidnaps her own child, a scheming adventuress and the crown jewels hidden in the cellar. Buster Collier emerges with a good performance, and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful.

MURDER WILL OUT—First National

IF you aren't too weighed down with troubles of your own, you should scare up a few thrills during "Murder Will Out." It's mystery with a high society background. Good acting and elaborate settings make it seem a bit important. Jack Mulhall and Lila Lee are excellent, with Noah Beery standing out in support.

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners

WINNIE LIGHTNER *should* have said NO when Warners tried to star her as a dramatic actress. Winnie's a grand entertainer—but as a broken-hearted night club hostess—no! The picture isn't bad entertainment—but you've seen it all before. Chester Morris is fine in the same rôle he's been playing ever since "Alibi." Sally Eilers shows promise.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal

SOMEBODY must have thought the Cohens and Kellys could be funny in Scotland and kilts. There may be folks who will still think so after seeing this picture. Then again, there will be others who will suggest just where to send the Cohens and Kellys on their next voyage—one way!

THE GREAT DIVIDE—First National

A LOT of things went wrong with this talkie version of "The Great Divide," the grand old play of years ago. Dorothy Mackaill overdoes in her attempt to be a flip society girl, and Ian Keith is more than a little hammy as the big he-person who tries to make her sensible. There are some nice Mexican fiesta scenes, but, as a whole, this is hard to take.

LEILA HYAMS, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is wearing Deauville Sandals in a smart new strap model.

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KETTLE CREEK—Universal

OH, well when everything else fails, you can always say that Ken Maynard is a simply swell rider. Those last minute chases are always exciting, and in "Kettle Creek" Ken even stands up on two horses at the same time. Situations are literally dragged in by the heels. The plot grab bag has been used freely. But can that boy ride!

HIS DARK CHAPTER—Sono Art-World Wide

THE gentleman crook gets a job as chauffeur in a wealthy family. You think he's there to steal the jools. But does he? Not by your old scenario! He marries the daughter instead, for he isn't a real crook, he just gets bad breaks. The story is familiar, but Reginald Denny has a nice English voice. A pleasant enough evening.

HELLO SISTER—James Cruze Prod.

A WILD flapper has to swear off gin and cigarettes and take an active part in church work in order to inherit a million dollars. The first thing she does is to fall in love with the fellow that passes the collection plate. Olive Borden and Lloyd Hughes are satisfactory lovers. "Hello Sister" is nice sentimental entertainment, with enough humor to keep it from becoming too sticky.

BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE—Big Four Film

IT seems Jack Perrin rescued the girl from this Mexican joint. "Mooney promised me work so I could help mother pay off the mortgage," sez she. "Waol, don't cry, li'l gel! I'LL find yuh work," sez Jack. So then in comes the villain, *Mooney*. "Out in this hyah country, we brands skunks!" sez Jack. So then there's a lot more stuff mixed up with pistols and horses, and bye and bye it ends. It's all talking, but why?

Five years ago every picture theater goer knew this girl's face, not to mention her figure. Remember Fay Lanphier, prize beauty of 1925, and featured in "The American Venus"? Now, while she copies scripts, at Paramount's Hollywood studio, she awaits the re-call to fame

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John Goes California

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Borzage told the star, "We won't need you at all tomorrow. Get a rest and some sunshine."

Did he?

At eleven the next morning, McCormack was on the set. He couldn't stay away—just wanted to watch the company act up. That's what the talkies have done to one of the world's greatest concert tenors—certainly its leading tugger-at-the-heartstrings.

Does he want to make more pictures? And, as Aunt Maggie used to say, how!

Now, at the height of his career McCormack is a handsome dog, with a fine head, hair waving back from a high forehead, clear cut features—and a fascinating smile. His brogue—and what a brogue!—is rich and musical.

Here's a grand man, with the whole world his playground, going California, for all the world like the first tourist from Iowa who went out there accompanied by his rheumatism and remained to play polo!

BUT we can't close on this hysterical note, much as we'd like to for the sake of the International Pollyanna League.

Was there *NOTHING* that he didn't like?

Oh yes—one thing!

He detests the long, 200-foot kisses of the pictures' silent days. He says he'd have been a bit riled if anything like that had gone on, as such matters are the exclusive prerogative of the boudoir.

But McCormack was spared that, and it is as well, for his figure is, well, impressive.

That's the only tiny discord in the McCormack symphony of happiness, and it doesn't spoil the tune.

As for the rest—sunshine, roses, and the birdies tweeting. The talkies are great. And, asks the great McCormack, will the public like him and want more of his sweet singing?

He certainly hopes so. For John McCormack has gone Holly—no, California!—in a huge and happy way!

No Talkies for Charlie

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

dictates ideas for his pictures. Frequently, however, after an argument with someone earlier that evening, he will suddenly awake during the night thinking of an answer for something the other fellow said. Then he declaims it into the dictaphone, sometimes for several records full. When it is transcribed, he throws it away.

RATHER than buy sheet music, he writes his own. He has composed more than twenty numbers, ranging from jazz to ballads and music of classical type. He has never published any of his own compositions. He has written a half dozen numbers for his current picture, "City Lights," including the theme song.

He never took a music lesson in his life and plays proficiently the piano, organ, violin, cello, concertina, saxophone, guitar and ukulele. He has a huge pipe organ in his home, and sits alone at it for hours, improvising. He bows his violin and cello with his left hand, fingering with his right. The instruments are strung "backwards."

He lives alone in a huge house with six male

New.. a feminine scent for a "Feminine Era"

ONCE more, you are your feminine loveliest. Again your silhouette is subtly revealing—agleam in silks—supple in velvets. Never before has a Mode more ably spoken your charms.

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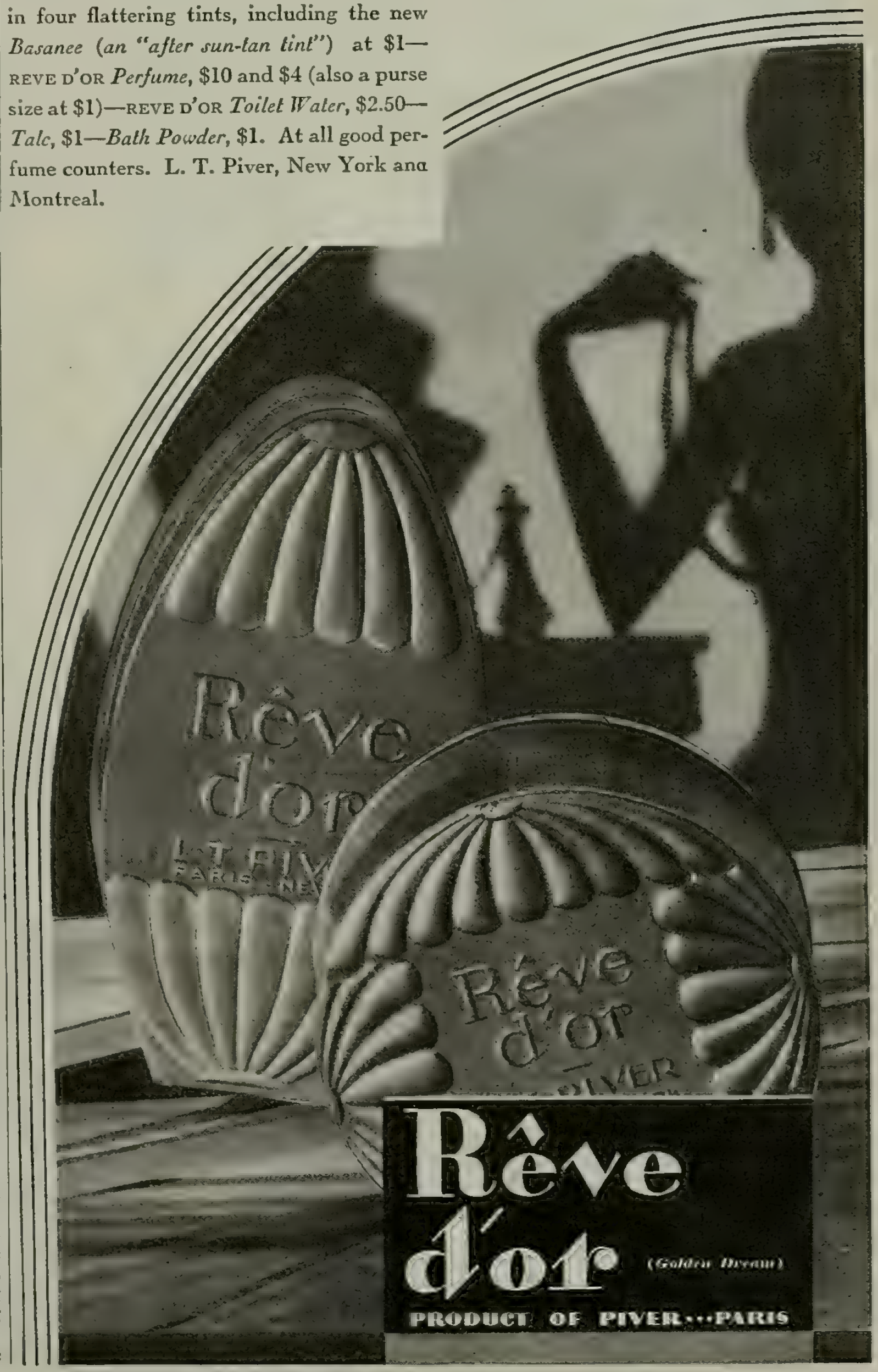

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servants. The only feminine touches about the house are his own. He will not let anyone else make a fire in any of his fireplaces. He insists on building them himself, invariably.

Instead of burning logs, he burns huge chunks of coal.

His hair grows very fast. He has to have it cut at least four times a month. It used to be dark brown. Now it comes out grey, but for his pictures, he dyes it dark brown. Because it grows so rapidly, he has to have it dyed every ten days or so while making a film. He doesn't dye it at other times.

He has never worn a beard. He has only once had a mustache of his own and it wasn't much. He raised it while on a vacation with Douglas Fairbanks. When he got back to the studio, everybody laughed at it. He got mad and shaved it off at once. He has never raised one since.

HIS prop mustache has dwindled steadily through the years. When he first began in pictures, it extended beyond his lip-ends. Now it is a tiny double smudge under his nostrils. In three years, at the present rate, it should disappear entirely.

He hates to put on make-up, and he uses an unusually heavy one. To the eye, when in make-up, he does not look at all like the Charlie Chaplin you see on the screen. He does virtually all his own directing.

His eyes are blue. When he is happy, they are light blue. When he is worried, bothered or angry, they are dark blue. The iris changes from light blue to almost black, within a half hour.

He bathes as often as four times a day. When he rises, and at noon, and before dinner, and before bed. He sings opera in the tub or the shower. Baritone. He knows the tunes but not the words, so he makes up French or Italian or Spanish or German, or even Japanese or Chinese, as he goes along. He cannot speak any foreign language. The words he makes up are pure imagery.

He wears very loud pajamas and locks himself in his bedroom. He locks every door in his bedroom, even that to his private bathroom. He will not unlock one of these doors until he awakes for morning. He keeps his windows open.

When he awakes, Kono, his Japanese servant, brings two morning newspapers and his breakfast. He invariably breakfasts and reads through both newspapers before getting out of bed. He reads everything in each paper and has his own opinions. He gets vexed at editorials or news stories which disagree with his views and sometimes calls the writers harsh names to his friends.

He has more than two dozen lounging robes. He always gets out of the right side of his bed at precisely the same spot. Kono is trained so that Chaplin's bedroom mules lie at the spot where his feet naturally fall into them when he swings his legs out of bed. If they don't, Charlie is annoyed.

KONO has his clothes laid out for him, but frequently Chaplin feels that they do not fit his mood, so he brushes them aside and rummages through his wardrobe for his own choice. He has many suits. Each suit is pressed and hung in his closet immediately after he takes it off. He may wish to put the same one on again immediately. He is very fastidious about his clothes but he lets his beard go with abandon.

Sometimes he does not shave for five or six days at a stretch.

His pocket kerchief and his necktie must match. He hates breaking in new shoes. He has a favorite pair of shoes, black patent leather with grey cloth button tops. He has owned that pair twelve years and prefers them to all others.

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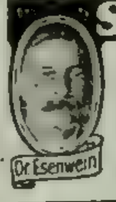

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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He sprinkles it around his dressing room. He always wears black silk socks. Black and dark blue are his favorite colors.

He likes to talk. He particularly likes to talk at the meal table. It is not unusual for him to sit down with friends at a café for dinner at six. At midnight, he has not moved from the table, and orders a second meal. He will frequently take an attitude directly at variance with his true belief, merely for the sake of argument, which he loves. He hates to talk about himself and avoids interviewers to an embarrassing extent.

HE likes women and likes to be in their company but is afraid of them. He fears he cannot please them. They are usually wild about him. He believes he is a good judge of women, but has been known to be notoriously wrong. He thinks he can analyze their characters by the shape of their mouths, ears, nostrils and other facial characteristics, and tries to criticize his friends' women on that basis. He will not stand for any criticism of the women he is with on any basis.

He rarely goes out alone with women, and when he does it is usually Georgia Hale. He denies he will marry her.

He autographs very few portraits or photographs with his own hand. Only for his very closest intimates. For the rest, he has had made a rubber stamp duplicate of his own signature.

He likes to be alone. He takes long walks alone. He will walk fifteen miles, then go to a telephone and call for his automobile. He excuses himself in the midst of a studio conference and leaves everybody waiting. He doesn't show up until the next day, or later.

Sometimes on his way home from the studio, he will stop the car about half way there, and run the rest of the way afoot. He has three cars—a roadster and a limousine and a town car. He prefers to drive himself, letting the chauffeur ride in the back seat.

He doesn't see any sense to golf because it's foolish to whack a ball away and then hunt for it. When he was seventeen, he entered without training into a twenty-six mile marathon in England and came in second. He loves swimming and baseball, but thinks football is foolish.

He is a splendid boxer and a keen boxing fan and usually picks the winner of a bout before the first bell.

He plays bridge well and after a half hour, he quits. He doesn't care to concentrate on the game any longer than that. He does not gamble at cards or horses or dice and plays thousands in the stock market. He buys phonograph records by the dozen, frequently sneaking into an obscure record shop to listen to them by the hour before buying.

HE doesn't understand why people think he was born in Paris when he was born in London and in sixteen years he has only been back to London once. He didn't like it that time. It "depressed" him.

He is going back this year.

He loves traveling and dislikes flying. He was one of the first to fly in aviation's infancy and doesn't think it's "ready" now, so he doesn't fly any more.

During the war he tried to enlist in the army, but he was too short and underweight. He served in the army intelligence division and helped sell Liberty Bonds. He is a sincere American. He has never taken out his first United States naturalization papers. In politics he is faintly socialistic, if anything.

He is generous to an extreme with his friends until they double-cross him in anything. Then he is "off them" for life. The same with confidences. He trusts everyone until he is betrayed.

He cannot bring himself to hurt people, physically or their feelings. When he corrects the lowliest extra on his set, he does it privately and not loudly.

He rarely goes to bed before midnight and

you cannot conceal
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Use this proven, lasting method

THERE'S no concealing them, these days—the unsightly hairs that are so disfiguring. Sheer, transparent hosiery will not hide them ... the puff-sleeved or sleeveless frocks of the new daytime mode will not cover them. There's but one thing to do—destroy the growth.

It was proved many years ago that ***ZIP*** would effectively ***destroy*** hair growths. Since then hundreds of thousands of women have been using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars and has won the approval of the Medical Profession.

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Here is the deodorant that fills every need of the smart, modern, young woman—instant, lasting protection from perspiration and odors. No color to stain or injure clothing, no irritation, no odor, and you can apply it at any time. No wonder Heck has been so enthusiastically received everywhere!

Be sure you get this instant deodorant, Heck—for your charm, your daintiness, and the safety of your clothes depend on this precious liquid, made from the purest ingredients according to the original formula of Dr. Heck.

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then has no set hours for sleeping. On the nights he goes to bed latest, he is liable to wake up earliest and vice versa. He likes to play practical jokes if they do not hurt anyone in any way.

WHEN he reads, he wears horn-rimmed glasses. He does not smoke. Up to a year ago, he smoked between four and five packs of cigarettes a day. For no reason he decided to quit. He has never smoked since unless the action of a scene calls for it, and then he prefers a cigar.

He never wears jewelry or a watch. He owns ten watches. He never carries any money in his pockets. When he buys something, he is well enough known to charge it. His favorite café proprietor sends him a bill at the end of each month. He never signs checks nor tips waitresses. The café owner pays the tips and adds it to the bill. If he does need cash, he has to borrow it. His friends know this and always have extra cash along when they go out with him.

When he is with someone and steps into a shop to buy some article of clothing, he always buys the friend the same. Once he and a friend went to San Francisco for a short trip. They took no evening clothes. While there, Chaplin suddenly decided to go out dressed. He bought a complete evening outfit, and one for the friend, too, even though the friend wasn't going along. The friend still has it.

He doesn't like tale-bearers and doesn't bear any himself. He likes buttermilk and coffee and sometimes holds up production in the middle of a scene to have a cup of tea. He once tried to drink sauerkraut juice and couldn't swallow the stuff.

When he discusses how he appears on the screen, he doesn't say "I." He says "he," as though the Chaplin on the screen were another person entirely. When he is excited about a subject, he is utterly oblivious of himself. He has been known to stand in his dressing room stark naked for a half hour or more, excitedly arguing with an acquaintance who may have dropped in while he was undressing.

He likes to dance and his favorite dance is the tango. He dreads social functions until he gets there and then he's the center of the party, no matter how big it is. Whenever he gives a function himself, he gives it on a big scale and swears the next day he'll never give another.

He hates yes-men and loves arguments. He lays traps to see whether or not certain of his associates are yessing him. If they are, they soon go elsewhere.

He has no pets. He had a parrot but when the newspapers began printing about parrot fever, he gave it away. He has no dogs but if he had one, he would have a mongrel because he prefers them to thoroughbreds.

HE likes good plays and silent pictures and newsreels. He takes newsreels home by the half dozen to run in his private projection room at nights.

He has never sat through a talking picture. He insists they are far inferior to silents. He says he will never, never, never make a talkie.

And he feels the same way about wide-film pictures. After he saw one in Hollywood, Chaplin said the public would lose its eyesight trying to follow the action on the big sheet—and that he'll never, never make one.

So there you are. Chaplin, the clown and genius. Just snapshots.

Talking *of* Talkies

"THE day that sees men waiting at the stage door for an electric phonograph to come out, will see the day that the talkies will triumph over the theater."—George Jean Nathan, dramatic critic.

"THE theater, as we know it today, is being wiped out by the motion picture because the motion picture requires no effort to think, and when the motion picture is wiped out, it will be because something else has been discovered which requires even less effort to think."—Channing Pollock, playwright.

"NO amount of dialogue can express the sweet, sincere and invariably speechless emotion we call love."—Norma Talmadge.

A HAPPY event had taken place in the home of the great film producer.

"Here's the son and heir, sir," said the nurse, holding up the newcomer.

The producer gave the child a perfunctory glance.

"Sorry," he said absently, "not quite the type!"—The Tatler.

"A GOOD talking picture is inferior to a good stage play, while a good silent picture is superior to a good stage play."—Charles Chaplin.

"THROUGH the potent medium of the movies, Broadway's influence is being exerted in every main street in the land, and Broadway's hard-boiled philosophy is rapidly becoming a national religion."—Robert E. Sherwood, film critic.

"I THINK it is a very serious mistake for parents to allow their young children to go to the average moving picture show or to see any picture which they themselves, or people they trust, have not seen beforehand. Forty or fifty per cent of the feature pictures today have some intentionally indecent scenes in them."—The Rev. Clifford Shay Twombley, Lancaster, Pa.

STAR—"When the director told his assistant he was fired, what did the poor chap say?"

CAMERAMAN—"The assistant said, 'What? After all these yeahs?' "—Film Daily.

"THE outlook for the picture business in general for 1930 is most encouraging. The high standard of product during the last year created new interest in pictures. If the same consistency of entertainment is maintained, pictures will attain their greatest prosperity this year."—Harold Lloyd.

"THE fact that my greatest following are women and children, with a large smattering of older folks, proves that boop-a-dooping is just a more natural reflection of public taste than when Shakespeare ruled the day."—Helen Kane, stage and screen actress, in "Life."

"TALKIES, while forcing their influence on the speaking stage, will never supplant the stage in the hearts and minds of the American people."—Martin Flavin, playwright.

"THE other day I saw and heard a distinguished surgeon perform and explain a difficult operation. It all took place thousands of miles from where I was sitting, but a talking film had brought his technique and his explanation to me and to a group of interested surgeons. The talking pictures may make a profound contribution to the processes of education."—President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin.

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RALPH HITZ, *Managing Director*

34th Street at 8th Avenue, N. Y. C.

Why 6 Marriages Failed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

touching a cane made necessary by her fall from a horse, "than I did from my marriage to John Gunnerson.

"Jack is a charming boy, probably the most charming boy I have known, but over two years of married life with him has made me realize that if ever I marry again, it will be with a man who has already accomplished something.

"Women admire a man who has acquitted himself well in some undertaking. Success is a breeder of adoration. Few men can be loved for themselves alone. If the woman is forced to go forth to earn her living and his, love and respect soon end.

"THERE can be no happiness when a wife goes to the studio every morning and knows that she leaves her husband to breakfast in bed, lunch at the club, swim at the beach, and come home all full of vigor and vitality, to suggest that she hurry and take her make-up off so they can go out to dine and dance. Not when she is dead-tired and weary, with her soles burning and her eyes seared by Kleig lights.

"If I ever marry again it will be out of the profession. It's worth giving everything up, rather than trying to mix the two. A husband is, after all, entitled to certain rights. He is entitled to affection, graciousness and undivided devotion. That is, if he is going to support a wife as a husband should. A wife can't give him that if she has a motion picture career.

"Jack and I have been divorced since 1926. I see his family frequently. They are among my very good friends, and I am very happy with their friendship. I have only seen Jack once since our separation. But neither that marriage, nor my first, has turned me from the grand old institution. I am not afraid to take another chance—on the conditions that I have already said."

A chain, so they say, is only as strong as its weakest link, and the weakest link, apparently, in these marriages is that of economics. There is pathos in these bindings where the bride, so sure that she is being loved for herself, her beauty and her talents, finds that her spouse thinks more of her bankroll.

It was that way, so the story has it, with Jacqueline Logan who suddenly, after several distinguished engagements, startled the world and her friends by marrying Ralph Gillespie, a sometime broker, but more frequently a handsome playboy. The story continues that after eight months or more of married life, during which time Jackie worked hard and faithfully to support the estate of marriage, she finally grew very weary of being the special providence that provided means for the household and left it, hastily, first stuffing a hundred dollar check, made out to her husband, into a convenient bureau drawer. With it was a little note that foretold things were at an end.

OF this Jackie would rather not hear any more, and rightly, particularly with the diamond circlet of Larry Winston, young realtor, glistening on her third finger, left. It is with hasty warmth that we can condone her speedy efforts to marry Winston in Agua Caliente, Old Mexico, too soon after papers separating her from Gillespie were dried. With one unhappy marriage behind her, she was undoubtedly all too anxious to profit by her experience and make this second enduring; the latter a fact to which all of her intimates are agreed.

"But," says Jackie, pensively, "first marriage is hard on second. There always arises that thought, in caresses and in daily contacts,

as told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"WOMEN USE TOO MUCH ROUGE"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. There is never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* Blonde and brunette use any and all of the seven Princess Pat shades with perfect effect.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never, because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the light powder just as clinging as the medium.

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Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of colors as with usual lipsticks.

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This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial — enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

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The secret of this marvelous shampoo is its *difference.* It is used *differently*—just to suit your own shade of hair—and what a delightfully *different* effect it gives. Your hair will glow with a soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than you have ever seen it. And it's so easy to use—you'd never believe so small an effort could bring such wonderful results! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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D. J. MAHLER,
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of 'What was her other husband's reaction to this?' "

Agnes Ayres watched four-year-old Maria Eugenia Reachi walk down the garden path until the flippant pink of her dress was obscured by greenery. "No," she said, slowly, "I am not sorry I married, because I have her. And I would marry again, because I love children. I would like to have many children. I love to rear them. I would be happy with them, almost to the exclusion of motion picture work. But if I do marry again, he will be an American.

"Latin men are wonderful lovers and poor husbands."

It was two years ago last June that she received her divorce from Manuel de Reachi, consular official of the Mexican government, assigned to Los Angeles.

"OUR wedding was too hasty. I met him at a dinner. We were married almost immediately. I don't like to talk about it. There are things which are better kept silent. He is a man of extreme fascination, with the manners and grace of the foreigner. But Latins are so different from Anglo-Saxons. The two should never attempt intermarriage. The Latin code is too different from ours. As suitors, they are wonderful, but once they marry, they try to dominate. In their country that is all right. Women have been brought up to accept it. But here . . . Why! even after my divorce, Mr. Reachi, who comes to see Maria, insisted that I let my hair, which I had bobbed, grow long again. He wanted it as it had been during our marriage.

"It is difficult for people with careers. Marriage is not for artists. And yet we are entitled to that which is normal in every life. We should have children. I want children. Even if my marriage was unsuccessful, it brought me Maria."

Madge Bellamy is one whose marriage is shrouded in more or less mystery. Married hurriedly, impetuously, in Tia Juana to Logan Metcalf, a real estate broker, her marriage was a swirl of sorry events, apparently, that ended just four days after it began and was finally severed by divorce. Madge, sensitive, easily wounded, does not dwell upon any chapters of it.

"You can be sure in choosing a horse or a career," says Madge, smiling, "but not a husband. I am trying to forget my experience. Trying to put it out of my life. Would I marry again?" she paused, a Shakespearean past arising to aid her. "Didn't Shakespeare say 'She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won'?"

MAE BUSCH thought a moment, tapping a cigarette on her thumb nail:

"I'm like Anna Q. Never again will I marry a man unless he has done something, or is doing something. No more idle sons of the rich for me. Of course, it was stubbornness that made me marry John Cassell. His parents objected and we insisted, then, on getting married. It was on a Thursday. It was raining, too. I remember that very well. Rain . . . funny. That was about four years ago. We have been divorced nearly a year, now.

"John is another charming boy, but, like Anna, I had the feeling that when I went to the studio he was doing absolutely nothing. I had my husband to support, my father, his wife and myself. It was pretty much of a drain on resources.

"My experiences—I have had two failures in marriage—have not turned me against it. On the contrary, I'd marry again. But I'd give up my career to make it a real success. I would marry an actor, certainly. I have heard girls argue that they wouldn't. But, first, I would be sure that the actor was a man and not a *poseur*. I want more than a vain, empty shell.

"They say actors don't make good husbands. Some don't, but there are exceptions, and the exceptions don't make the newspapers. Look at Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston. Could you find a happier married couple anywhere? Of course, Dick is not like most actors. He is a man. And Joby has sacrificed her career for marriage. But, really, it has not been a sacrifice. It has been her gift to marriage. She doesn't look on it as a sacrifice."

Ambitious Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

"I see," he retorted grimly, "but the scene isn't taken yet."

A stage hand held the ladder up to the lofty platter, but the double made no move to come down. "I get my pay just the same," she shouted.

"Yes, yes," the director returned impatiently, and she began her descent.

AT the bottom she paused to speak to Cecile. "Take care; it's slippery."

"Lights only," shouted the director. "A rehearsal for her. And you," jerking his thumb at the double, "take the girl's place in the chorus."

"Extra check?" asked the sinewy one impudently.

"All right, you little bandit."

"Charge it to temperamental losses," she called over her shoulder.

The director grinned. The little double had worked with him in countless pictures, Carita in two.

Cecile went through the rehearsal without mishap. But during the time they set the sound connections she could not keep her eyes from wandering downward. Forty feet was not so far, she told herself—she had dived that distance. But with the sharp edge of the stage below her, and the musicians and instruments massed beyond that, she felt as if she were suspended alone in space.

Once she leaned down to touch the iron rods which were riveted to the platter. It gave her a passing sense of security to know how firm they were.

"Camera. Silence," came the call from below.

Cecile took up the formula she had devised to fit the routine of the dance.

"One, two, kick. One, two, three, swing. One, kick; two, kick; three, pivot. Smile. Gaily now, you are enjoying it. Harder, higher . . ."

She stifled a scream. She must not spoil the scene.

Her foot had slipped. But it wouldn't do to lose step, to spoil this chance for individual recognition. Hastily she recaught the rhythm. Hastily, too hastily. She slipped; pitched; was hurtling through the air.

"My God!" Max Nyles, who had slipped in to watch the number, crowded his way to the limp figure. "Who let her go up there?"

"SHE volunteered, sir," said the director. But Nyles didn't hear him.

"Don't touch her. Don't move her until the doctor comes," Nyles ordered the men who bent above the limp figure lying at the edge of the orchestra pit where she had ricocheted from the edge of the stage.

"Stop work for the day. Clear all these people out," Max ordered, holding Cecile's two little white hands in his dark brown ones.

They followed his orders. The star led the

way, supported on either side by an assistant director, and with the script girl offering smelling salts at every other step.

"He's a good executive," said a cameraman, lighting his pipe outside the door, "but he'd make a hell of a director. Too chicken-hearted."

"Looks like curtains for the kid," mused the little double trotting at his side. "But she had no business going up. It was a rotten fall she made; took it stiff and tense, instead of limbering up. I'll bet Carita won't kick when I do that dance tomorrow."

THE Publicity Director studied the yellow slip the messenger boy laid before him.

"Who is Cecile Lane?" he asked his secretary, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"The extra who tried to double for Carita in the platter dance. She's been waiting for hours."

"Send her on in. I might as well get it over with."

Presently Cecile sat before him, her little hands tightly clasped in her lap. The beautiful modeling of her face had been fined down to lines that were almost sharp. Her blue eyes looked enormous, startling. Pain had etched her youthful prettiness into heart-breaking beauty. Upon her back she wore a cruel iron harness which distorted her figure. A small girl to begin with, she now looked like a hump-backed dwarf.

"Why do you want to work for me?" asked Dawson gruffly, to hide his emotion. "Didn't the company make a settlement with you, take care of your hospital bill? I thought Nyles arranged that."

"Oh, I have been taken care of—wonderfully," said Cecile, in a voice so tender and warm that Dawson felt involuntary cold prickles along his spine. That this small, wrecked creature should be grateful!

"Mr. Nyles said I should remain on the payroll. But I don't want a pension. I want a job."

"Are you a stenographer?"

"No-o. But I can type a little," eagerly, "and I could do filing. Surely you can fit me in somewhere and let me be useful!"

Dawson pointed out the window.

"See that sunshine. People come from all over the world just to have a chance to bask in it. Beyond those hills is the ocean, and the warm, golden sand. That's where you belong, out there, dreaming and dozing until you are well and strong, not prisoned in these dark offices. That's what we all work for, a chance to get out of them. You have it. I advise you to use it."

His secretary set to work with an eraser. She had piled up the keys on her typewriter in her amazement at her employer's poetical outburst.

CECILE smiled at him. "But I love it here. If I can't work on the sets I'll be glad to do anything, just to be in the studio."

Dawson threw up his hands. "I'll ask Fogarty if he can use you."

Fogarty consented doubtfully. Any help was better than no help at all.

"I'm specializing in silhouettes," he explained. "And I write the captions and stories to accompany them. The foreign periodicals are partial to this type of stuff."

"I can be of real help, then." Cecile's blue eyes were shining. "I know French and German, and I can read Spanish."

"Isn't that rather unusual for an extra girl?" Fogarty asked quizzically.

"There are all kinds of extra girls," said Cecile.

She proved very helpful, not only for her knowledge of languages, but for whimsical turns of phrases which she contributed to his stories, and odd little quirks of thought which made good pegs on which to hang his publicity sketches. She was unstinted in her enthusiastic praise for his work, and her interest in

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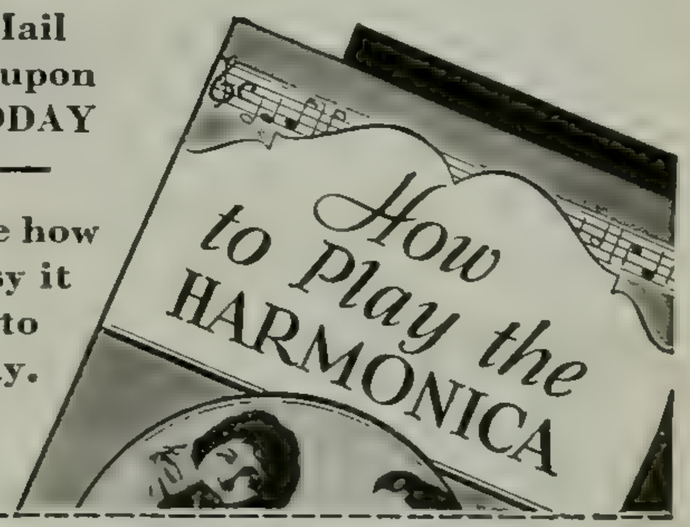

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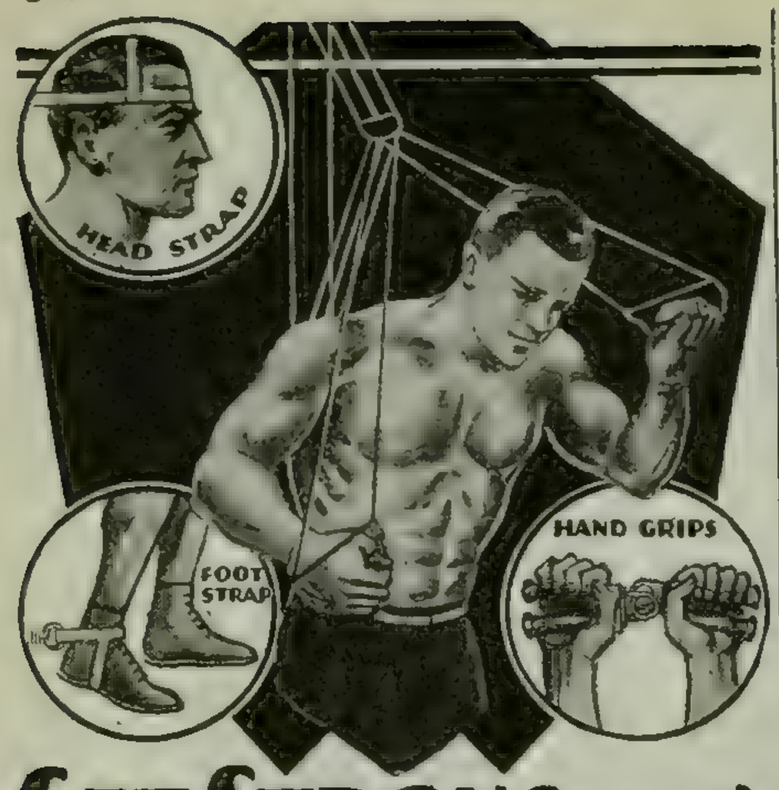

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every detail. Fogarty, who was a big, handsome, lazy Irishman, found her restless energy stimulating.

Once he came in to find her absorbed in the study of a large still of Max Nyles.

"I don't know where we can use that," he said. "Most executives like to have us get publicity for them, but Nyles never asks for it, and since it isn't easy to slip such pictures over on the editors we have just filed that one away."

"He has such a strong profile. Don't you think it would be interesting to feature him as the puppet master, with lace-like silhouettes framing the picture?"

"Hmmm," Fogarty considered.

"I have it worked out here." Cecile bent over a crowded drawer.

THERE was pity in Fogarty's eyes as he watched the sunlight tangled in her bright hair.

"I've tickets for the play at the Writers' Club tonight. Would you like to go?" he asked.

Cecile glanced up, surprised. "I don't go out now," she answered simply.

"Gad," thought Fogarty, "for cool courage and no whining!"

"May I come over then?"

The girl's clear eyes were troubled. Her dimples showed in an apologetic smile. "I—I . . ."

"That's all right. If there is someone else, I don't want to butt in."

"There is someone else," said Cecile softly, "but I think it was sweet of you to ask me, as I am."

"Any man who wouldn't like you as you are is a fool," Fogarty returned hotly.

He left the office for the still studio with troubled thoughts. Dawson had told him that Nyles had kept Cecile on the payroll, and that was most unusual. Cash settlements were simpler and cheaper. Nyles had shown no interest in the girl—barely nodded when they met. Yet it hadn't escaped Fogarty's attention that one of the first things Cecile had done was to add Nyles' picture to the scores of others on the office walls. She had pinned it so it faced her desk. The kid had had enough bad breaks without falling for a married man!

Several weeks later Cecile created a mild sensation in the publicity department by coming in from lunch, walking carefully and erect, without her braces.

"It is only for a half-hour now," she boasted gaily, "but it is the beginning of the end for Mr. Straitjacket."

"And I suppose the Publicity Department will lose its cheap help," Dawson teased.

Cecile looked startled.

"I hope I've satisfied Mr. Fogarty." She turned to the young Irishman. "I doubt if I can dance again, even when the braces are off. And I've learned in this department how few are the extra's chances against stage-trained competition."

"Don't worry ho—, my dear," said Fogarty. "You can stay with me as long as you like, even if I have to pay your salary out of my own pocket."

JUST before five o'clock on a particularly busy day, Skidds Hibbert burst into the office, ignoring Cecile at her corner desk.

"Just what does Desault want, anyway?" he demanded of Fogarty. "This little girl of mine has everything: face, figure, pep, and a big-time voice. Yet he walks out while her test is running. You promised me she'd have a chance at the part."

"Go on back to peddling papers, and don't bother me," said Fogarty. "How do I know what Desault wants? To see half of Hollywood in the projection room, if you ask me."

"But I promised Francine . . ."

"Yeah, I know. You're long on promises. Now, get this. Francine could have had her test without you, and with you she can't get anything more. Desault says he doesn't want her, and that settles it."

Fogarty turned his back and started dialing the telephone.

"I'd like to know what I've done to have the scheduling of tests wished on me," he grumbled to Cecile afterwards. "The worst part of it is dealing with these self-appointed go-betweens like Hibbert."

"Oh, Mr. Fogarty, could you arrange for me to have a test?" Cecile's voice was trembling with excitement. "I could play the part, I know I could. I loved it when I read the synopsis on your desk. And I'm stronger now; I can go without the braces for hours at a time. If Desault is seeing so many, perhaps he would see me."

"I thought," said Fogarty, in a voice he tried to make quite off-hand, "that you didn't want to leave my office."

"Not for extra work. But this—this part might make me."

"Desault has seen over seventy people already. I can arrange a test, but that doesn't mean he will take you."

"You will, then? Oh, you are so good to me. It is too wonderful to be true!"

She left the office radiant.

Fogarty shook his fist at a picture on the wall.

"Why should she look at you when she said that? You frosted icicle, you!"

FOGARTY seated himself beside Cecile in the darkened projection room. She had put on her clumsy harness again, and her face looked white and drawn.

He reached over and took her hand. It was cold as ice.

She pressed his warm, brown fingers, but withdrew her hand.

"You've done the best you could for me," she whispered. "Whether I make it or not, I'll never forget that."

Desault sat by himself in a far corner, his face cold and inscrutable.

THE lights flashed out, and Cecile spoke from the screen.

She stretched out her slender arms to the sunlight pouring in the window.

"Oh, I am so happy, so happy," she said, and her voice was round and golden, singing, as radiant as her face.

A telegram was handed her. As she read it the joy drained from her, and her body slumped in despair. Her face was a tragic mask; her youth and beauty emphasized the cruelty of her grief.

When she spoke her lines, Fogarty felt his heart turn over.

An alarm clock rang on her bureau. She stared at it as if she had never seen it before. Like one who walks in her sleep, she rose and turned it off.

With her back to the audience, but her face visible in the mirror, she pulled herself together by a heroic effort.

She whispered a name, slowly as if she loved the sound lingering in her ears, filling the syllables with love, and tenderness, and grief beyond words.

"But I must take care of mother," she said.

She stood quite still for a moment, and Fogarty felt himself sharing the agony of her struggle for self-control. Then she called out in a brave, clear voice, "Is breakfast ready, dear? I can't afford to be late for work." A second later she added, "Now," and fell in a huddled heap across the bed.

THE lights flashed on. No one made a sound. Fogarty could see Cecile's white hands clasped tightly in her lap.

Desault rose and crossed the room. With one finger he lightly touched the braces.

"Ah," he said, "I see now why it is that you so well can play that part."

"You like my work?" Cecile questioned tremulously.

"Beautiful child." said Desault, "the part is made for you."

Fogarty sprang from his seat and raced toward Max Nyles' office.

Desault should be made to commit himself in writing at once.

He expected to search the ground for Nyles, but found that young man standing at the window of his office, as if waiting for him.

WITHOUT a word Nyles followed the excited Irishman, who was pouring a flood of extravagant praise in his ear.

They ran the test film again. When the lights were turned on, Fogarty noted that Nyles' dark face was gray, and his eyes feverishly bright.

"You see," said Desault, "I wait. I will not be rushed, and I find the one girl fitted to play the part."

"One failure is enough to break a director in this country," said Nyles. "We are paying you a big salary and giving you a free hand. You wish an unknown girl to play the star rôle, knowing this?"

"Yes," said Desault. "For she can act, this girl. She has soul. She will do."

In three steps Max Nyles was across the room, and before their astonished eyes he took Cecile into his arms.

"Well, ambitious baby, you made it! And alone!" He kissed her, before he turned to say proudly: "This is my wife. She felt that she could never be sure, if I introduced her, that her ability, and not my name, brought success. I told her that the chances were a million to one against her as an unknown. But she made it!"

FOGARTY tossed a lock of hair out of his eyes as he pounded out the story.

"Gee, what a break for the Publicity Department," he breathed blissfully.

"Yeh? Write it while you feel that way," said Dawson, before he closed the door behind him.

"The papers may run it, but I'm telling you the wise-cracking fans won't believe it."

Fogarty frowned at the closed door.

"For that matter, I'd rather it weren't true," he muttered.

And with a wry smile he rose, took Max Nyles' picture from the wall, tore it into small bits and tossed the fragments into the waste basket.

Mutt is ready for any barrage, but prefers one of ham bones. The pup appears with Moran and Mack in their new blackface war comedy for Paramount

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Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

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That Gustafsson Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

joyed. We understood each other! But Stiller did not understand American methods. There came a break, and my old director was replaced by Fred Niblo. I was heartbroken—and so was Stiller. I didn't think I could go on. And it was so hard for me to follow direction in English.

"But I worked on. For six months, from morning till night. Over twenty gowns to try on, over and over again. I care nothing about clothes, and there were numberless dresses for each part. When I am off the set I don't want to have to think of clothes at all."

Garbo is silent a moment. A shadow of pain crosses her face.

"Then a heavier blow fell. News came of my sister's death. I was in agony. I was tired, sick, broken. But there was nothing for it but to go on. I never missed a rehearsal, I was never late on the set. My poor little sister! She had acted with me in 'Two Kings,' a romantic Swedish film. I have seen this picture here in Stockholm. I see my dead sister live again on the screen, with me at her side!"

At this time, Greta Garbo had become news for the American press. An odd Swedish girl. "Obstinate"—"hard to handle"—these were some of the reports.

AFTER "The Temptress," Garbo was given the script of "Flesh and the Devil."

It was this picture that was to bring her her first great American fame.

And during its making she was to meet the striking, romantic John Gilbert, whose name was to be coupled with hers for a long time.

"I did not like the part," Garbo tells me. "I did not want to be a silly vamp. I could see no sense in dressing up and fooling around, just being seductive.

"Mr. Mayer wanted to begin shooting right away. I told him I was tired and ill—that I felt I could not do justice to a new rôle without rest—and that I felt sure the part was not suited to me.

"But he was anxious to begin work. I took the train back to Santa Monica, went to bed, and tried to puzzle out my situation.

"New rumors in the papers. 'Greta Garbo is going back to Sweden.' 'She is capricious, hard to manage.'

"After forty-eight hours, I decided to go back to the studio. I was tired, and ill, and had just lost my sister, but it didn't seem to matter. I returned.

"I don't know how I should have managed if I had not been cast opposite John Gilbert. I had hardly met him before. He is quite a wonderful man—vital, eager, enthusiastic. He was on the set at nine each morning. He was so kind that I felt better—through him I seemed to establish my first real contact with the strange American world. If he had not come into my life at this time, I should probably have come home to Sweden at once, my American career over.

"We finished 'Flesh and the Devil.' I was helped by the knowledge that Stiller was getting his bearings and coming into his own. His three American masterpieces, 'Hotel Imperial,' 'The Confession of a Woman,' and 'The Street of Sin,' were still to come. But I could see that he was getting his chance. I was happy for him, and this helped me through my own troubles."

AFTER "Flesh and the Devil," the company sent her a script called "Women Love Diamonds." Greta Garbo was to play a vamp.

"This upset me again," she says. "I felt I simply could not do another such rôle. It seemed to me that my future in America was at stake. I went back to my hotel and waited. Next morning the studio called to ask me to look at some sketches for the film. I refused, and did not go.

"This was the first time I had actually disregarded the wishes of my company, apart from my refusal to sign a new contract. Then came the explosion! I received a letter telling me that I had broken my contract by refusing to come to the studio, which was construed as a refusal to work.

"As I had broken the contract, said my company, they were no longer under any obligations to pay me. Then began seven months of no work and no salary!"

CHAPTER EIGHT—Among the Stars

GRETA GARBO was in the world capital of the movies, with a broken contract, and almost no friends to whom she could turn.

What should she do? Leave Hollywood? She felt that all could be set right if she would sign a new contract, as the company had requested. But neither side wanted to take the first step. Greta Garbo simply stayed on at home.

After a while the papers began to hint that the mercurial Garbo was running short of funds.

The conflict was a long one.

"I was very unhappy," says Garbo, speaking of this period in her American career.

"I thought often of going home. It was much like being wildly in love. One moment praying for deliverance—the next realizing it is impossible to tear one's self away.

"My direct need was for an intelligent, experienced person who could judge my position from a business point of view. My lawyer had helped, but he knew little of studio affairs. One day a friend told me of just the sort of man I needed to handle my tangled life in motion pictures. He would understand that I wished no trouble—only to make good films.

"This began my business association with Mr. Harry Edington. For more than a week we had long talks every day. At the end of this time he said he was ready to take over the management of my affairs. He was convinced, he told me, that I was not as difficult to handle as the newspapers had said. We drew up an agreement. From that day to this Mr. Edington has taken care of all my affairs—my contract, my income, all negotiations concerning my work. This has been an immeasurable relief to me.

"Since then I have had no difficulties—no discord. Mr. Edington drew up a new five-year contract, and I signed it. The document assured me a greater income than I had ever dreamed of obtaining.

"Most of my professional contentment I owe to the guidance of this intelligent and understanding man, who took over my affairs when they were in an unhappy and precarious condition."

WITH her business affairs in comfortable shape, Greta Garbo began to take a little more part in the social life of Hollywood.

The center of the social activities of the growing Swedish colonies was the beautiful Santa Monica home of Victor Sjöström. Mauritz Stiller was a familiar figure there. He and his colleague had often collaborated during their film days in Sweden. Greta Garbo began to drop in often. She liked to unburden herself to the director's charming wife, and she began to be a chum of the two little girls of the family, Greta and Guje.

At this time Garbo lived in Santa Monica, at a big, old-fashioned hotel that faced the sea. She felt happier there than anywhere else, some distance from the film colony itself.

(Since that time she has rented a long, low bungalow somewhat nearer her studio.)

Garbo has extremely simple tastes. Clothes, as creations, bore her. She usually wears loose-fitting gowns, comfortable hats and low-heeled shoes. She hates "dressing up." Often she has appeared at formal dinners in sports clothes, to the mingled scandal and amusement of the various guests.

She has two cars. She prefers her little Ford coupe—largely, she says, because it is unpretentious and seldom noticed. She greatly prefers horseback riding to motoring.

Garbo is the soul of frankness. She accepts only invitations that appeal to her. If she doesn't feel like going, she says so at once, and in no uncertain terms. She never offers the transparent excuse of a headache, or things of that sort. And she has an excellent sense of humor.

One of the miracles of Garbo's American life is that her name has been connected, romantically, with those of so few men. Newspapers have continually coupled her name with that of John Gilbert, and prophesied their marriage.

(That eternal rumor was put to rest by Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire.)

I DO not expect Greta Garbo to say much on the subject of love. But I summon my courage, and ask.

"Love?" she says, laughing a little. "Well, it is the beginning and the ending of a woman's education. How can one express love if one has never experienced it? Who has not been in love?

"Marriage? I have said over and over again that I do not know. There is always my overwhelming desire to be alone."

Victor Sjöström, who knows her as well as anyone in Hollywood, has been asked how she takes her success.

"She lives quietly, and is a sensible and saving girl. She is ambitious and conscientious in her work. She is more serious than most young girls, though lately she has become more companionable, and has taken up tennis and water polo. But she still likes best to be alone."

Crowded though her days were, a secret hunger tugged at the heartstrings of the young star.

It was homesickness—an unresting longing for the sights and sounds of her motherland—for her mother, her brother, her old friends. At last she could stand it no longer. She arranged a long holiday—a breathing space in her unremitting work before the camera.

She could spend Christmas with her own people in her own country. But this time she came home to Sweden a world-famous film star. Hardly a memory was left of a frightened, lonely little girl who saw the Northern coast fade into the mist, as she turned her eyes toward the trials and toils and chances of a new world!

CHAPTER NINE—Christmas in Sweden

CHRISTMAS, the world over, is the time of longing for home, and the friends of youth.

Nowhere on earth is this feeling stronger than among the Swedish people. The Christmas rush on Swedish railways is terrific. Even Swedes in far distant lands make every sacrifice to spend the happy feast in their own country and at their own firesides.

And no event in the Swedish year is quite so exciting as the arrival of the "Christmas Ship" from America at the port of Gothenburg. Stockholm papers send special correspondents to meet the liners.

The "Christmas Ship" of 1928 was the Kungsholm, pride of the Swedish-American line. The natural excitement over her arrival was heightened by the fact that she not only carried princes of the blood royal, but a queen of the screen!

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Universal's good old camera crane, used first by Paul Fejos in making "Broadway," leaves the studio for a battlefield! Here it is filming a battle scene for "All Quiet on the Western Front." Director Milestone and the boys on top all wear steel helmets to save their skulls from falling rock stirred by the shellfire

and the suspense, in Sweden, grew terrific. Garbo's homecoming had already stirred the public deeply.

Meanwhile, in America, reports of Greta's journey had caused much excitement, and many newspapers had planned to waylay her along the route of her transcontinental train. Hundreds thronged the stations where the Limited was to stop. That is the sort of thing Garbo dislikes intensely. And the story of how she eluded journalistic pursuit is a long and thrilling tale in itself.

FOR elude it she did. While everybody thought the star was still at her hotel, one "Alice Smith" was speeding East on another train. Even her luggage had been marked "A. S." No one recognized, in the quiet girl wearing dark glasses, and with dark curls peeping from beneath her hat, the Garbo of screen fame.

In Chicago an actress friend recognized her, but respected her secret, and she reached New York uninterviewed.

Metropolitan newspapers had got wind of her arrival, and an army of newspaper reporters and cameramen met the train. No "Alice Smith" alighted. For Miss Alice Smith had left the Limited at Harmon, thirty-six miles north of New York, and had motored to the city.

Hotels were haunted by reporters, but no Greta Garbo or Alice Smith was found. No one thought of the tiny hotel she had hated so when she had stayed there on her arrival in America years before!

Early on her sailing day she boarded the Kungsholm. But someone had preceded her to her cabin. It was a New York reporter. That lucky and resourceful youngster was the only journalist to interview her in three thousand miles of travel. She had fooled the entire press of America, and this one interview, broadcast throughout the country, had far greater publicity value than hundreds of conventional interviews would have carried.

On board she could no longer maintain her incognito. And when the ship docked a huge throng swirled about her, and damaged the taxi that bore her away from the pier at Gothenburg.

For the first time in nearly four years, she was back in her own country, and could celebrate Christmas with her people. Even so, she was nearly frustrated. During the ocean crossing, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer radioed her several times to return to Hollywood by the first ship. They wanted her for retakes on "A Woman of Affairs," her last picture with John Gilbert.

But Garbo managed to safeguard her precious holiday—and could taste once more the traditional Christmas dish of Sweden, "lyefish," and try to get the "almond of luck" hidden in the Christmas rice pudding.

I ASK the obvious question. How does it feel to be home again?

"I am unspeakably happy. Of course Hollywood is fascinating. But I also had many unpleasant experiences. And don't believe the silly stories about life in Hollywood. I am sure there are just as many temptations in Stockholm as in Hollywood. The American film colony means, above all things, work, and I have worked as hard as anyone. I am exhausted now. It will be lovely to have a real rest."

Nils Asther had planned to come home at the same time, but business matters pre-

vented. When the trip was being discussed, Garbo said: "When we get home, Nils will eat himself to death and I'll sleep so that I'll never wake up again!"

And sleep she has, but not quite to that point. Of course, she has not been left in the peace she craves. That would be expecting too much, for one so famous.

For her visit, Greta Garbo rented an apartment at Karlbergsvägen 52. It's a rather famous place, that apartment, as a haven for Swedish film stars home from America. Lars Hansson lived there when he was getting his own home settled, and Victor Sjöström has stayed there.

At first, her telephone calls nearly drove Garbo crazy. One day, when there had been over sixty calls before two in the afternoon, nearly all from total strangers, she simply had the connection entirely cut off. Her Swedish admirers just wanted to hear the sound of her voice!

IT was not only curious fans who haunted Garbo's first days and nights at home. She was bombarded with offers of various kinds. UFA begged her to come to Berlin for one film, but her American contract forbade such an engagement. Stockholm theaters asked her to appear. She half agreed to appear in Tolstoy's "Resurrection," but grew panicky and frightened and gave up the part after the first rehearsal.

Of course she visited Stockholm's film city, Räsunda, where she watched some scenes for "The Triumph of the Heart," starring Carl Brisson. She was warmly received—especially by her oldest friend in the film world, Axel Nilsson, who acts as business agent for all Swedish film artists in America.

Brisson, famous European star, met Garbo at a picture theater soon after her arrival in Sweden. He held out both hands to her. "Well, if it isn't little Greta! It's been along time, hasn't it?"

"Do you know Greta Garbo?" asked a friend.

"Garbo?" asked Brisson, thunderstruck. "Was that Greta Garbo? When I saw her last she was Greta Gustafsson, a little pupil at the Dramatic School!"

Time passed quickly. Garbo visited all the leading theaters, usually attracting more attention than the performance. She declined most of the many invitations to parties that she naturally received.

For a few days she was the guest of Count and Countess Wachmeister, at Tistad Castle, south of Stockholm.

She even visited a film company on location north of the capital city. But the greater part of the time she spent quietly, with her family. This, of course, she loved best and wanted most.

At last, the dreaded time came when she must think of goodbyes.

No one will ever know the tears and heartburnings that accompanied Greta Garbo's farewells to her beloved mother.

But the dreaded day came at last. To avoid public attention, she left Stockholm one day ahead of schedule time—to the consternation of the city's army of photographers. Only her nearest relatives knew the secret. And on March 9, 1929, she sailed from Gothenburg once more.

AND so my story comes to an end. But it is only the story of a beginning, and of an interlude in the life of a great artist—a rest, among familiar scenes, between toil and toil.

No star shines forever in the film firmament. Yet I surely feel that Greta Garbo's star will shine on, whoever the next sensation may be.

And so we leave her—it seems to me, on the brink of her greatest fame. The story of her girlhood and first glory, glamorous and dramatic, behind her. And what shining triumphs betore her, only time and fate can tell!

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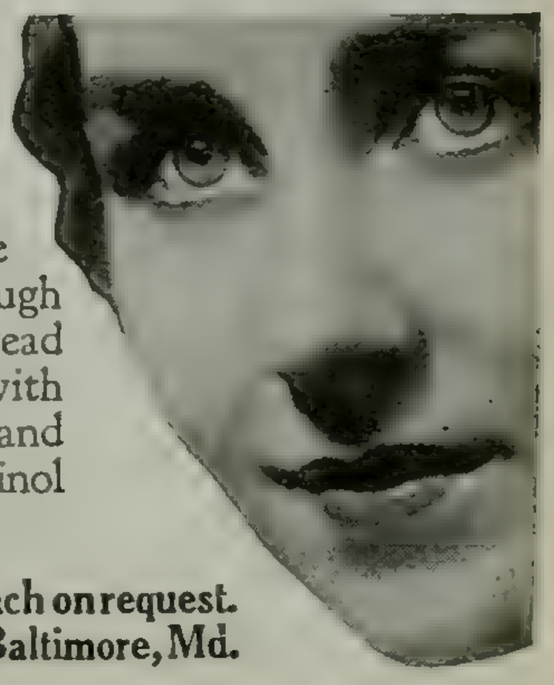

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BENSON MURDER CASE, THE" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. S. VanDine. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Philo Vance*, William Powell; *Miss Delroy*, Natalie Moorehead; *Sergeant Heath*, Eugene Pallette; *Adolphe Mohler*, Paul Lukas; *Harry Grey*, William Boyd; *John F. X. Markham*, E. H. Calvert; *Anthony Benson*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Paula Banning*, May Beatty; *Albert*, Mischa Auer; *Sam*, Otto Yamaoka; *Burt*, Charles McMurchy; *Welsh*, Dick Rush.

"BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE"—BIG FOUR FILM.—From the story by Carl Krusada. Directed by Harry Webb. The cast: *Bert Allen*, Jack Perrin; *Joe Kemp*, Franklin Farnum; *Betty Burke*, Charline Burt; *Phil*, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; *Al Mooney*, Pete Morrison; *Dick*, Edmund Cobb; *Mother*, Emma Tansey; *Sheriff*, Henry Roquemore; *Doctor*, Henry Taylor.

"CHASING RAINBOWS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredyth. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Carlie*, Bessie Love; *Terry*, Charles King; *Eddie*, Jack Benny; *Lester*, George K. Arthur; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Peggy*, Gwen Lee; *Daphne*, Nita Martan; *Cordova*, Eddie Phillips; *Donnie*, Marie Dressler; *Lanning*, Youcca Troubetzkoy.

"CHILDREN OF PLEASURE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Song Writer" by Crane Wilbur. Scenario by Richard Schayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Danny Regan*, Lawrence Gray; *Emma Gray*, Wynne Gibson; *Pat Thayer*, Helen Johnson; *Rod Peck*, Kenneth Thomson; *Bernie*, Lee Kolmar; *Fanny Kaye*, May Boley; *Andy Little*, Benny Rubin.

"CHINA EXPRESS, THE"—SOVKINO.—Directed by Illy Trauberg. The cast: S. Minin, San Bo Yan, Chu Chai Wan, Chzan Kai, A. Vardul, Chai Wan San, Lian Din Do, J. Goodkin, I. Slaveliev.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John McDermott. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Cohen*, George Sidney; *Kelly*, Charlie Murray; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Kelly*, Kate Price; *McPherson*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *McDonald*, William Colvin; *Prince of Morania*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"CRAZY THAT WAY"—Fox.—From the play "In Love With Love" by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Marion Orth. Directed by Hamilton McFadden. The cast: *Ann Jordan*, Joan Bennett; *Bob*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Oakes*, Jason Robards; *Jack Gardner*, Kenneth McKenna; *Miriam Sears*, Sharon Lynn.

"DOUBLE CROSS ROADS"—Fox.—From the story "Yonder Grow the Daisies" by William Lipman. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *David Harvey*, Robert Ames; *Mary Carlyle*, Lila Lee; *Mrs. Carlyle*, Edythe Chapman; *Gene Dyke*, Montagu Love; *Happy Max*, Ned Sparks; *Deuce Wilson*, Tom Jackson; *Mrs. Tillon*, Charlotte Walker; *Warden*, George MacFarlane; *Caleb*, William V. Mong; *Caretaker*, Thomas Jefferson.

"FIGHTING LEGION, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Dave Hayes*, Ken Maynard; *Molly Williams*, Dorothy Dwan; *Dad Williams*, Harry Todd; *Cloudy Jones*, Frank Rice; *Jack Bowie*, Ernest Adams; *Burl Edwards*, Stanley Blystone; *John Blake*, Jack Fowler; *Tom Dawson*, Bob Walker; *Hook Brothers*, Les Bates, Charles Whittaker, Bill Nestelle; *Tarzan*, By Himself.

"FREE AND EASY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Adapted by Paul Dickey. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer*, Buster Keaton; *Elvira*, Anita Page; *Ma*, Trixie Friganza; *Larry*, Robert Montgomery; *Director Niblo*, Fred Niblo; *Officer*, Edgar Dearing; *Bedroom Scene*, Gwen Lee, John Miljan, Lionel Barrymore; *A Guest*, William Haines; *Master of Ceremonies*, William Collier, Sr.; *Cave Scene*, Dorothy Sebastian, Karl Dane; *Director Burton*, David Burton.

"GAY MADRID"—M-G-M.—From the story by Alejandro Perez Lugin. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and Salisbury Field. Directed by Robert Leonard. The cast: *Ricardo*, Ramon Novarro; *Carmina*, Dorothy Jordan; *La Panterita*, Lottice Howell; *Marques*, Claude King; *Donna Generosa*, Eugenie Besserer; *Rivas*, William V. Mong; *Dona Concha*, Beryl Mercer; *Jacinta*, Nanci Price; *Octavio*, Herbert Clark; *Ernesto*, David Scott; *Enrique*, George Chandler; *Corpulento*, Bruce Coleman.

"GOLDEN CALF, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Aaron Davis. Continuity by Marion Orth. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Marybell Cobb*, Sue Carol; *Philip Homer*, Jack Mulhall; *Knute Olson*, El Brendel; *Alice*, Marjorie White; *Tommie*, Richard Keene; *Edwards*, Paul Page; *Master of Ceremonies*, Walter Catlett; *Comedienne*, Ilka Chase.

"GREAT DIVIDE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by William Vaughan Moody. Screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Ruth Jordan*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Stephen Ghent*, Ian Keith; *Texas Tommy*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dutch Romeo*, Ben Hendricks; *Manuella*, Myrna Loy; *Wong*, Frank Tang; *Edgar*, Creighton Hale; *MacGregor*, George Fawcett; *Verna*, Jean Laverty; *Amesbury*, Claude Gillingwater; *Joe Morgan*, Roy Stewart; *Ruth's friend*, James Ford; *Polly*, Jean Lorraine; *Ruth's friend*, Gordon Elliott.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by William Archer. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Rajah of Rukh*, George Arliss; *Lucilla*, Alice Joyce; *Dr. Traherne*, Ralph Forbes; *Major Crespin*, H. B. Warner; *Watkins*, Ivan Simpson; *Lieut. Carew*, Reggy Sheffield; *An Ayah*, Betty Boyd; *High Priest*, David Tearle; *Temple Priest*, Nigel De Brulier.

"HAPPY DAYS"—Fox.—From the story by Sidney Lanfield. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Col. Billy Balcher*, Charles E. Evans; *Margie*, Marjorie White; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Jig*, Stuart Erwin; *Nancy Lee*, Martha Lee Sparks; *Sheriff Benton*, Clifford Dempsey. Minstrel Ensemble: Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Victor McLaglen, El Brendel, Edmund Lowe, William Collier, Tom Patricola, Dixie Lee, George Jessel, Sharon Lynn, Will Rogers, Walter Catlett, Warner Baxter, Ann Pennington, David Rollins, Nick Stuart, Frank Albertson, Rex Bell; George MacFarlane and James J. Corbett (Interlocutors).

"HELLO SISTER"—JAMES CRUZE PROD.—From the story "Clipped Wings" by Reita Lambert. Continuity by Brian Marlow. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *"Vee" Newell*, Olive Borden; *Marshall Jones*, Lloyd Hughes; *Fraser Newell*, George Fawcett; *Martha Peddie*, Bodil Rosing; *"Tivvie" Rose*, Norman Peck; *John Stanley*, Howard Hickman; *Randall Carr*, Raymond Keane; *Dr. Saltus*, Wilfred Lucas; *Horace Peddie*, James T. Mack; *Appleby Sims*, Harry MacDonald.

"HE TRUMPED HER ACE"—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.—From the story by John A. Waldron. Directed by A. Leslie Pearce. The cast: Marjorie Beebe, Johnny Burke, Rosemary Theby, Lew Kelly, Bud Jamison.

"HIDEOUT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Adapted by Arthur Ripley. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Morley Wallace, Jimmie Dorgan*, James Murray; *Dorothy Evans*, Kathryn Crawford; *Jerry*, Jackie Hanlon; *Joe Hennessy*, Frank DeVoe; *Dorgan*, Frank Campeau; *"Atlas,"* George Hackathorne; *William Burke*, Robert Elliott; *Mrs. Dorgan*, Sarah Padden; *Mrs. Evans*, Jane Keckley; *Dean*, Richard Carlyle; *Coach*, Eddie Hearn.

"HIS DARK CHAPTER"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel by E. J. Rath. Screen play by Harvey H. Gates. Directed by George J. Crone. The cast: *Wade Hawlins*, Reginald Denny; *Eileen Kilbourne*, Miriam Seegar; *Mr. Kilbourne*, Harvey Clarke; *Mrs. Kilbourne*, Lucille Ward; *Kane Kilbourne*, Carlyle Moore; *Marion Kilbourne*, Anita Louise; *Elsie Thayer*, Norma Drew; *Marquise de la Fresne*, Christian Yves; *William, English butler*, Charles Coleman; *Hanna, the maid*, Greta Granstedt.

"KETTLE CREEK"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Ken McTavish*, Ken Maynard; *Coral Harland*, Kathryn Crawford; *Jud McTavish*, Otis Harlan; *Lem Harland*, Paul Hurst; *Judge Keets*, Richard Carlyle; *Abner Harland*, Les Bates; *"Rusty,"* P. W. Holmes; *Sam*, Blue Washington; *Sandy McTavish*, Fred Burns.

"STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL"—M-G-M.—From the story "The Circle" by Somerset Maugham. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Elizabeth*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Ted*, Paul Cavanagh; *Arnold*, Tyrrell Davis; *Clive*, Lewis Stone; *Porteous*, Ernest Torrence; *Kitty*, Alison Skipworth; *Anna*, Mary Forbes; *Butler*, Wilfred Noy; *Footman*, William O'Brien.

"LET'S GO PLACES"—Fox.—From the story by William K. Wells. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Paul Adams*, Joseph Wagstaff; *Marjorie Lorraine*, Lola Lane; *Virginia Gordon*, Sharon Lynn; *J. Speed Quinn*, Frank Richardson; *Rex Wardell*, Walter Catlett; *Dixie*, Dixie Lee; *Du Bonnet*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Du Bonnet*, Ilka Chase; *Ben King*, Larry Steers.

"LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Dick Bailey*, Richard Arlen; *Ruth Hammond*, Mary Brian; *Mr. Stack*, Fred Kohler; *"Pie-Pan" Pulte*, Harry Green; *Bob Drexell*, Regis Toomey; *Grif Meeker*, William LeMaire; *Slig Whalen*, George Chandler; *"Square-Toe" Boots*, Sid Saylor; *Sheriff Jarvis*, Guy Oliver; *Pop Skelly*, Gus Saville.

"LOOSE ANKLES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Sam Janney. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: *Ann Harper*, Loretta Young; *Gil Hayden*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Aunt Sarah Harper*, Louise Fazenda; *Aunt Katherine Harper*, Ethel Wales; *Major Rupert Harper*, Otis Harlan; *Agnes*, Daphne Pollard; *Betty*, Inez Courtney; *Terry*, Norman Selby; *Andy*, Eddie Nugent; *Linton*, Raymond Keane.

"LOVIN' THE LADIES"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "I Love You" by William LeBaron. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Mel Brown. The cast: *Peter Darby*, Richard Dix; *Joan Bentley*, Lois Wilson; *Jimmie Farnsworth*, Allen Kearns; *Louise Endicott*, Rita LaRoy; *Betty Duncan*, Renee Macready; *Marie, the maid*, Virginia Sale; *George Van Horne*, Selmer Jackson; *Brooks, the butler*, Anthony Bushell; *Sagatelli*, Henry Armetta.

"MAMBA"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt. Continuity by Tom Miranda and Winifred Dunn. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *August Bolte (Mamba)*, Jean Hersholt; *Helen von Linden*, Eleanor Boardman; *Karl von Reiden*, Ralph Forbes; *Count von Linden*, Josef Swickard; *Major Cromwell*, Claude Fleming; *Cockney Servant*, William Stanton; *Major von Schultz*, William von Brincken; *Hassim*, Noble Johnson; *Hassim's Daughter*, Hazel Jones; *British Soldier*, Arthur Stone; *German Soldier*, Torben Meyer.

"MELODY MAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Continuity by Howard J. Green. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Al Tyler*, William Collier, Jr.; *Elsa*, Alice Day; *Von Kemper*, John Sainpolis; *Joe Yates*, Johnny Walker; *Martha*, Mildred Harris; *Prince Frederich*, Albert Conti; *Gustav*, Tenen Holtz; *Adolph*, Lee Kohlmer; *Von Bader*, Bertram Marburgh; *Franz Josef*, Anton Veverka; *Bachman*, Major Nichols.

"MURDER WILL OUT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Murray Leinster. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Leonard Staunton*, Jack Mulhall; *Jeanne Baldwin*, Lila Lee; *Lieut. Condon*, Noah Beery; *Senator Baldwin*, Alec B. Francis; *Dr. Mansfield*, Tully Marshall; *Jack Baldwin*, Malcolm MacGregor; *Alan Fitzhugh*, Claud Allister.

"ON THE LEVEL"—Fox.—From the story by Wm. K. Wells. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Biff Williams*, Victor McLaglen; *Danny Madden*, William Harrigan; *Lynn Crawford*, Lilyan Tashman; *Don Bradley*, Arthur Stone; *Mom Whalen*, Aggie Herring; *Mary Whalen*, Mary McAllister; *Buck*, Ben Hewlett; *Dawson*, Harry Tenbrook; *Professor*, R. O. Pennell.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Dorothy Arzner, Otto Brower, Edmund Goulding, Victor Heerman, Edwin Knopf, Rowland V. Lee, Ernst Lubitsch, Lothar Mendes, Victor Schertzinger, Edward Sutherland, Frank Tuttle. The cast: Richard Arlen, Jean Arthur, William Austin, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Mary Brian, Clive Brook, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Leon Errol, Stuart Erwin, Kay Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Mitzi Green, James Hall, Phillips Holmes, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Abe Lyman and his band, Frederic March, Nino Martini, David Newell, Jack Oakie, Warner Oland, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette, Joan Peers, William Powell, Charles Rogers, Lillian Roth, Stanley Smith and Fay Wray.

"ROYAL ROMANCE, A"—COLUMBIA.—Continuity by Norman Houston. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *John Hale*, William Collier, Jr.; *Countess Von Baden*, Pauline Starke; *Rusty*, Clarence Muse; *Frau Muller*, Ann Brody; *Mother*, Eugenie Besserer; *Hans*, Walter P. Lewis; *Mitzi*, Betty Boyd; *Count Von Baden*, Ullrich Haupt; *Magistrate*, Bert Sprotte; *Gloria*, Dorothy De Borba.

"SARAH AND SON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Timothy Shea. Adapted by Zoe Akins. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Sarah Storm*, Ruth Chatterton; *Howard Vanning*, Frederic March; *Jim Gray*, Fuller Mellish, Jr.; *John Ashmore*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Ashmore*, Doris Lloyd; *Cyril Belloc*, William Stack; *Bobby*, Philippe De Lacy.

"SHE COULDN'T SAY NO"—WARNERS.—From the story by Benjamin M. Kaye. Adapted by Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Winnie Harper*, Winnie Lightner; *Jerry Casey*, Chester Morris; *Iris*, Sally Eilers; *Tommy Blake*, Johnny Arthur; *Big John*, Tully Marshall; *Cora*, Louise Beavers.

"SONG OF THE WEST"—WARNERS.—From the operetta "Rainbow" by Laurence Stallings and Oscar Hammerstein II. Screen play by Harvey Thew. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Stanton*, John Boles; *Virginia*, Vivienne Segal; *Hasty*, Joe E. Brown; *Lolta*, Marie Wells; *Davolo*, Sam Hardy; *Penny*, Marion Byron; *Sergeant Major*, Eddie Gribbon; *Colonel*, Ed Martindel; *Singleton*, Rudolph Cameron.

"VAGABOND KING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Screen adaptation by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: *Francois Villon*, Dennis King; *Katherine*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Louis XI*, O. P. Heggie; *Huguette*, Lillian Roth; *Thibault*, Warner Oland; *Olivier*, Arthur Stone; *Astrologer*, Thomas Ricketts.

"VENGEANCE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *John Meadham*, Jack Holt; *Margaret Summers*, Dorothy Revier; *Charles Summers*, Philip Strange; *The Doctor*, George Pearce; *The Ambassador*, Hayden Stevenson; *Nidia*, Irma Harrison.

"WHITE CARGO"—W. P. FILM CO.—From the play by Leon Gordon and Ida Vera Simonton. Directed by J. B. Williams and A. W. Barnes. The cast: *Weston*, Leslie Faber (late); *Ashley*, John Hamilton; *Langford*, Maurice Evans; *The Doctor*, Sebastian Smith; *The Missionary*, Humberston Wright; *The Skipper*, Henri De Vries; *The Mate*, George Turner; *Worthing*, Tom Helmore; *Tondeleyo*, Gypsy Rhouma.

"YOUNG EAGLES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Lt. Gene Banks*, Charles Rogers; *Mary Gordon*, Jean Arthur; *Von Koch*, Paul Lukas; *Lt. Pudge Higgins*, Stuart Erwin; *Lt. Graham*, Frank Ross; *Lt. Barker*, Jack Luden; *Lt. Mason*, Freeman Wood; *Major Lewis*, Gordon De Main; *Colonel Wilder*, George Irving; *Captain Deming*, Stanley Blystone; *Scotty*, James Finlayson; *Flo Welford*, Virginia Bruce.

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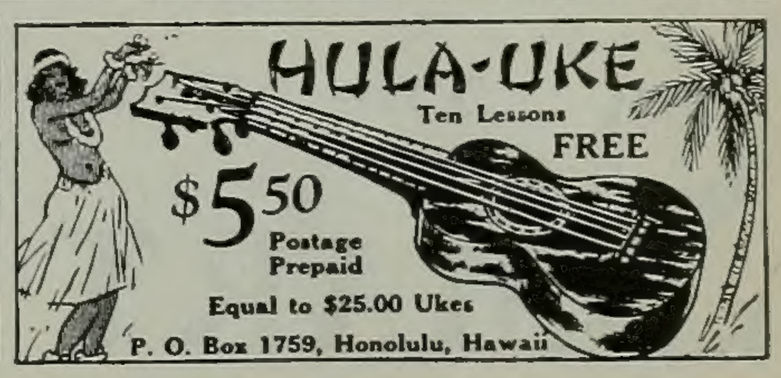

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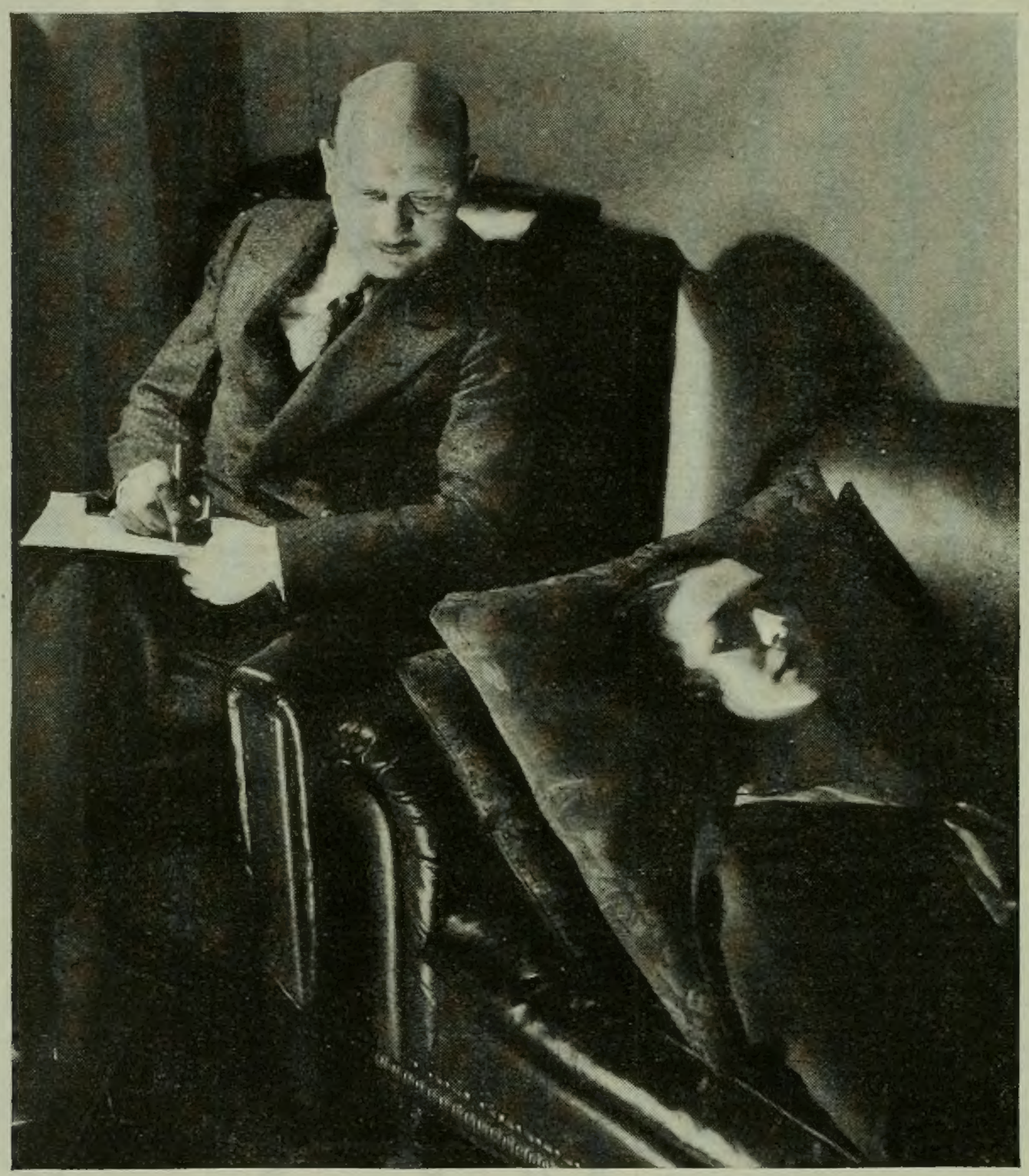

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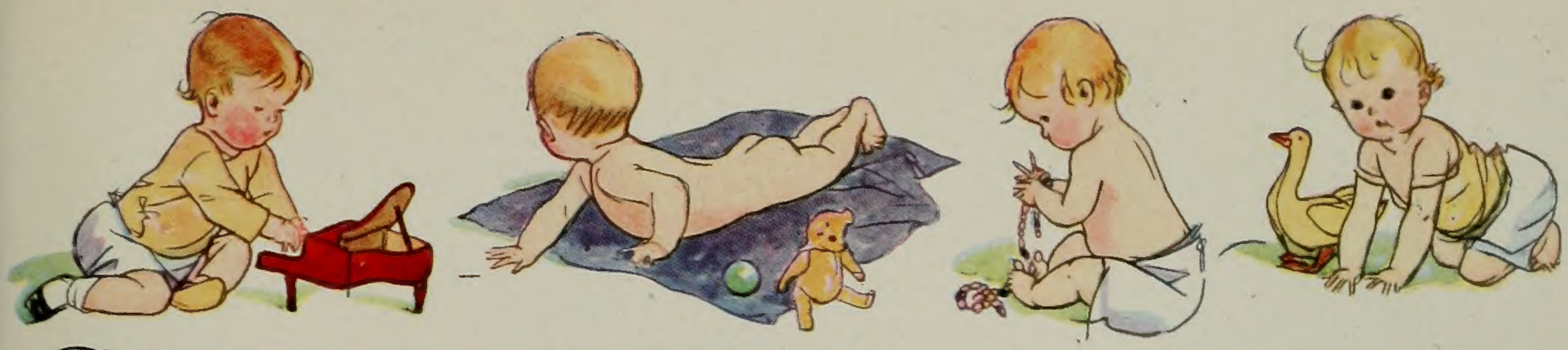
In the same issue of the New Smart Set there begins a series of remarkable stories from life centering around the problems of the working wife. And, whether married or not, working or not, no woman can afford to miss Helen Christine Bennett's frank discussion of "The Business of Sex in Business."

The NEW SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Come into a beauty conference with 10,000,000 babies

they will give you complexion advice - free!

We've persuaded a few of America's youngest bathing beauties to pose on this page for you—without pay!

Perhaps you think it would be difficult for them to take grown-up problems seriously—especially complexions! Yet really they are among the most eminent living authorities on this very subject. All rosy from their morning baths, they gurgle and squirm and kick. They display their whole and perfect complexions to any and all beholders. But this is *not* mere vanity. This is their way of saying a very simple truth—

"Ivory Soap-and-water is a perfect beauty treatment for very sensitive skins."

And you'll find that doctors everywhere know this simple truth, too. They prescribe Ivory Soap for sensitive grown-up complexions just as confidently as they recommend it for peach-blossom babies. And their whole reason is packed in one sentence—*"Only washing with a pure soap and water really cleanses the pores."*

Naturally, they advise Ivory Soap because they know it is *pure.*

So, while you're doing all the things that make for skin-beauty (such as drinking lots of water and taking outdoor exercise) don't forget your daily thorough cleansing! Every night, let Ivory's pure foam clear away every trace of powder and rouge that tends to clog the pores.

Then, when your face feels so fresh and smooth and silken, you'll know why Ivory keeps ten million babies from having a single complexion worry! PROCTER & GAMBLE

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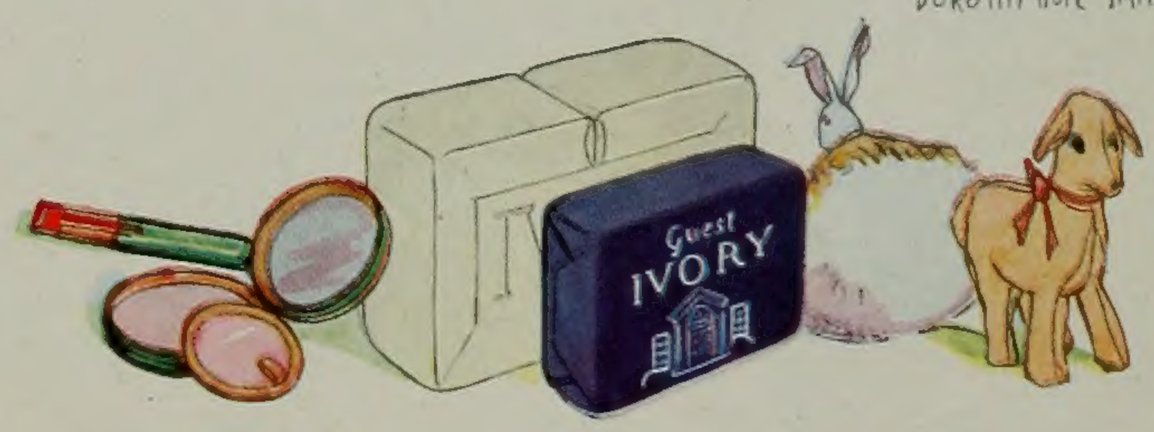

Charming

No one has ever successfully analyzed the quality of charm in a woman . . . and no one can adequately describe the deep satisfaction to be found in a really good cigarette. And it may well be that the two have something in common, since so often they occur together . . . for in surprising proportion you will find Camels the acknowledged favorite of women of poise and charm.

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